

★ PHOTOPLAY

JUNE 20¢

In Color!

Ava Gardner

Esther Williams

Farley Granger · Doris Day

Jeanne Crain · Shelley Winters

and 12 others

BETTY
GRABLE

BRONX 46 MASS
7 CLEVELAND RD
MRS C SLOSBURG
P 2 52 24 H 132542 G
N 2 56 41 H

Your skin looks smoother, softer WITH YOUR First Cake of Camay!

A Honeymoon Complexion!

*She was Eileen Clarence
of New York. Now she's MRS. JACK LAWRENCE
—a beautiful Camay Bride!*

Lively, lovely, lovable — that's Eileen Lawrence! Wonder at the sparkle in her bright brown eyes! Marvel at the softness of her exquisitely fair complexion! Eileen's very *first cake* of Camay brought her a smoother, softer skin.

Yes, and her lovely face lights up whenever she talks about Camay. "It didn't take long for my skin to look fresher and clearer," she tells admiring, inquiring friends. "When I changed to regular care, my *first cake* of Camay brought new beauty. Camay's wonderful!"

Follow this bride's way to new beauty! Wake the sleeping beauty of *your* skin with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin—and look for exciting new loveliness.

A lovelier skin—head to toes!



Give all your skin Camay's fine complexion care—use it in your bath, too. The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that "beautifully cared-for" look to arms, legs and shoulders. You're lovelier head to toes—touched with Camay's flattering fragrance!



**There's no finer beauty soap
in all the world!**

You'll treasure Camay for its gentle mildness. And the lather it gives is so rich and creamy. Camay in the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big and thrifty—that's the beauty of this larger cake.

Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women





***D*iamonds aren't a Girl's Best Friend . . .**

Here she was, bejeweled and exquisite, putting in a completely miserable evening. The man she secretly admired was giving her the brush-off . . . polite but definite. And she didn't know why. It can happen that way sometimes: the very night you want to be at your best you appear at your worst. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. At such a time, diamonds *aren't* a girl's best friend . . . *Listerine Antiseptic is!*

Play It Safe

Why risk offending when Listerine

Antiseptic is such a delightful *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis*?

Simply rinse the mouth with it and lo! your breath becomes wonderfully fresher, wonderfully sweeter. It stays that way, too . . . *not for mere seconds or minutes but for hours, usually*. Don't trust to makeshifts that do less. Remember, Listerine's germ-killing power is the secret of its success against odor-producing bacteria.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. It makes your mouth feel delightfully fresh and

clean, and gives you greater assurance that you are on the agreeable side.

And, of course, before any date—never, never omit this *extra-careful* precaution. It pays off in popularity.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation and the odors it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

BEFORE EVERY DATE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

IT'S BREATH-TAKING



Poof!
there goes
perspiration

Stopette Protection is Positive Protection

You can be sure of Stopette. Each mist-fine spray envelops the entire underarm... destroys odor-producing bacteria, checks excess perspiration instantly. Does both with the lightness of a fine, fine cosmetic. And Stopette is easier than ever to use. You never touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you. Harmless to clothes. And the squeezable Stopette bottle is unbreakable... can't leak or spill. It's time you joined the millions of Stopette users! Buy it for the whole family—your man wants it, too! At all drug and cosmetic counters.



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Travel size: .60 plus tax
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THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: Betty Grable, star of "Meet Me After the Show"

Natural Color Portrait by Frank Powolny

Design by Budd Hemmick

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Cal York News Edited by Jerry Asher

JUNE, 1951

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 1,200,163 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch office: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. James L. Mitchell, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, and Canada. \$4.00 per year all other countries.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

VOL. 39, NO. 6

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.

FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Carroll Rheinstrom, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1951 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

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"The Great CARUSO"

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MARIO ANN
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KIRSTEN • NOVOTNA
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THE IDOL OF MILLIONS! In two short years, Lanza has swept to the pinnacle of Hollywood stardom! Now he has won the coveted role of Caruso!



COAST-TO-COAST TRIUMPH! Lanza's voice and charm have won him acclaim and adulation such as only Caruso has ever known before!

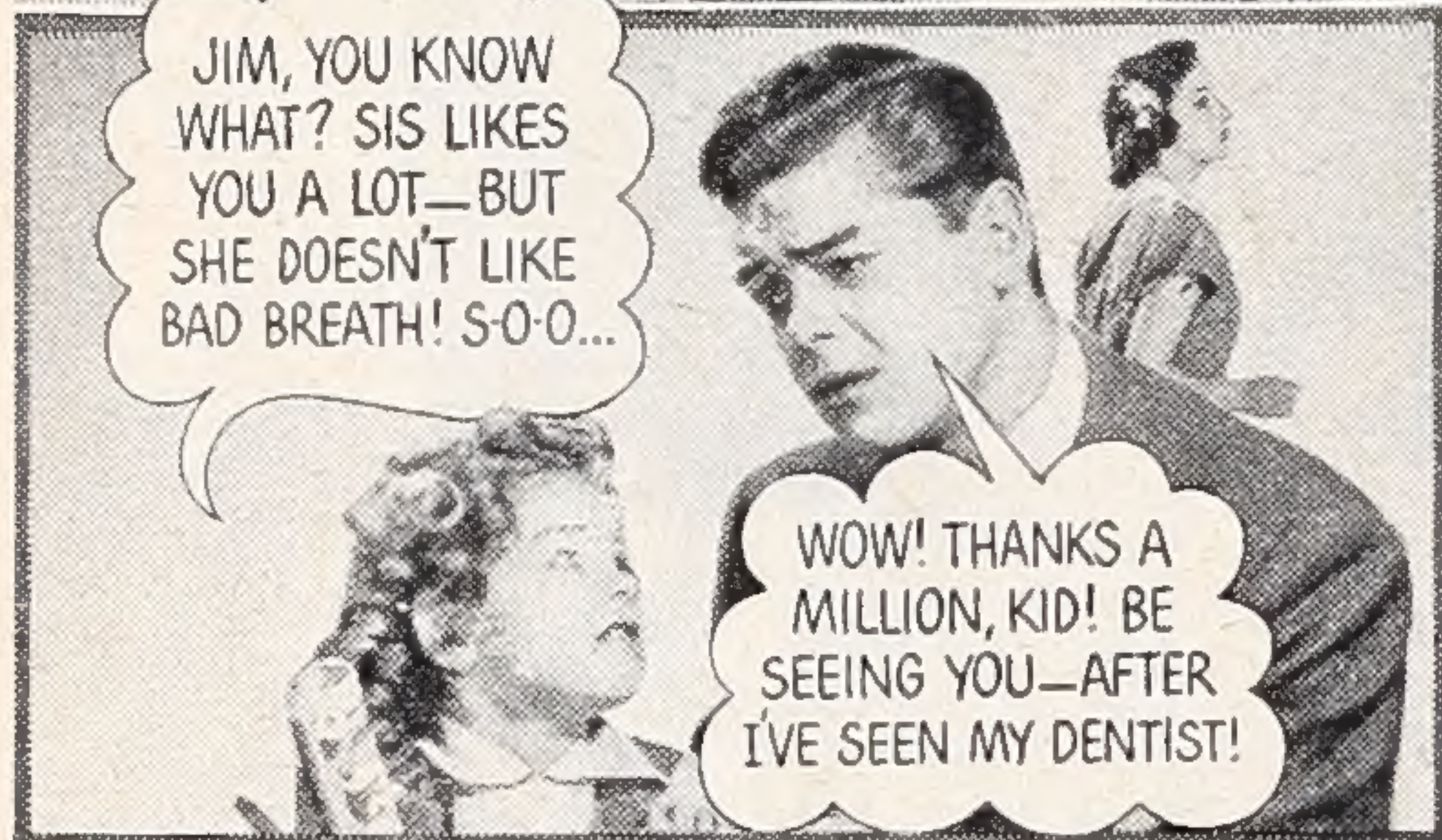
WITH

TERESA CELLI • RICHARD HAGEMAN • CARL BENTON REID

Written by Sonya Levien and William Ludwig ★ Suggested by Dorothy Caruso's Biography of her Husband

Directed by RICHARD THORPE ★ Produced by JOE PASTERNAK ★ Associate Producer JESSE L. LASKY

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



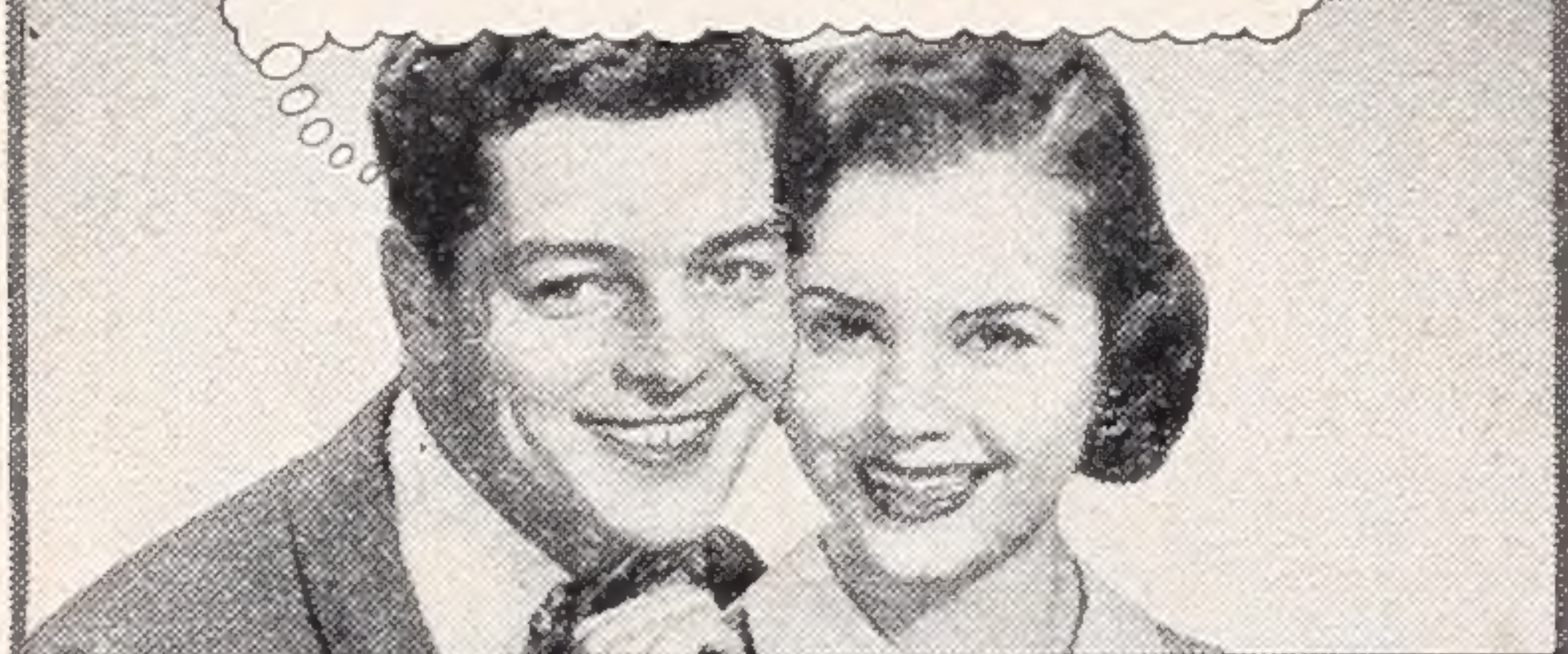
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

MY GIRL'S KID SISTER DID HER BEST AND COLGATE CARE DID ALL THE REST!



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Claudette Colbert is appearing in "Thunder on the Hill"



WHAT SHOULD I DO?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-seven, a secretary engaged to a young doctor, twenty-five, who is completing his internship this summer. We have been engaged three years and I am deeply in love, but I have problems.

His family (from a near-by large city) is quite social; my family is not. His mother is nice to me, but she has said many times that I should have gone to college.

Bob himself seems to have some doubts about our future. He told me frankly that he didn't know whether he was really in love with me. He has said that he likes me better than any girl he has ever known, and he always takes me to the important functions here in town and in the city. Yet he has advised me to accept other dates, because so much of his time is taken up at the hospital. When speaking of the future he says "if we get married," not "when."

I am beginning to get nervous because I feel I should marry soon, start making a home and having a family. Bob says that it will be two or three years before he will be able to make plans, and if war should break out he will be in uniform. I have told him that if he goes into the Army, we should be married at once so I could be with him as long as he remained in this country.

Do you think Bob is sincere?

Maureen A.

Please don't be hurt by my frankness, but I believe that stark honesty at this time may save you humiliation and heartache later. Your letter gives me the distinct impression that you have been the aggressor in this romance, and that Bob is a considerate person, who perhaps really likes you and thinks he might come to love you. There are some men, usually the sons of dominant mothers, who go along the line of least resistance for long periods of time, but often these men rebel suddenly with great fury.

I also have the uncomfortable feeling that you were not so much thinking of your young doctor, his needs, his problems and his attitudes toward the future, as the fact that you are twenty-seven and think you should be married.

If you really love this man and want to be his wife I believe you should find some means of getting the rudiments of a college course. A doctor's close associates are usually highly educated and you will want to be able to keep up with them. Since you are a secretary, you might secure secretarial work at a college and obtain a degree partly by classroom work, partly by extension. You should discover what your fiance wants out of life and then find ways of working with him toward that goal. Only if you are able to convince this man that your love is selfless enough and big enough to meet the emergencies of a doctor's need is this romance likely to end as you wish.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty, and I work hard to support my seven brothers and sisters, from age seventeen down to seven. Our mother passed away four years ago and things have been tough ever since. Our father has been out of a job two years. He doesn't even look for work, just sits around the house.

I try to make our house as attractive as possible, but I don't have much time between my job and doing the housework. When I see the homes of some of my friends, I think I can't stand the way our home looks. Nobody picks up after himself, nobody makes beds unless I raise heck. It gets pretty discouraging. We eat okay, but there isn't enough money for proper clothing for anybody, especially the girls who need pretty things.

I have just about decided to go into the Navy. I could send an allotment, so that I wouldn't be working too much hardship on them. And, I'd be away from the quarreling, mess-making kids.

When I mentioned my idea to my father he blew up. He said I was a quitter and that if I loved my mother's memory I would stay and take care of the family.

Paul di P.

It seems to me that it is your father, not you, who should be supporting and disciplining the family. It may be that your father is suffering from a sort of grief paralysis; he may be unable to assume his responsibilities because he is without emotional direction since your mother's death.

You might discuss this with your family doctor, or if there is a mental health clinic or a family service board in your city, you might seek help from them. You will find trained, understanding people to listen to a recital of your difficulties. If you are going into the service because you want to do so, because you feel that you should contribute and you have something to contribute—fine. However, it is never wise to rush into a new experience simply to run away from an old.

By the time you read this, of course, any consideration of whether you will or will not go into uniform may be entirely academic. The local draft board, knowing your home situation, will draft you because they will regard the family as your father's responsibility.

Before you leave, it would be a happier situation, however, if your father had been emotionally cured so that the younger children would continue to have as good a home as you have provided.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been in this country only two years. At present my little son and I are with my husband's people. My husband is in Korea and I am lonesome.

When I hear a girl from my own country was come to the (Continued on page 6)

THERE'S A **N**EW LIGHT IN JOAN'S EYES!



When 'Mildred Pierce' brought Joan Crawford her greatest public acclaim, it brought with it something else...the hard job of finding another role that would be its match. That challenge has now been triumphantly met. 'Goodbye, My Fancy,' the play that made Broadway brighter' (WARD MOREHOUSE, N.Y. WORLD TELE-SUN) is now on the screen -- and by far the most exciting picture Joan Crawford has ever appeared in!



*No one could look
more like an Angel--
and love like a Devil!*

**"Best Drama
of the Month"**
—says LOUELLA
PARSONS
in *Cosmopolitan*
magazine

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JOAN CRAWFORD
ROBERT YOUNG
FRANK LOVEJOY

(the lovable Sergeant of 'Breakthrough')

"GOODBYE, MY FANCY"

WITH **EVE ARDEN** DIRECTED BY **VINCENT SHERMAN** PRODUCED BY **HENRY BLANKE**

Screen Play by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts • Based on the Play by Fay Kanin
From the Stage Production by Michael Kanin • In association with Aldrich and Myers



ON THE WAY!

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

and!

"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"

amazing deodorant bargain!... save \$1.00

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Only 2c)

FREE!

Exact copy of boudoir pin
boxes in gold and silver
finish that cost \$2 and more.
Handsomely decorated.



*Handsome
Boudoir Pin Box (\$1.00 Value)*

**Plus 59c Jar of 5-day
Deodorant Pads—both only 59c!**



It's the way you apply dainty 5-day Deodorant Pads that makes them keep under-arms dry and odorless so much longer than any other deodorant tested.

Each delightfully fragrant pad is saturated with mild yet very effective deodorant. You wipe it under arms—and throw it away. The cool, refreshing, close-up wiping action assures complete penetration. Gives far more reserve protection. Dries in seconds.

Nothing to smear on clothes or fingers! No drizzle to spray hit or miss! No drippy liquid! No clammy sticky feeling!

Far cleaner, faster, more effective, more economical. The greatest improvement in deodorants in years!

DAB A PAD! 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested.



THEN THROW IT AWAY!

With it throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria. The only deodorant tested that does not leave them under your arms.



harmless to skin and clothes

5-day DEODORANT PADS
25c • 59c • \$1

(Continued from page 4) near-by little town, I was so happy. I call on her, and become good friends. She and her husband invited me for dinner many times. Usually I drove my own little car, but one night when the weather was not fine, my friend's husband called for me and delivered me to her home, excepting that he stopped on the way and said he wants a little more from me than friendship. My answer was of course "No," because I have respect for my girl friend and I love my husband.

I still keep friendship with these people and one night we went to a movie. My girl friend wanted to see the picture a second time but I was only bored, so I sat in the parlor of the theater and waited. A nice young man stopped to talk and said he had been in my country, spoke pretty good the language. When my friends came out I introduced them, and thought nothing more. I took my little car and went home.

On the way I noticed a car following me. It passed, drove into a side road and stopped, but I went quickly past. Then another car came up and followed me home. In this car were my friends and they said that in the other car was that young man. They accused me of making a date and stepping out on my husband. Such a big lie, and I told them so.

My girl friend said they followed me many times to see if I cheated. Could it be possible my girl friend's husband makes me seem bad because I didn't dance the way he whistled? Do you think I should give up this friendship and be lonely again?

Mildred V.

In this country we have an eloquent epigram which says: "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." In brief: If you wish to destroy a person or a thing, first make it seem evil.

It could well be that your girl friend's husband is afraid that you may tell his wife that he made improper advances to you. Apparently he is trying to convince his wife that you are without honor so that she will believe him and not you if you should try to inform against him.

Couldn't you see your girl friend during the day, and keep away from her husband who is obviously bent on trouble-making? If it isn't possible to arrange to see only your girl friend, perhaps you might be wise to discontinue the friendship entirely. You will find that as you remain in the community and improve your English, you will make many friends, particularly if you will take an active part in the church work in the town.

Incidentally, it is never a good idea to make friends with a stranger in the foyer of a theater. Americans call this a "pick-up" and it sometimes gives a man the wrong impression of a girl, particularly a pretty girl whose husband is far away.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

NOW... TO HELP GUARD YOUR BABY'S HEALTH AND COMFORT



Announcing Playtex® DRYPER®

Clean, snowy-white, **SANITARY Drypers** are the *modern* diapers you use only *once*... then flush away.

Made of super-absorbent *Cellulon*,* they soak up 8 times their weight in moisture. And they're bunny-soft, as gentle on baby's tender skin as the touch of your own hand. Use *Dryper* pads only once... then flush away like tissue; you never wash, dry, or even touch a soiled *Dryper* pad.

Help prevent diaper rash

Drypers are cleaner, simpler, more convenient than any diapering method you ever used. So easy you can change baby more often, and reduce the risk of harmful uric-acid burn and diaper rash.

...sanitary snowy-white diaper pads

...use only once; then

flush away like tissue

Worn with specially-designed waterproof *Dryper* panty. No chafing, no binding. Baby is comfy all the time in any position — toddling, creeping or sleeping.

Playtex *Drypers* are available at department stores and wherever baby needs are sold. Change from *wet* to *Dryper*, the diaper you use only *once*... then flush away.

**Worn Inside Bunny-Soft,
Playtex Dryper Panty.
Nylon-Lined and Waterproof!**

No fuss... No muss... from WET to DRYPER!



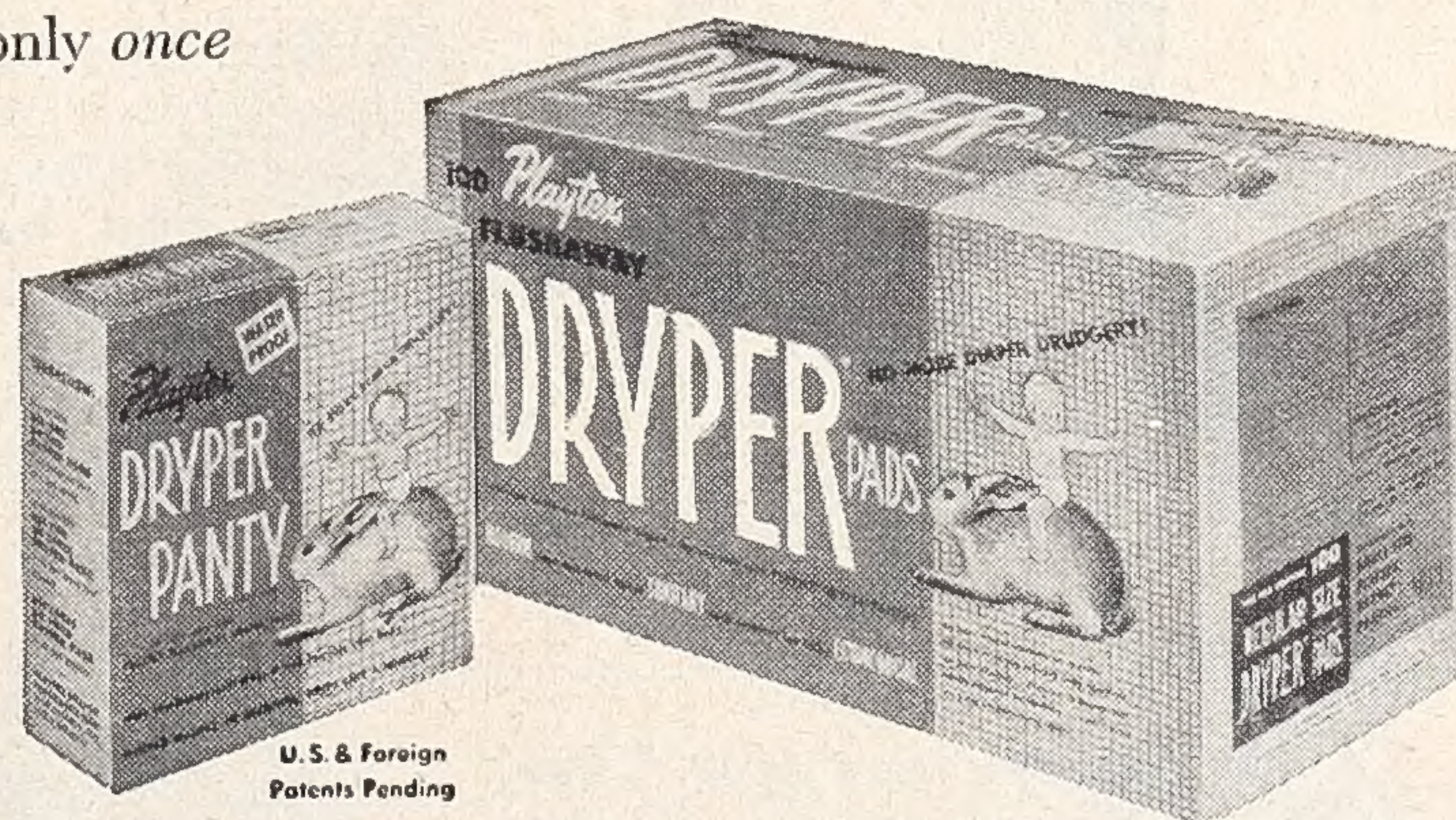
ONE—Shake out used *Dryper* pads and flush away; then rinse panty. You never even touch pads.



TWO—Slip fresh *Dryper* pads under bunny-soft nylon web of another clean *Dryper* panty.



THREE—Close snaps at leg openings; pin each side as usual. Presto, a dry happy baby!



100 PLAYTEX DRYPER PADS, regular size \$1.29
100 PLAYTEX DRYPER PADS, large size . . \$1.49
PLAYTEX DRYPER PANTY each \$1.49

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Dover Del.

*TRADE MARK

"I'm Enthusiastic"

says

Ann Sheridan



How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

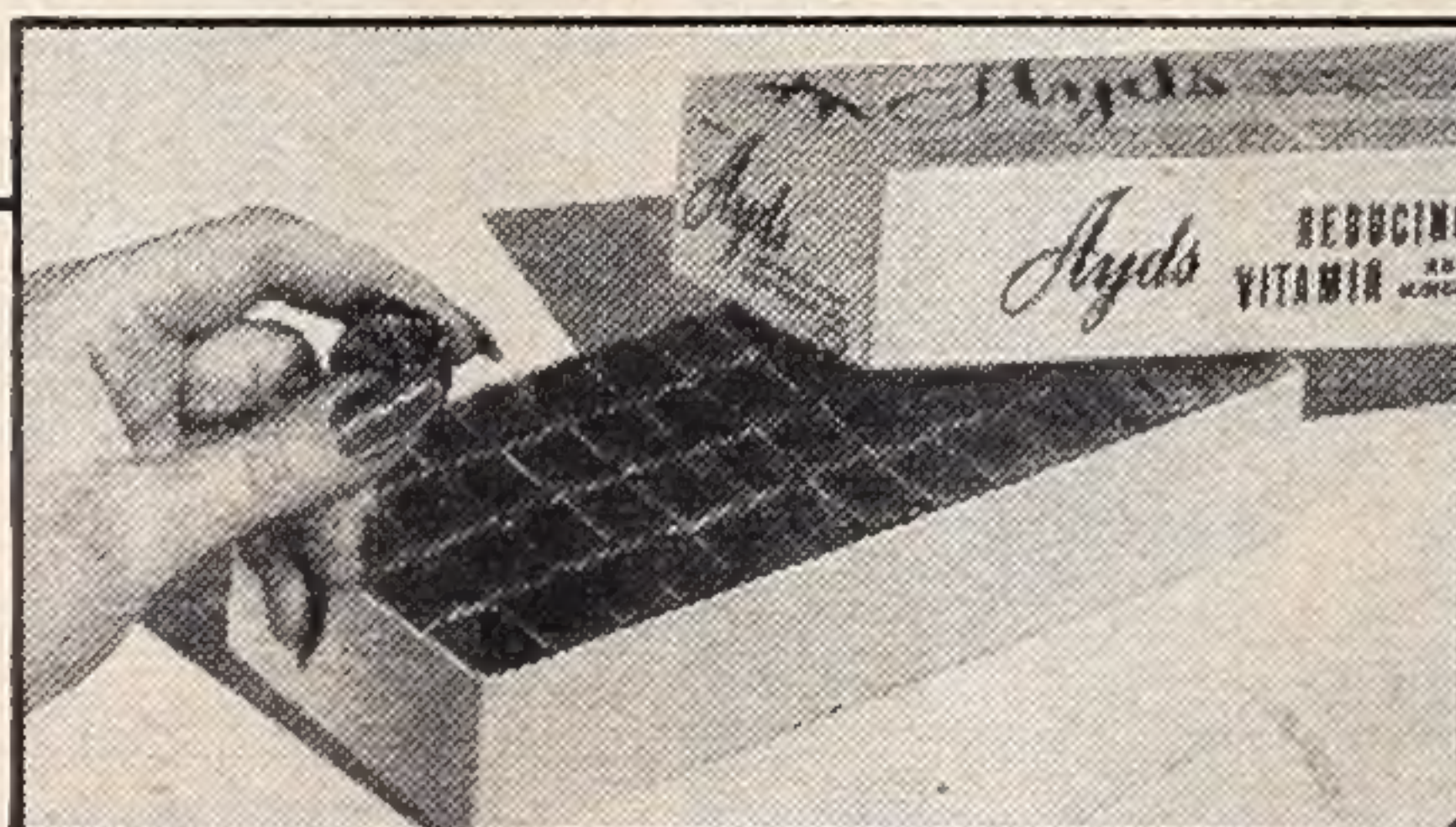
Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . . no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box (\$2.98) or your money back. Get Ayds from your drug-gist or department store, today—a full month's supply, \$2.98.

● "Once you've tried Ayds, I think you'll understand why I'm so enthusiastic about them", says Ann Sheridan. "They help you to look and feel better while you're losing weight. Ayds let you reduce the way nature intended you to."



The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

It happened in Hawaii.

Two natives were watching Carmen Miranda's performance there and one said, "Her hands have the same grace as those of a hula dancer. Aren't they wonderful?"

"Yes," said the other, "Do you think they're her own?"

Fannie Brice was asked if she thought Esther Williams was a real star.

"Wet, she's a star," said Fannie. "Dry, she ain't."

One Hollywood starlet to another:

"Why don't you go to him in a perfectly straightforward way and lie about the whole thing?"

Lonesome soldier to a blonde on Hollywood Boulevard: "Pardon me, miss. I'm a stranger in town. Could you direct me to your house?"

A movie producer was telling a friend about giving his girl friend a string of pearls for her birthday. "Why," said the friend, "didn't you give her something practical—like a car?"

The producer smiled and replied: "Did you ever hear of a phony car?"

A character in "Meet Me After the Show" is described in the script as follows: "She is slightly overfed, overdressed, overambitious. She is a walking mantrap, rich, earthy and—to say the least—eager."

After due consideration, Producer George Jessel hired an actress for the role—his ex-wife, Lois Andrews.

Definition of a temperamental movie queen: Star of rage and scream.

Jack Paar, about a strict Hollywood psychiatrist: "If you're late for an appointment, he makes you stand."

Overheard: "She's at the awkward age. Too old for teddy bears and too young for wolves."

Phil Epstein, commenting on a movie doll who had consumed one too many: "That's what you get for drinking on an empty head."

Edmond O'Brien remembers the girl who used to complain that she had nothing to wear. She's on television now, proving it.

Nat "King" Cole, during a Hollywood night club engagement, put this verse into his tune, "Calypso Blues":

"Hollywood girl give me big scare.

"So black the roots, so blonde the hair.

"Her eyelash false, her face is paint,

"The pads are where the girl she ain't."

Overheard: "She's gotten where she is today because she was born with the gift of grab."

Robert Stack's angle on women with unattractive voices:

"I get scared if any gal even looks like she might whine me around her finger."

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and which girl has the Toni?



Putting their heads together, charming Marilyn West and Eva Gernay agree that the Toni wave feels as silky soft, looks every bit as attractive as naturally curly hair. Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni Home Permanent? Look below for the answer.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you
can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the *very first day*. And month after month your Toni Home Permanent with Permafix takes no more care than naturally curly hair.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair—or your money back.

Have a gentle Toni with Permafix today and *tonight* discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! Beautiful Eva Gernay, the girl on the right, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY \$1



Toni the wave you can't tell
from naturally curly hair!

INSIDE STUFF



Time out for talk: Among Hollywood performers who contributed talents to benefit in behalf of Jewish Home for Aged were Monica Lewis, Vic Damone, Ann Blyth, above



Looking your way: Gordon MacRae and wife Sheila oblige the cameraman at International Star Banquet given by the Foreign Press Association

Be My Love: A manpower shortage in Hollywood? Not according to Elizabeth Taylor. Twenty-nine publicity minded young men called the fabulous beauty in one week, each hoping for a date . . . Practically everyone from his studio head to the gateman is begging Anthony Curtis *not* to marry Janet Leigh. They believe that Tony's popularity can eventually top the immortal Valentino's . . . Ava Gardner's phone is "disconnected" every Sunday afternoon at two, which is the time Frank Sinatra goes on the air. You didn't hear it announced, but his thrilling rendition of "I Am Loved" was dedicated to and inspired by the luscious lovely.

First Aid: Cal didn't realize how sick Bing Crosby was, until we called on a friend in St. Johns Hospital recently and happened to talk to one of the nurses. While a kidney stone operation is very painful, Bing had no idea it was going to hurt *that* much. He couldn't see a soul and he just barely had strength to speak. However, when he heard that Jimmy Stewart was there with his sons who were having their tonsils removed, him he *had* to see. "How about a few holes of golf?" was Jimmy's sympathetic attempt at humor. "Even in *this* condition, I could still beat Hope," the "Groaner" managed to groan.



"Hm, it wasn't *that* funny," thinks Spencer Tracy. But Betsy Drake and Cary Grant aren't joking in the way they look at each other, at a party



Look carefully—that young fellow behind Carol Lee Ladd (Sue's daughter by a previous marriage) is Carol's fiance, Jim Brown

Up to Date: Dan Dailey has returned again from the Menninger Clinic and this time his friends think and hope he's back in Hollywood "for good." Everyone welcomed Dan, especially 20th Century-Fox (who put him back on salary six weeks before he was scheduled to start "The Dizzy Dean Story") and Virginia Grey who was his first date upon his return . . . Dispositions should improve in the Louis Jourdan family, now that the stork is expected. Louis and Quique (pronounced *Keek*), who were inclined to be antagonistic in the past, are now happy, excited people. Originally they planned to wait five years and then begin adoption proceedings . . . Probably the unfunniest funny man was Red Skelton, the day his little Richard Freeman had to submit to a double hernia operation. Now the comedian, who worships his children, has to suffer through it all over again when Valentina Maria parts with her tonsils.

Cabbages and Things: Susan Hayward, who collects evening shawls as a hobby, is now designing them for the commercial market . . . Kathryn Grayson introducing a new and not very popular fad in Hollywood. She doesn't wear lipstick . . . It's the same old story, Gene Nelson, who struggled so long for a foot of film, is now being so overworked he looks completely



The Gene Nelsons (he's working overtime these days) at recent Friars Club dinner

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sidney Skolsky



Lamarr

I have trouble recognizing Farley Granger when he isn't with Shelley Winters . . . When they do a restaurant scene in a picture, why don't the actors leave tips? . . . John Wayne pretends to be surprised by his tremendous success, but I wonder. This Wayne can't compare with David Wayne as an actor but there isn't a better movie personality than John . . . I remember sitting in a projection room with Hedy Lamarr watching Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet" and beautiful Hedy remarking, "Now there's what I call a beautiful girl." And now Liz has supplanted Hedy as Hollywood's most gorgeous actress . . . Jeff Chandler, for my money, is the best bet of all the promising new actors . . . When Linda Darnell walked into Schwab's wearing blue jeans, Tom Jenk remarked, "Now there's a case where the end justifies the jeans."

A sex bundle that has been somewhat overlooked, except by Tony Curtis and me, is Janet Leigh. She's going to blossom in some forthcoming movies and will prove that she measures up to, say, Lana Turner . . . Ann Sothorn deserves a better deal than being typed as a *Maisie* type . . . I don't care how many hard-boiled detectives Dick Powell plays, I'll always remember him singing in those enjoyable Warner musicals . . . Doris Day is the most normal actress in the movies . . . Honestly, after seeing certain pictures, wouldn't you think that the gamblers got to the stars to "throw" the picture? . . . Jack Henley believes that "Up Front" is a documentary about falsies . . . Mike Curtiz, directing a group of actors: "Don't pay attention to what I say. It's what I mean that counts."

I'd say that if Bill Holden registered more S.A. on the screen, he'd lead the male parade of stars. They don't come more capable than Bill, or nicer . . . Funny, but Errol Flynn isn't as brave in pictures as he used to be . . . In the list of box-office champions, only two females, Betty Grable and Esther Williams, appear. One is a dancer and singer, the other a swimmer. It could be that movie-goers don't like actresses . . . Marilyn Monroe is the best hunk of cheesecake around . . . I can remember when it was fashionable for the movie stars to have a house at Malibu . . . Why doesn't Paulette Goddard make a movie, instead of just making romantic items? She should be on the screen . . . In every war period a comedy team makes a hit comedy about the Army. There were Beery and Hatton in "Behind the Front," Abbott and Costello in "Buck Privates" and now Martin and Lewis in "At War with the Army." None of them amused me . . . I'd say that in Hollywood some couples get a divorce just to keep their friendship from going on the rocks.



Flynn

Include me in, as the saying goes, as a member of the Judy Holliday fan club. And for your information, Judy doesn't talk that way when she isn't in front of a microphone . . . You can always spot a new successful writer in Hollywood: He carries a pipe, wears a loud sports jacket and gets around in an open job . . . Motto in Gordon MacRae's dressing room: "After all is said and done, more is said than done" . . . Robert Mitchum offered Jane Russell a piece of candy on the set. Jane said, "No thanks, I've got to watch my figure." "You mean you get a kick out of it, too?" asked Mitchum . . . Eleanor Parker doesn't resent the fact that fans often tell her she isn't anything like a movie star . . . No matter how hard the critics pan him, the fans love Alan Ladd . . . Kirk Douglas should button up his shirt and stop displaying his chest . . . My favorite description of Ezio Pinza is that he is a hormone shot for the middle-aged man . . . Only in the movies do laborers sing while

they work . . . Bette Davis isn't Tallulah Bankhead any more than Tallu is Bette, but they are both daahling! . . . Hollywood is a place where Frank Sinatra's girl friend Ava Gardner played love scenes in "Show Boat" with Robert Sterling who, when he finished, hurried to keep dates with his girl friend Nancy Sinatra . . . Two of the most underrated pictures of the past season were "The Breaking Point" and "In a Lonely Place" . . . I never sit in a Hollywood night club that I don't think I'm back on Broadway. Night clubs seem out of place in Hollywood . . . When Lana Turner put her footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, a spectator said, "That ain't what made her famous." Yes, that's Hollywood for you.



Parker

INSIDE

exhausted . . . It happens to one out of a million, but Francis Lederer's new automobile license is the same as his street address . . . Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman inviting Joan Evans and Bob Arthur to "come sit with the old folks" at a Hollywood party . . . Howard Duff invading the kitchen of the Villa Nova and exchanging autographs for their famous spaghetti recipe . . . Starlet Kathleen Hughes rendering first aid to her car-sick pet duck (so help us) by feeding it dramamine, the new drug for seasickness.

Inside Hollywood: Cal was amused recently, because in all the excitement of writing about Alan Ladd's fabulous new Warner contract (they say he'll receive a percentage and \$250,000 a picture) reporters completely overlooked the most dramatic phase of the story. Actually it will be the second time for Alan on the Warner payroll. Years ago when he was an insecure, inhibited unknown, he was one of the gang who worked on the sets. Many a day as he watched actors from the sidelines, he wondered if he would ever find his rightful place in the world. The deserving guy did, as you know, and he's never ceased to be grateful. Going back to Warners should be a great source of satisfaction for Alan Ladd.

"Peeks at Parties": Barbara Stanwyck and Nancy Sinatra carrying on a corner conversation that looked as if their subject was an unpleasant one . . . Jeanne Crain and Esther Williams comparing waistlines, on account of because both girls took those special exercises for new mothers and got their old figures back . . . Richard Widmark taking over the drums and Gary Merrill wielding the stick in the popular Garden Room of the Bel-Air Hotel . . . June Allyson, by some strange coincidence, producing two dozen pictures right out of her evening bag, when Mark Stevens inquired about the Powell offspring . . . Joan Crawford looking very beautiful and not a bit frightened, as she dances with Mel Dinelli, whose prolific pen produced such hectic little hair-raisers as "The Window" and "The Spiral Staircase."



Caught between raindrops, at Ciro's, are Donald O'Connor and wife Gwen, in smart matching parasol and raincoat

STUFF

\$64 Question: No wonder young actors get bewildered in Hollywood. Take Marshall Thompson, for example. Every time he appeared on the screen he gave an excellent performance. The fans loved him. But after "Command Decision," his studio let him go. When the picture was previewed, however, he was so sensational they rushed his name back on a contract and doubled his salary. Now, just when Marshall and Barbara (she's Dick Long's sister) are expecting their first baby, the studio dropped him again—because his salary is too high! Speaking of Dick Long, who was the first actor to be drafted (see page 93), his performance is so outstanding in "Air Cadet," the Government is using him to exploit the picture and encourage enlistments.

Panic in the Pantry: The Gary Coopers wanted it to be a very special party—and it *was*! To begin with, tongues wagged again when Gary suddenly flew to New York (he had to exploit "You're in the Navy Now") but he returned in time to play the charming host. Glamour girls beamed, twinkled and froze under the special cellophane tent. As usual in Hollywood, there were extra women, so Steve Cochran was invited to come stag. That rugged individualist, however, showed up with Ginger Rogers! Well, movie stars love intrigue too, and no one was disappointed, because Jane Wyman was there with Greg Bautzer. While necks craned and eyes popped, the handsome attorney made a bee-line for Ginger and turned on the charm. Fortunately, Clark Hardwicke (whom she used to date) joined Jane. And Stevie boy, oblivious to the chaos he had caused, was having a grand time chatting at the bar with a lovely lady. Here's hoping they *never* page Elsa Maxwell!

Mother Knows Best: Apropos of the Cooper party, when they invited Barbara Stanwyck, they figured her first date since divorcing Robert Taylor should be an exciting one. So Gary phoned Farley Granger's house. "This is Gary Cooper," he said, "may I ask who this is?" Farley's mother, who is always alerted to



Judy Garland dissolved—into gales of laughter when Jerry Lewis rehearsed love scene for NBC's "The Big Show"

hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN



Jane Wyman

Liza cut the cake, hugging her little copy of a "grown-up" evening gown (gift of Momma) and her majorette uniform (gift of Poppa), couldn't have guessed or understood the irony of the situation that reunited the Minnellis for that day.

Betty Grable, who almost never night-clubs, for sure splurged on that beautiful black lace gown (what there was of it! Wow!) she wore to *Ciro's* the night she and Harry James celebrated his birthday there. Betty looked just plain fancy gorgeous! Another Betty looked right cute, too, about two minutes after she got back from that location trip to Florida making "The Greatest Show on Earth." We mean Photoplay's Gold Medal Award Winner Betty Hutton, who had just enough time to have a night's sleep, a shower and to fling herself into some clothes before tearing off to the ball game with Pete Rugolo. Betty wriggled into Wrigley Field in a slick navy blue sports outfit, topped by a little off-the-face navy hat.

At one of the better soirees, somebody, remarking that short and long skirts in evening clothes shared the spotlight just about evenly, asked Van Johnson if he was happy because it looks like soon the short ones will really predominate. "Oh, heck!" said Van, "I don't mind the long skirts. I have such a good memory."

The ensemble that Ruth Roman took along to Hawaii on her delayed honeymoon with Morty Hall proves what we told you a coupla months ago: The vogue for velvet is a cinch to continue through summer and perhaps longer. Ruth's smart money-saver is a combination of short boxy black velvet (*dull* velvet) jacket combined with a charming street-length dress of black and white printed pure silk crepe in a tiny geometric pattern. Its collar (a large feminine shawl-like one) can be worn outside the jacket; but countless other prints or solid pastels for either day- or night-time wear go with this little coat—making it at once the perfect topper for lunching or a warm weather evening coat.

Reminds us of Paulette Goddard's divinely smart summer cocktail or evening dress, another of those interchangeable that can mean much more than one costume. Except for Paulette's "million-dollar diamond choker" that she wore with it the night we dined together, the outfit is rather on the demure side—yet furnishes many a suggestion for more sophisticated "combining." The dress has a perfectly plain, high-necked black light-weight jersey top, a wide black leather belt. The very full calf-length skirt is of white organdy. The neckline of the blouse and its short sleeves are outlined with white organdy. That's a lovely dress in itself but the mere addition of a bright bolero, cardigan or coat-type topper of any kind—or even a skirt of green or red over the white organdy—would transform the original costume into almost as many as you choose.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN

Betty Hutton's ex, Ted Briskin, finally caught up with Liz Taylor at Palm Springs, made the rounds with her—at the same time her ex, Nicky Hilton, was there for a "golf tournament." Young Hilton, by the way, kept hanging around the Beverly Hills hotel when Liz checked in, hoping to see and reconcile with her . . . Butch Jenkins former big child star at M-G-M, who was slugged with TB (but now over it) has been working as a soda jerk in a Santa Monica drugstore. His actress mother, Doris Dudley, is now in the real estate business . . . The local bars that are featuring Jane Russell martinis—served with two jumbo olives!

Warners' interest in Tony Martin to play the Jolson role in the remake of "The Jazz Singer." Nobody thinks of George Jessel, who only originated the role on Broadway, years before Jolson soared to film fame in it . . . Los Angeles Board of Education asking parents to herd moppets under eight into bed by 7:30, nine year olds ditto by eight. The reason: Staying up to watch television prevents needed sleep—and the kids' grades are slipping . . . Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd's newest venture: A new Hoppyland being built at Venice as a playground for kids to the tune of \$50,000—and the tie-up with a bank here which will permit youngsters to open "Hoppy" savings accounts, for which they get special passbooks, an eight-piece "Hoppy" thrift-kit—also fifty cents for each new adult account the kids bring into the bank . . . Howard Hughes's most recent order: A huge RKO build-up for Margaret Sheridan, along the lines of Jane Russell, Faith Domergue and the late Jean Harlow. Watch for it.

Allan Nixon's black eye: Received by Marie Wilson's former spouse from one of her new escorts when Allan decided to drop into her house uninvited one night and was mistaken for a prowler. The excuse he gave his current date, Lynn Bari, ain't printable . . . Eddie O'Brien's wonderful comment when he caught stripper Lili St. Cyr at Ciro's for the first time: "She's got the kind of shape the world should be in" . . . The easy way to make a buck: RKO paying M-G-M \$2,000 a week for the loanout of Sally Forrest. Know what she did for three weeks to earn it? Took tennis lessons from a local pro for an added scene in "Hard, Fast and Beautiful."

The new fashions here will show girls wearing *fur* bracelets! . . . Dick Powell and June Allyson looking for a Vermont farm where they can spend the summers . . . John Agar's utter seriousness about a singing career. Taking voice lessons and begging David Selznick to let him do a musical, either on the stage or in a picture . . . Ava Gardner's health—she's a very sick lass . . . The small mortuary here that slogans: "Those whom we have served recommend us to their friends."

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her famous son's kidding, replied: "Why, of course. This is Gloria Swanson!" Gary tried again. Finally, he gave Mrs. Granger his phone number and she checked it with the Goldwyn publicity office. Of course they had a big laugh when she called him back. For the record, Farley took Barbara to the party. In case you hear they're having a romance—you'll know how such ridiculous rumors get started.

Negligee News: In "Strictly Dishonorable," Janet Leigh will introduce something new, according to studio information. For some scenes (that she does *not* do with Ezio Pinza) Janet wears a combination negligee and nightie. What Cal wants to know is: Does that mean something you can parade in which is also suitable for sleeping? Or is it something you're supposed to sleep in that looks well enough the next morning to parade around in after a hard night's snoring? . . . Nancy Davis (at this writing still Ronald Reagan's dearly beloved, no matter how many weak denials they get printed) was just one of four gals who tossed bridal showers for Arlene Dahl. M-G-M made Arlene a present of her wedding nightgown and negligee—just as they did for Liz Taylor. (See the July issue for a luscious color picture of Arlene in this confection.) Let's hope this studio present portends more happiness for Arlene and Lex than it did for the Nicky Hiltons . . . In "Texas Carnival," Esther Williams will wear a negligee and lace panties fashioned especially for an *underwater* ballet she's doing in that movie with Red Skelton. She's swimming in this gadget, too. But so far, no one has explained how such a costume could look like anything but a clingy thingy when it gets wet!

Forward March: Douglas Fairbanks, as a citizen and representative member of a town that has too long been a tar-



Glamorous Jane Russell and her football star husband, Bob Waterfield, chat with Joe E. Brown at recent party. Joe, who has been on tour with "Harvey," is back in Hollywood again for "Show Boat"



Keeping her eye on Dad: Patricia Hitchcock, who now is in Broadway play, gets some fatherly advice from director Alfred Hitchcock on set of "Strangers on a Train"

STUFF

get, is an inspiration in Hollywood. Recently, Cal had the good fortune to spend an evening in the Fairbanks' home on the Santa Monica Riviera. There we quietly observed the fond father, the devoted husband, the charming host. "I'd like to show you my collection of miniature soldiers," said Doug, with pride in his voice. In a special room, marching around the shelves that line the walls, we saw this fabulous collection that Doug began as a boy. They receive his personal tender care, for their craftsmanship and the tradition of their uniforms excites their collector, who is a pretty exciting guy himself. The Ronald Colmans, the Ray Millands, Janet Gaynor and Adrian, Sharman Douglas, and others, joined Cal in appreciating an evening to be remembered.

Dollars and Sense: Cal always looks forward to an evening with the Bill Holdens, whom he has known since those days when they were long on love and short in the short change department! Today, twelve years later, they're still in love and Bill's success has only made him nicer. "I took the boys to see their mother in that last picture she made with George Montgomery," said Bill, as he winked and grinned across the table. "I'll finish *that* story!" Brenda Marshall interrupted, with an air of hurt dignity. "When Bill asked Scott and West how they liked me on the screen, they answered: 'We thought mama would never finish talking, so we could hear that man shoot those guns!'"

Merry Go Round: Clark Gable forgetting his cares (which mostly concern the poor pictures they've been giving him) by taking his bride to Ciro's to look at the lady with a "peel," Lili St. Cyr . . . Marilyn Monroe telling Craig Hill all about her chest cold. Sighs Craig: "What a lucky illness!" . . . Dennis Morgan shedding thirty pounds and now looking

IMPERTINENT

INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Farley Granger asked Shelley Winters for a date two years ago and ever since, the outcome of this combination has been a burning question.

Now we can report the next breathless bulletin on this soul-searching romance. Farley and Shelley are being co-starred for the first time in "Behave Yourself," no connection intended. In this they play husband and wife. So we hotfooted over to the set to see if their reel-life love scenes were as torrid as their real-life clinches. Between scenes Farley revealed that if they like celluloid domesticity, life may imitate their movie.

"You might say we're giving ourselves a taste of married life beforehand to see whether we like it," he dictated as we scribbled notes.

"Yes," we said patiently. "But are you really going to get married?"

"We may," said Farley. "We talk about it a lot. The other day Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons both announced our engagement, which wasn't true. I think they both decided to print it before one could scoop the other."

Does Miss Winters think her movie role will be repeated in real life? "No," said Shelley firmly. "Will that spoil your story? Just say I don't know. No, say if I don't kill him during this picture, I'll marry him," she grinned.

Anyway, in the movie Granger and his favorite blonde play a young couple who get mixed up with gangsters and tiff over his mother-in-law on the side. Farley admitted that he and Shelley squabble in real life too.

"I don't mind, though," he said. "I like to have a little variety."

"We fight less on the set than after working hours," put in Shelley.

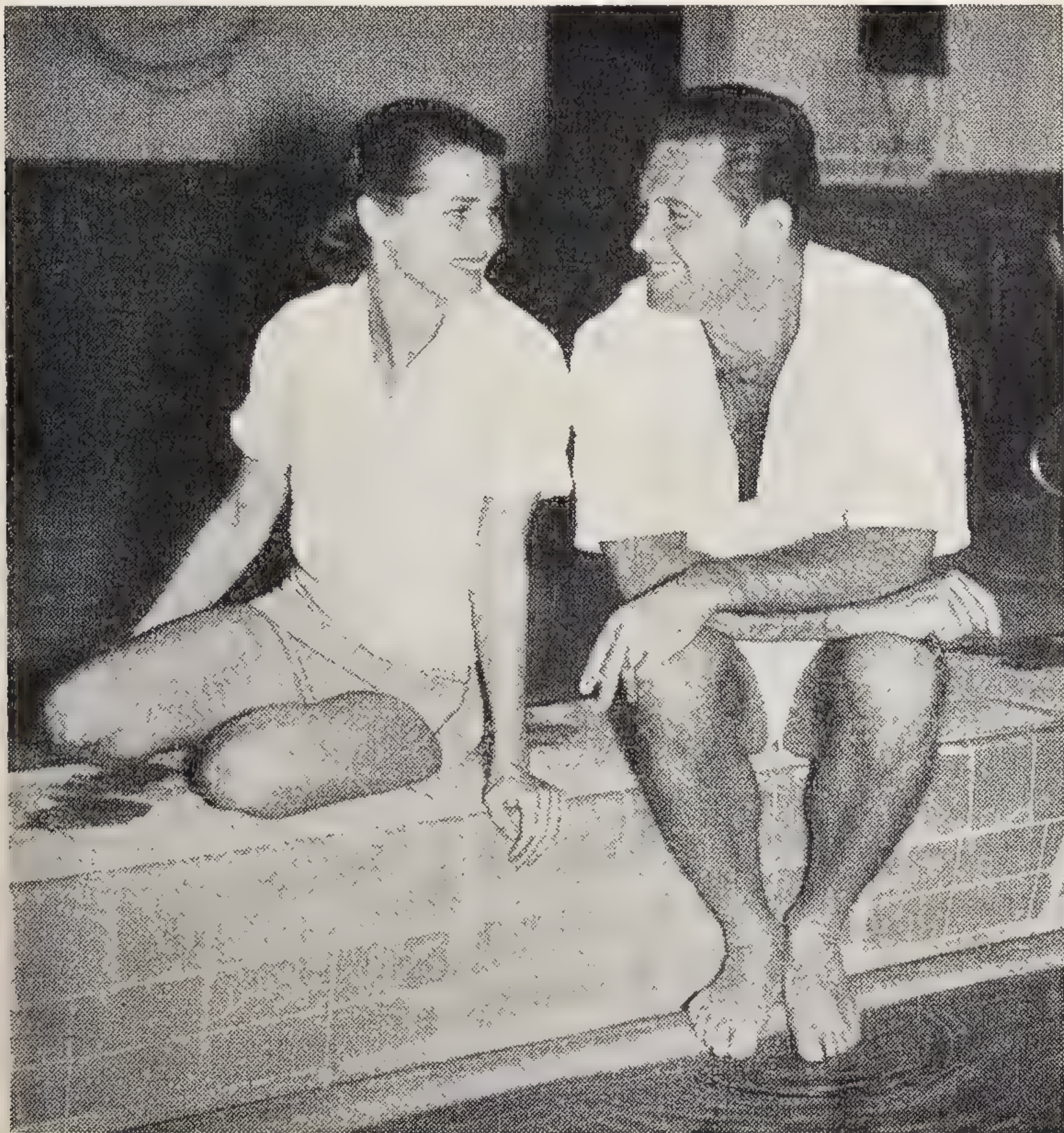
Farley told me they "fought like heck" to get their "make-believe marriage" roles. "I guess the studio wanted to do the picture because the producer, Jerry Wald, loves publicity and so does Shelley," he grinned. Miss Winters had no comeback, having by now rushed off for a wardrobe fitting. "If there's a good reaction from the public, we may do more pictures together," Farley went on.

"I read the script and said I'd do it if they could get Shelley. We like working together. In many ways, it's good to be acting with somebody you know very well. You don't have the initial embarrassment of getting acquainted. Shelley and I are pretty free with each other."

The only difficulty is when he tries to get a word in edgewise between Shelley's bubbling chatter, he chuckled. "I take care of that, though," he said, "I just clamp my hand over her mouth. If only life could be like it is in the movies. The movies usually end a story with a man and girl going off to get married. In real life that's when everything starts."



Farley and Shelley



When Bill Holden was in San Diego, making "Submarine Command," he flew home weekends to be with his family. Above, on vacation with Brenda at Palm Springs



His Honor, the Mayor of Palm Springs, is none other than silent-screen star Charles Farrell, left, chatting with Ida Lupino, Howard Duff at Foreign Press Association's International Star Banquet

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In New York: Judy Holliday, Jose Ferrer, Gloria Swanson, Celeste Holm, just before news came over wire that Judy, Jose had won top acting Oscars for 1950

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the way he looked many pictures ago . . . That country gentleman, Fred Astaire, buying dungarees in Sears Roebuck for that new ranch he bought in the San Fernando Valley . . . Jeff Chandler ordering an Ann Sheridan sandwich at a drive-in, while the lady with him tells the waitress to "load it" with ham. The lady with him? Ann Sheridan!

Oscar Night in Manhattan: Cal almost wished he was three thousand miles away from the Twenty-third Academy Award presentation. For it was 3,000 miles away that the real drama of the awards was taking place. In New York, a combined birthday celebration (two days late) for Gloria Swanson and an

Academy Award party was being given by Jose Ferrer. Most of the nominees who were not in Hollywood were there: Celeste Holm, George Cukor, Sam Jaffe, Thelma Ritter, Jose, Judy Holliday and Gloria Swanson. Hysteria broke out when it was announced that Jose had won the Best Actor Award. Then a hush filled the room as they heard Broderick Crawford, over a special wire, announce the name of the winning actress, Judy Holliday. Before the last syllable was uttered Gloria had her arm around a tearful Judy congratulating her. Gloria—always a grand trouper—took her defeat philosophically. "It's all right," she told friends. "I've won so many things. I think if I'd gotten the Oscar I'd have to die. And now that I didn't get it, I don't have to die. I'll start working tomorrow for next year." (Continued on page 21)



In Hollywood: Best supporting honors went to George Sanders, veteran stage actress Josephine Hull. Helen Hayes accepted Oscar for absent winner, Jose Ferrer

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...his bride swears by *TIDE*!



They wear the cleanest clothes in town—
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your wash prints *glow* after a *Tide* wash! The
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feels so soft . . . irons so *beautifully*! Get *Tide*
today—and hang the *cleanest* wash in town
on your line!



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Leaves hair sparkling, starry-bright... no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

BETTER THAN
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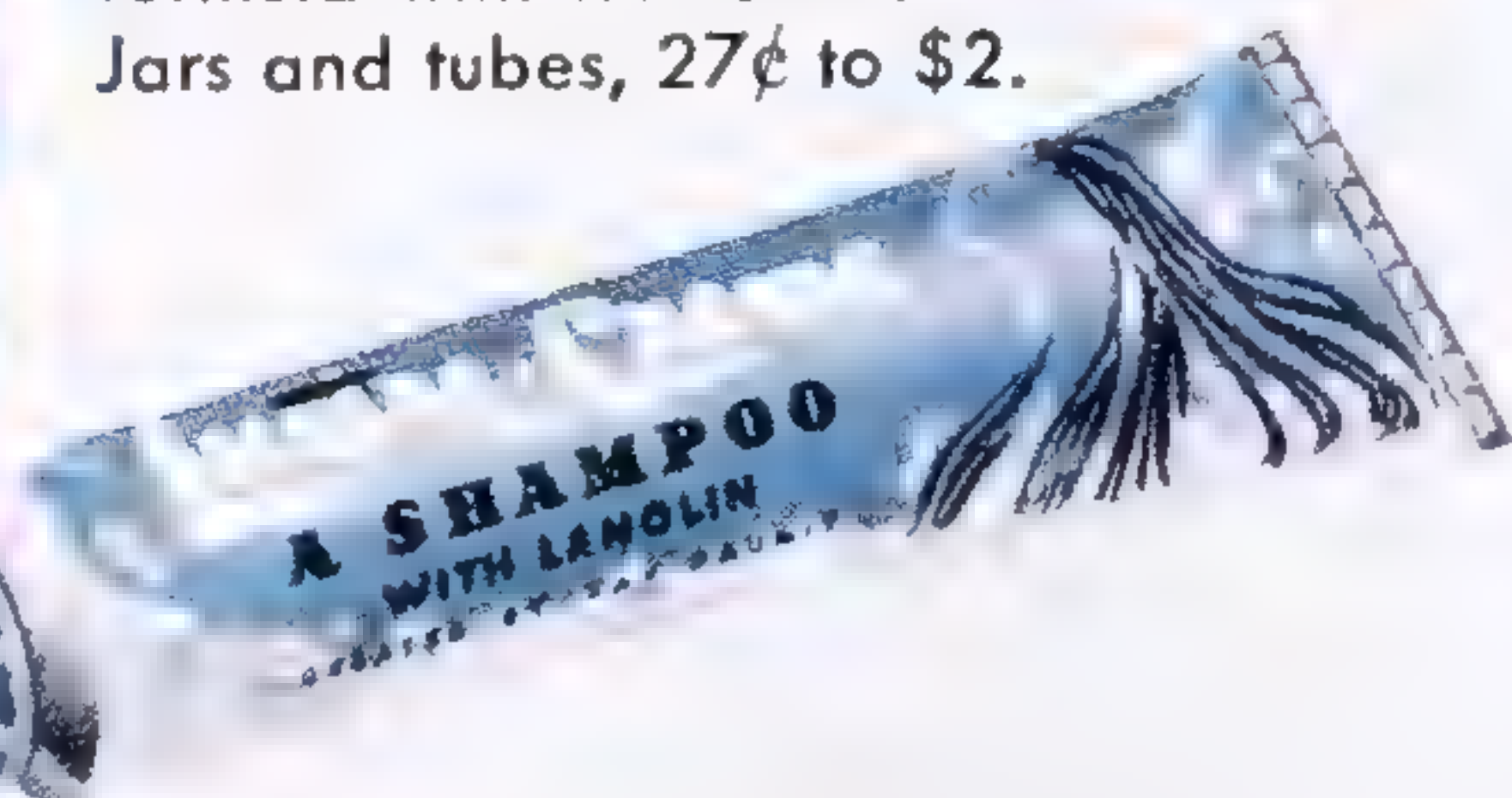
Leaves hair fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff. Unlike many oil shampoos, Lustre-Creme needs no special rinse.

BETTER THAN
LIQUIDS

Leaves hair silken soft, manageable, easy to curl. Lustre-Creme is easier to use. Contains LANOLIN... is not harsh or drying. Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo today—be his dream girl tonight!



Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to \$2.



World's finest shampoo — a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

Readers Inc.

Cheers and Jeers:

I enjoy your magazine very much, especially your pin-ups of the month. But why don't you have pin-ups of those handsome Hollywood he-men, such as Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Ty Power?

BARBARA MILLER
Portland, Ore.

I think you Hollywood writers have gone a little too far in saying that Debbie Reynolds is preparing to take Judy Garland's place. Nobody could take her place. There is one—just one Judy Garland.

JEANNE ALLENDER
Lexington, Ky.

Why is it that most movie queens look like cases of malnutrition? It was a delight to see Joan Blondell in "For Heaven's Sake," not only because of her long absence from the screen, but because she looks healthy, well fed and feminine. And while I'm on the same bone, I wish they'd leave Judy Garland alone. As long as weight makes her feel good, that's the important issue. Look at the price she paid for that "Hollywood look"!

N. GOLDENUSKY
Long Beach, Cal.

Let's have more movies like "Branded." That was a real Western—and Alan Ladd and Mona Freeman were just made for the parts.

KAY EBERHART
Evanston, Ill.

I promised to take my twelve-year-old son to the movies this Sunday afternoon. I looked at the advertisements to try and find a movie with some uplifting moral theme. I looked in vain.

This is what I found: "Branded"—Blazing through the West; "The Mutineers"—One Woman on Board with a Ship Full of Killers; "Frenchie"—Wanted by Every Sheriff in the West; "Congolaise"—Death Battle with Gorilla Monsters of Jungle River.

Is it any wonder that the youngsters of America are growing up "trigger happy"?

WILLIAM J. BRISLIN
Fort Edward, N. Y.

Casting:

Tony Curtis is one of the most handsome movie actors in Hollywood. Why not have a movie with him and Janet Leigh, his dream girl? If he can act with actresses like Piper Laurie, why can't he be with Janet once?

MARY LOU MILZ
New Glarus, Wisc.

Everybody has been reading so much about the so-called feud between Bette Davis and Tallulah Bankhead, I think everybody would enjoy seeing them together in a picture.

BEVERLY BAKER
Sharon, Pa.

Readers' Pets:

I don't mind seeing Farley Granger plastered all over magazines because he isn't too hard to look at, but why don't you have a little more on that handsome Irishman, Scott Brady. The poor fellow wants to kiss the Blarney stone and he

can't even get to do that, and Mr. Granger can tour Europe for a couple of months. So give Scott a break.

JOAN SULLIVAN
New York, N. Y.

Tell me, is there a cuter girl anywhere in Hollywood than Doris Day? And talk about talent! That girl can do anything. Besides that, she has the kind of wholesome appeal that we movie fans like to see. When are the studio heads going to stop giving her second billing under such inferior talent as Virginia Mayo?

BARBARA BEHRMAN
Westfield, N. J.

Question Box:

I would like to know if "King Solomon's Mines" is a book. If it is, will you please tell me the name of the book, and the author.

ANITA SEGAL
New York, N. Y.

(The movie was based on the book of the same name, by Sir Henry Rider Haggard).

How about some information about the lovely young thing who played Howard Keel's co-pilot in "Three Guys Named Mike." He didn't say much, but oh, those eyes!

ROSAMOND MCGUIRE
Indianapolis, Ind.

(He's Bob Sherwood, born Feb. 21, 1927 in Yonkers, N. Y.; is 5' 11", weighs 145 lbs., has light brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Played in "Mr. Roberts" on Broadway in New York. Also in "The Magnificent Yankee."



I have heard that June Haver might become a nun. Is it true? I hope it's right, because she would make a wonderful one.

GINGER RAMBIN
Shreveport, La.

(There seems to be little foundation for this rumor).

Who was the beautiful girl who played Loretta in "So Young, So Bad"? I never saw her before but I sure hope I'll be seeing her again. She's the type of girl I'd like to marry.

PFC PIERCE HARDY
Munich, Germany

(That was Anne Francis, 5' 7½" tall, weighs 120 lbs. has ash-blond hair and blue eyes. She practically grew up in radio, started at six years old. "So Young, So Bad" was her first picture. Her next is "Whistle at Eaton Falls.")



Could you please tell me the name of the tango Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban danced to in "Two Weeks with Love."

ROSE MARIE ZEDALIS
Newark, N. J.

(The name is "A Media Luz," published by Leo Feist, Inc., 799 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

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Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved
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Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is amazingly mild! Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion Size for face and hands, the big Bath Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes



Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!

Are you in the know?



Which flatters a chubby chassis?

- ☐ Slinky black
- ☐ Canary yellow
- ☐ Soft, cool colors

'Smagic—how a color can fool the eye. The right hue can pare down plumpness, help deflate a "spare tire." But don't think slinky black's the answer—('taint for teens). Also, avoid dazzling shades. Wear soft, cool colors like blue, green, violet, preferably in darker tones. And never let calendar-time discomfort deflate your poise. Choose *Kotex* for softness that *holds its shape*—because *Kotex* is made to stay soft while you wear it.



To cure a "videot" should you try—

- ☐ The shock technique
- ☐ The absent treatment
- ☐ Humoring the guy

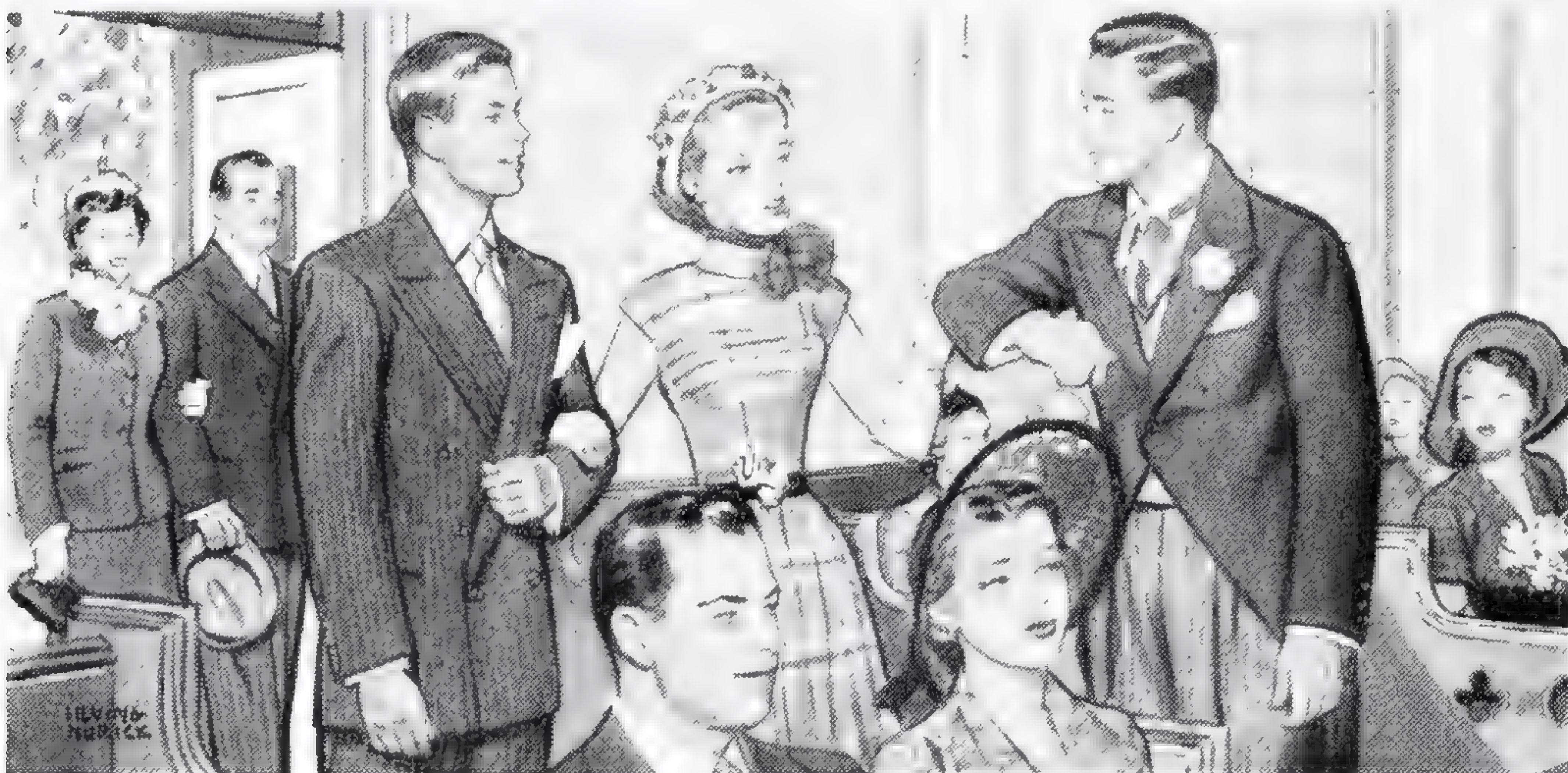
The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet Dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort at all, at certain times, to discover the 3 *absorbencies* of *Kotex* are well worth trying. With Regular, Junior, Super to choose from—you'll find one so-o-o right for you!



If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?

- ☐ Mermaid maneuvers
- ☐ More upholstery
- ☐ A library card

Got a lean-and-hollow-look around the collar? Adding "upholstery" helps—so eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this: Sit very straight, tummy pulled in. Hold a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Keeping elbows well back, slowly boost books toward ceiling, then slowly lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your *confidence*—with *Kotex*. For that special *safety center* gives you extra protection.



When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—

- ☐ Breeze up the aisle together
- ☐ Take the usher's arm
- ☐ Make it a threesome

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. For instance, when you arrive at the church and the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you've an escort. Your beau boy will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar

"trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them if you let *Kotex* help. You'll learn there's just no need to quail at every casual glance, for as surely as those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines—*Kotex* can keep you blush-proof.



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar
- ☐ Perk up your wardrobe
- ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new *Kotex* sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight *Kotex* belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries pronto!* So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new *Kotex* belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a *change*?)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey★ is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as *Kotex* . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.★ (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose **KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

Cal bets she will, too.

Oscar Night in Hollywood: A crowd of 2,000 fans watching the stars enter the Pantages Theatre. Lex Barker, hardly recognizable, arriving in full dress—a departure from his screen costume of leopardskin . . . Fred Astaire dancing backstage to the strains of Bob Merrill's "Mona Lisa" . . . Josephine Hull's wonderful speech directed to a 6'4" rabbit and Miss Hull's award coming just a few days before her fiftieth anniversary in show business . . . Grandma Marlene Dietrich almost stealing the show in a sheath skirt slit to one knee . . . Stanley Donen handholding with Liz Taylor . . . Nominee Jeff Chandler and the missus back together for this occasion . . . Jerry Lewis's pantomiming during Dean Martin's song, breaking up the theater audience, puzzling the radio listeners . . . Jewels, furs, happiness, heartbreak—all part of a glittering evening.

Just Between Us: While Janet Leigh did work long and hard on those ballet numbers for "Two Tickets to Broadway," in the long shots her strenuous routines will be executed by Patricia Denise, the lovely ballerina who is famous on two continents . . . Insiders are of the opinion that illness was not the reason why Ann Blyth was rushed to London to replace Constance Smith in Tyrone Power's "House on the Square." The lovely Constance, so they say, proved to be wrong for the part . . . Under one condition did director Joseph Mankiewicz replace Anne Baxter (who is stalking the stork) in "Doctor Praetorius," with Jeanne Crain. She had to agree to cut her long hair, to forfeit familiar mannerisms and concentrate on creating a new personality. To work for that guy named Joe, Missy Crain would have been happy to wear a clothespin on her nose!

Set Stuff: "What's the matter, didn't you like my last picture?" It was Dana Andrews parked right next to Cal in a Sunset Strip drive-in. It was one of those days and, not expecting to meet a movie star, we had actually looked right through him! "Why don't you come out to the 'Frogmen' location," invited the



Director Mankiewicz had Jeanne Crain cut hair for "Dr. Praetorius Story"



The "tissue test" proved to Joan . . .



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

Do you feel that all cleansing creams are alike? So did lovely Joan Bennett until she convinced herself with the "Tissue Test" that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams!*

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

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Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt . . .

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"I can't afford
to split hairs"

says model Ann Klem...

her camera curls stay free
of broken ends with

De Long

the bob pin
with the stronger,
smoother grip



Stop envying the hair-do's of beautiful models! Your hair, too, can be always well-groomed. But be sure to use De Long bob pins. The stronger, smoother grip means longer lasting curls... greater freedom from fuzzy, split ends. No wonder De Long is the "smart set" favorite!



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INSIDE STUFF



The Dean Martins, Jerry Lewises, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh at Jerry's birthday party. See page 112 for stills from home movie take-off on "Sunset Boulevard"

friendliest actor in Hollywood. "You'll get a great kick out of sitting there in your overcoat and watching the actors freeze to death." If we hadn't seen it, we never would have believed it. In trunks, a glass-faced rubber helmet, rubber-foot fins and a slate and pencil around his neck for undersea writing, Dana had to keep diving in and out of the below-zero water. "From now on, just refer to me as 'wet pants Andrews,'" he called out to us. From now on we'll like him even better.


Party Pranks: Have to tell you about the hilarious birthday party that Jerry Lewis's cute wife Patti gave for him. The reason it was so rib-splitting was because, a few nights before, Jerry and Dean, plus Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, song-writer Mack David and a few chums had produced, acted, directed and generally "messed up" their version of a burlesque of "Sunset Boulevard." The Martin-Lewis film is titled "Fairfax Avenue" (that's *not* one of Hollywood's swankier streets) and on this particular evening, after dinner, the film was flashed on the family screen for the forty guests. We just wish we had space to go into details about how funny a picture it was. Actually, this isn't the first one the boys have made. But maybe someday you'll see them on TV—it's a cinch you won't see them in theaters. And you'd be surprised how many big stars (aside from Janet and Tony who just love "working" in them) have participated in the fun.

(See page 112 for pictures from "Fairfax Avenue.")

Show Business: Too seldom, Cal feels, do you hear about the great friendships of Hollywood. Such a one exists between Judy Garland and Roger Edens, the brilliant M-G-M arranger-composer, who was there when Judy gave us her memorable "Somewhere over the Rainbow." Roger remained a friend in need and she often needed one. At Mocambo recently, the orchestra and most of the patrons had departed. Roger Edens left his table and moved to the piano. "How about it, Judy—for old times' sake?" he called over to where she sat with her party. Judy came over, started to sing. Suddenly she was a little girl with a great voice again, a little girl who just wanted to please. While she poured out her heart, her listeners were thrilled to tears.

Crystal Ball Stuff: If the truth were known, Sally Forrest probably is just as curious about her future as we all are. The girl who was discovered by her fiancé-manager, Milo Frank, is soaring to stardom with startling speed. Recently when Howard Hughes saw Ida Lupino's "Hard, Fast and Beautiful," so impressed was the boss-man with Sally's performance, he dug down in his own pocket and paid for two extra days' shooting to build up her part. Fred Astaire wants to dance with Sally, M-G-M has brilliant plans for her. Still being postponed, however, is the date of her marriage to Milo Frank. Some say Sally has changed her mind. Knowing how grateful she is for all he has done for her, Cal can't believe that these two who had so much to share, could suddenly have nothing.

(Continued on page 24)



*"Be Lux Lovely
all over!"*

says RUTH ROMAN

"My Lux beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant!"

"I love my daily Lux beauty bath," says Ruth Roman. "It's so luxurious—leaves my skin exquisitely fresh and smooth."

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A daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you *sure* of skin that's fresh and sweet. You'll love the delicate perfume that *clings*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars
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*Ruth
Roman*

CO-STARRING IN

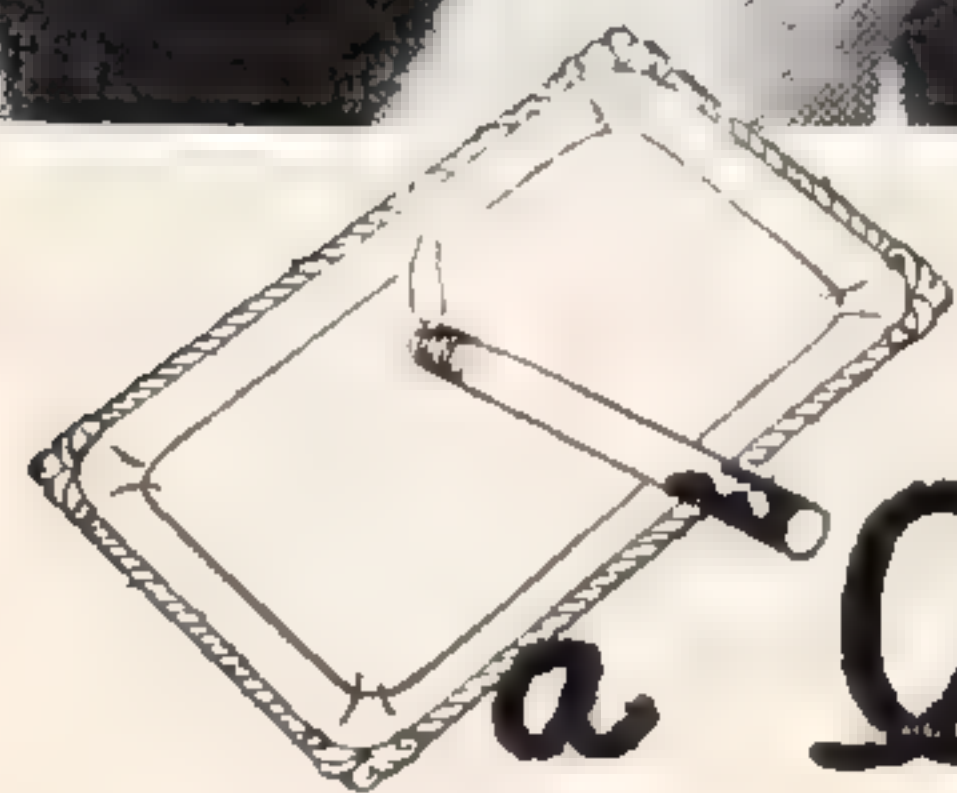
"STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

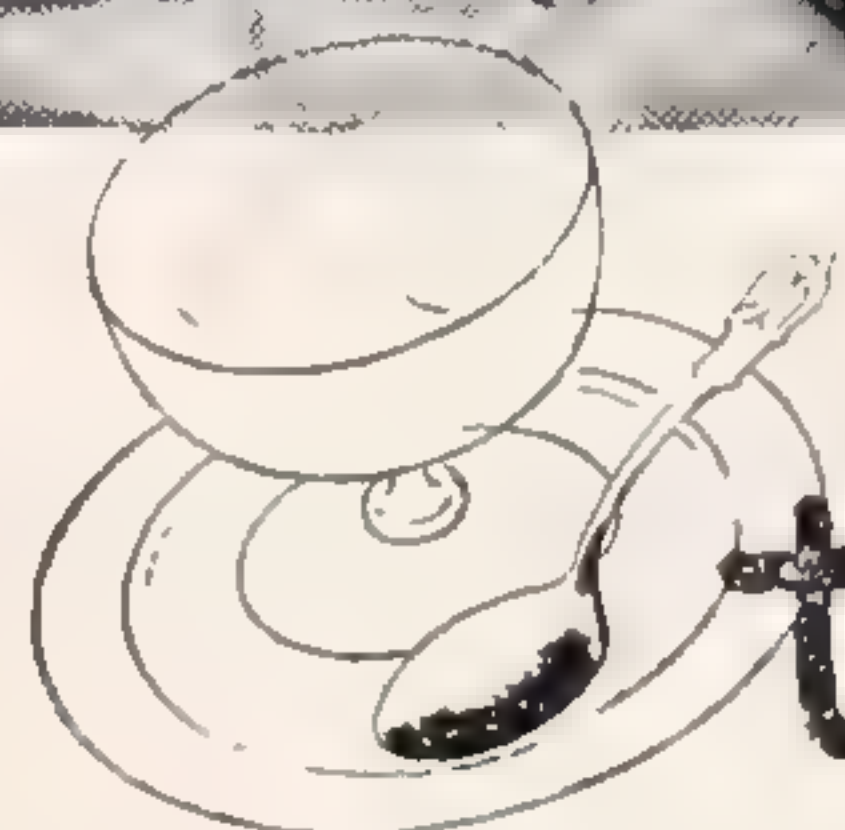
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NO FEAR OF SMEAR...Gone is that untidy lipstick trail on glasses...cigarettes...silverware and people. Lenthéric's creamy lipstick has color cling and color beauty. Alluring new shades. In sleek golden cases.

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Lenthéric
PARIS LONDON NEW YORK



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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 22)

Beverly Hills Beach Combers: Any party Bette Davis gives is informal and fun. The one at Malibu the day before the Gary Merrills left for London was no exception. "Wear something comfortable, so you can relax like we do," they warned us. Bette wore stockings that fitted on her feet like gloves, thus avoiding leather soles and high heels. Gary in shorts proved to be a host who knows how to enjoy his own party. "When we descend upon London with two children, two nurses and a cook," Bette bantered, "they'll think they're having another blitz!" Typical of the Davis tradition, while they're making that picture together the Merrills will live in the country and avoid those smart hotels. About those two war orphans they're supposed to adopt. A Hollywood columnist, desperate for a news story, dreamed that one up.

Sex Appeal: In case you care, men's sox are now the last gasp in Hollywood! Gary Cooper's are shocking pink when he wears them with his dinner clothes. Van Johnson's feature a mug of beer design with white angora wool "foam." Gordon MacRae's have clocks that are clocks and not embroidered arrows. Tony Curtis's are monogrammed. Cal can't make up his mind whether to wear plaid, puce—or just cut off his feet!

News, All Kinds: Good news that Howard Duffs leg is healed and he's well enough to play opposite Josephine Hull (Cal's dream girl) in "Fine Day" . . . Disappointing news that Judy Garland ended high hopes for a reconciliation, when she divorced Vincente Minnelli just before departing for that London Palladium engagement . . . Delightful news that Bing's brother Bob is expecting another Crosby (his fifth!) which makes him one up on the "Groaner" . . . Heart warming news that Dorothy Lamour's five-year-old son, Ridgely Howard, will suffer no ill effects caused by complications that followed the measles . . . Secret news that Glenn Ford is suffering from a serious eye infection and undergoing very special treatment . . . Encouraging news that two lonely people like Barbara Stanwyck and writer-producer Norman Krasna are charmed with each other's company . . . Amusing news that Warner Bros. would give their collective shirts to have Humphrey Bogart back under exclusive contract . . . Startling news that Anne Baxter's maternity clothes have a Chinese motif.



Barbara Stanwyck appeared recently at Ciro's with another Bob—named Stack

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Swim Suit, dull doe-skin nylon content lastex, wired bodice, nylon fagotting. Sizes 32 to 38. Rainbow of colors. \$10.95

Fine batiste Slip lavishly trimmed. White only. Sizes 32 to 40. \$2.98
Matching petticoat, S. M. L. \$1.98

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Panty of 2 bar tricot, piquet elastic edging. Soft, sleek, comfie! White, pink, blue, maize. S. M. L. 79c

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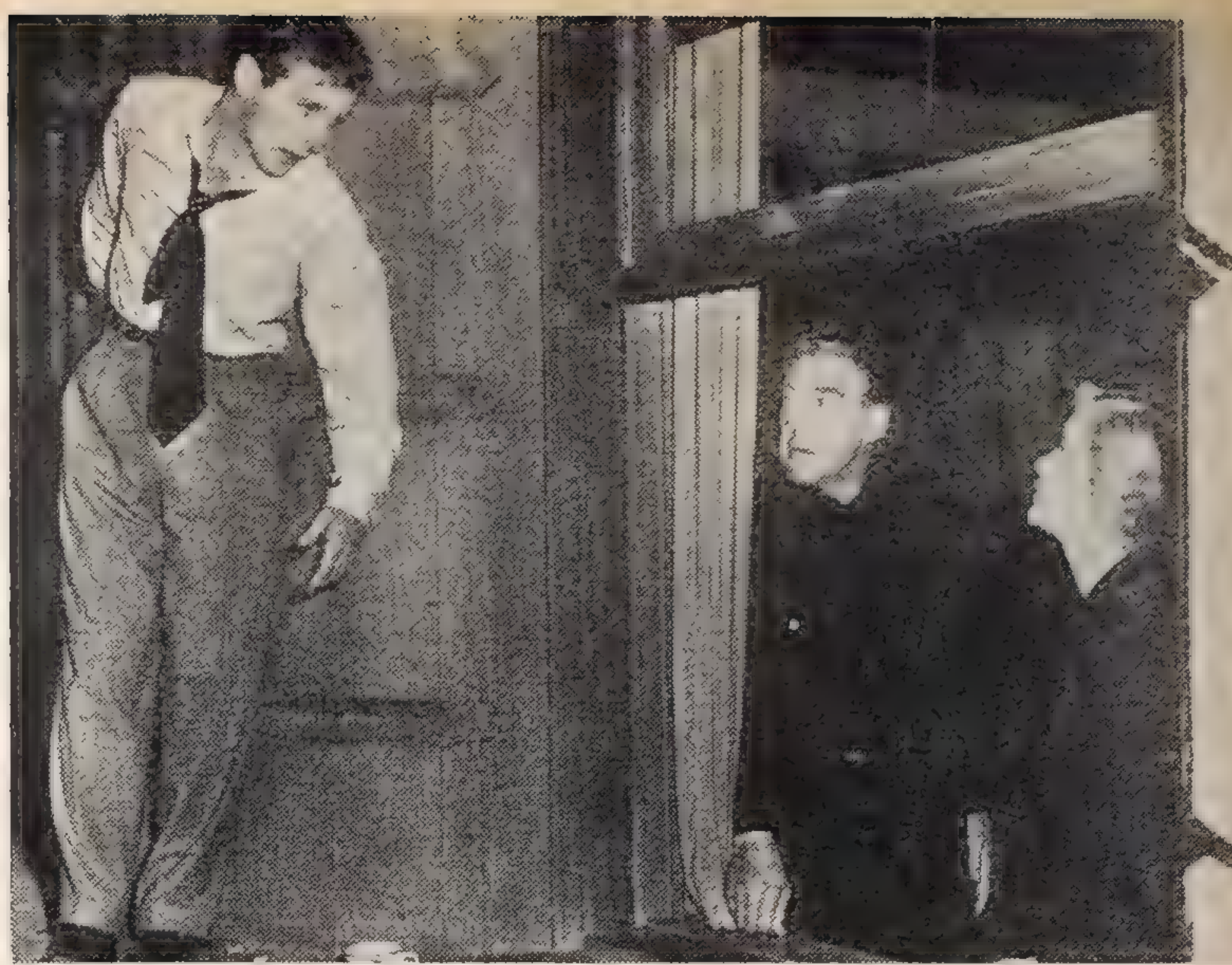
Encore: Lavish Technicolor version of the life of world's greatest tenor, starring Mario Lanza and Ann Blyth

✓✓✓ (F) The Great Caruso (M-G-M)

FOR years Hollywood has wanted to make a film about the greatest tenor of our time, Enrico Caruso. After "The Midnight Kiss" and "The Toast of New Orleans" Metro knew that at long last they had their boy—Mario Lanza, who has a voice right out of heaven. The story gets under way with Caruso, who lived only to sing, earning pennies in a Naples cafe. Following his first success at Covent Garden he goes to New York where at first he is coldly received, but later becomes the most famous star the Metropolitan Opera House has ever known. Ann Blyth is cast as Mrs. Caruso and is excellent in her tender love scenes. Among the famous musical stars appearing in this picture are Dorothy Kirsten, Jarmila Novotna, Blanche Thebom and Teresa Celli.

Your Reviewer Says: Good entertainment.

Program Notes: Mario Lanza at twenty-nine has become the teen-agers' delight. Mario was born in Philadelphia and his real name is Alfred Arnold Cocozza. He's married and has a baby daughter named Elissa. Following his starring role as Caruso (Mario confesses he once scraped the label off a Caruso record and substituted one with his own name on it to get a job), Mario went on a concert tour which covered fourteen states. Everywhere he was mobbed by fans. His ambition is to appear at La Scala in Italy . . . On the set Mario gave Ann Blyth lessons in Italian. Ann already speaks fluent French . . . Dorothy Kirsten is not only a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but has distinguished herself also in radio, concert and on records . . . Two years after her success in "The Search," Jarmila Novotna, one of the Met's top sopranos, came to Hollywood for the first time to make an appearance in this film . . . Among the musical highlights are arias from such all-time favorite operas as "Aida," "Rigoletto," "La Tosca," "Il Trovatore," "Lucia" and "Pagliacci."



Tangled lives: Dick Basehart, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes in tense, dramatic story of a man on a ledge

✓✓✓ (A) Fourteen Hours (20th Century-Fox)

HERE'S suspense drama at its best. Based on a real New York suicide case of some years ago the picture is fascinating and gripping. Paul Douglas gives a fine, human characterization of a simple New York cop, who suddenly becomes the friend and confidant of a confused young man (Richard Basehart) perched on the ledge of a Manhattan hotel. Agnes Moorehead is the dominating mother and Robert Keith the bewildered father. Barbara Bel Geddes is his understanding girl friend. Howard Da Silva plays the police lieutenant and Martin Gabel a psychiatrist. All are excellent. As is Debra Paget as a bystander who finds a boy friend in the shadow of tragedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Taut thriller.

Program Notes: This unique suspense drama (without even one single flashback) was filmed in New York. Director Hathaway had the cooperation of the New York city police force, and a large portion of the city's population. The "Hotel Rodney" is in reality the Guaranty Trust Building in the financial section of Manhattan . . . Paul Douglas dropped twenty pounds for his role of traffic cop and looks wonderful. His only gripe about movie-making is that he misses seeing baseball and football games . . . When they showed Richard Basehart the narrow perch rigged for him he said, "Well, at least I'm not going to have to fake looking frightened." Tragedy struck Richard toward the end of his tragic role when his wife Stephanie, whom he married in 1940 died, after a lingering illness . . . When she finished this picture Barbara Bel Geddes started rehearsals on John Steinbeck's "Burning Bright." It folded in New York in early fall—and so did her marriage to agent Carl Schreuer . . . When little Debra Paget went on location for this film it was her first trip East of her birthplace, Denver, Colorado. On her off-days she went in for intensive sight-seeing.

shadow



Broadway fable: Gay Runyonese comedy with Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell involved with tough guys and old dolls



Higher education: When Joan Crawford returns to her old college with Eve Arden she really learns about life

✓✓ (F) The Lemon Drop Kid (Paramount)

BOB HOPE has a high old time of it in his newest comedy which is based on a Damon Runyon story, and crammed with those fabulous Runyonese characters. Bob is right at home in his part of the *Lemon Drop Kid*, a Broadway racetrack tout, who's soft in the head for *Brainy Baxter* (Marilyn Maxwell), a beautiful show girl. The story concerns Bob's efforts to raise \$10,000 which *Moose Moran* (Fred Clark), a tough New York hoodlum, dropped on one of his phony tips. Bob rounds up the Broadway mugs and con boys, dresses them as *Santa Clauses*, and tells them they have to beg for the moola to establish an old folks' home for *Nellie Thursday* (Jane Darwell) and some of the "old dolls." *Oxford Charlie* (Lloyd Nolan) moves in on his racket—and the outwitting starts. Contributing to the wonderful fun are William Frawley as *Gloomy Willie*, Jay C. Flippen as *Straight Flush*, and Harry Bellaver as *Sam the Surgeon*.

Your Reviewer Says: A romp for Bob, and fun for all.

Program Notes: Marilyn Maxwell, who has traveled over a great part of the world with Bob, is teamed with him for the first time on the screen... The film was made at Paramount studios, with a short location trip to nearby Santa Anita race track where the racing sequences were shot... The four-karat diamond ring which Andrea King wears in the picture is the real thing—presented to the actress as an anniversary present by her husband, Nat Willis, a local attorney... Much to the discomfort of Bob and the other Santas the Christmas scenes were filmed during the late summer when the temperature was over ninety... *Society Kid* Hogan, a close friend of the late Damon Runyon, was hired as technical adviser. Hogan works as a pari-mutuel clerk at Chicago's Arlington Park and makes his screen debut as one of the Santas.

✓✓ (A) Goodbye, My Fancy (Warners)

JOAN CRAWFORD, looking very chic indeed, plays a congresswoman in this comedy which too quickly turns into a drama with a problem. When she's invited by her *Alma Mater* to attend Commencement to receive an honorary degree she becomes as nostalgic as a pressed rosebud, much to the disgust of her brittle secretary, Eve Arden. Seems that Good Hope College for Women slipped up on one little matter—Congresswoman Joan had been expelled by that seat of learning some twenty years previously because she stayed out all night with a man. The "man" turns out to be Robert Young, president of the college, and still carrying a torch for Joan. Further romantic complications arise when old beau Frank Lovejoy shows up as a Life photographer. Aiding in the fun are Janice Rule, Virginia Gibson, Lurene Tuttle, Morgan Farley and Howard St. John.

Your Reviewer Says: Adult and interesting.

Program Notes: Joan was letting her hair grow out during this picture, which called for a lot of feminine fretting. No more of those severe Harriet Craig haircuts for Joan—thank goodness... Now it's Eve Arden who is sporting one of those butch hairdos. And on her it doesn't look good either. Eve is in fine form as a comedienne, however... The studio has great plans for Janice Rule, making her screen debut as Bob's daughter. Auburn-haired, green-eyed and nineteen, Janice has been dancing for the past four years in Chicago and New York night clubs and on the stage in "Miss Liberty." She's going to be the next Ruth Roman... Another young and promising Warner contract player appears as Janice's roommate in the film. She's Virginia Gibson, the red-haired dancing girl who made her screen debut in "Tea for Two"... The college campus scenes were made at Occidental College.

stage

BY LIZA WILSON

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✓✓ good

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F—for the whole family

A—for adults

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**For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.**

✓✓ 1/2 (A) Pandora and the Flying Dutchman (Romulus—M-G-M)

AVA GARDNER is so beautiful and sexy in this handsome and highly romantic Technicolor drama that the boys will go stark staring mad for her. Ava plays Pandora Reynolds, a restless, dangerous American girl, a *femme fatale*, who finally finds love and happiness in the legendary character of Hendrich Van der Zee (James Mason), a tormented gentleman who must sail the seven seas until he meets a woman who loves him enough to die for him. The fusing of this Seventeenth Century "Flying Dutchman" legend into a Twentieth Century Spanish Riviera setting makes for exciting situations, much beauty and great romance. There's a bull fight sequence that shows Mario Cabre, Spain's idolized bullfighter, to excellent advantage.

Your Reviewer Says: Unusual.

Program Notes: *This expensive and beautiful film was produced by old-time producer-director Albert Lewin who believes that audiences want romance on their screens, not dreary reality. The picture was filmed last summer along the Spanish sea coast. The interiors were shot in London . . . Luscious Ava Gardner, excitingly gowned, gives her best performance to date. While on location Ava was visited by Frank Sinatra, which made international headlines, and was wooed by the romantic Mario Cabre who wrote love poems to her. "A romance with Mario—that's ridiculous," said Ava. "All Latins are gallant and romantic. I found Mario quite attractive, but I certainly wasn't in love with him. Why, I had no time for romance during the making of 'Pandora.' I never worked so hard in my life, from five in the morning until dark, for five long months." Ava gets real angry when she hears about the rumors that are being circulated about her. The rumor that she was having a baby in Europe made her seethe. "I'm sick and tired of the kind of publicity that turns people who might like me against me." Says North Carolina's prettiest tarheel, "I want people to like me."*

✓✓ (F) Go for Broke (M-G-M)

THIS is the highly entertaining and dramatic story of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, the most decorated group in World War II. It was composed of American-born Japanese, all volunteers from Hawaii and the United States. "Go for broke," is Hawaiian dice-shooting slang for "shoot the works." Van Johnson plays a snooty young second lieutenant, fresh from O.C.S., who is extremely disappointed when he finds himself in charge of a platoon of Nisei. Van's a strict disciplinarian and his boys, played by as fine and likable a bunch of actors as you've ever seen, are not much on discipline. But when the 36th Texas Division, outmanned, is being cut to ribbons in the European campaign, Van's platoon of little brownskins yell, "Go for broke," fight like demons, and against overwhelming odds rescue the 36th. This glorious chapter of American history makes wonderful movie entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than "Battle-ground."

Program Notes: *Composed of American-born Japanese, the 442nd amassed a record-breaking total of personal and unit decorations and citations, including more than 6,000 Purple Hearts. In fact the 442nd was the most honored and decorated unit in World War II. Their "Go for Broke" flag was proudly decorated with the Presidential Unit Citation . . . Many of the heroes of*
(Continued on page 30)

The finest silverplate...the loveliest patterns...

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DANISH PRINCESS SPRING GARDEN LOVELY LADY

MADE BY
THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER
COMPANY

...only \$8⁰⁶ for a six piece place setting!

Choose new May Queen—the enchanting new design that sparkles with gaiety and charm...classic *Danish Princess*, with its cool, Nordic beauty...romantic *Spring Garden*, for its refreshing floral note...or delicate *Lovely Lady* with hint of yesteryear.

Start your service now! Six-piece place setting only \$8.06 each—includes knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon and two teaspoons. For a small down payment, you may take home complete services. 8 place settings, plus 4 serving pieces and chest, only \$69.95.

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table occur. Thus, should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

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Ann Blyth starring in "Katie Did It"
a Universal-International Picture



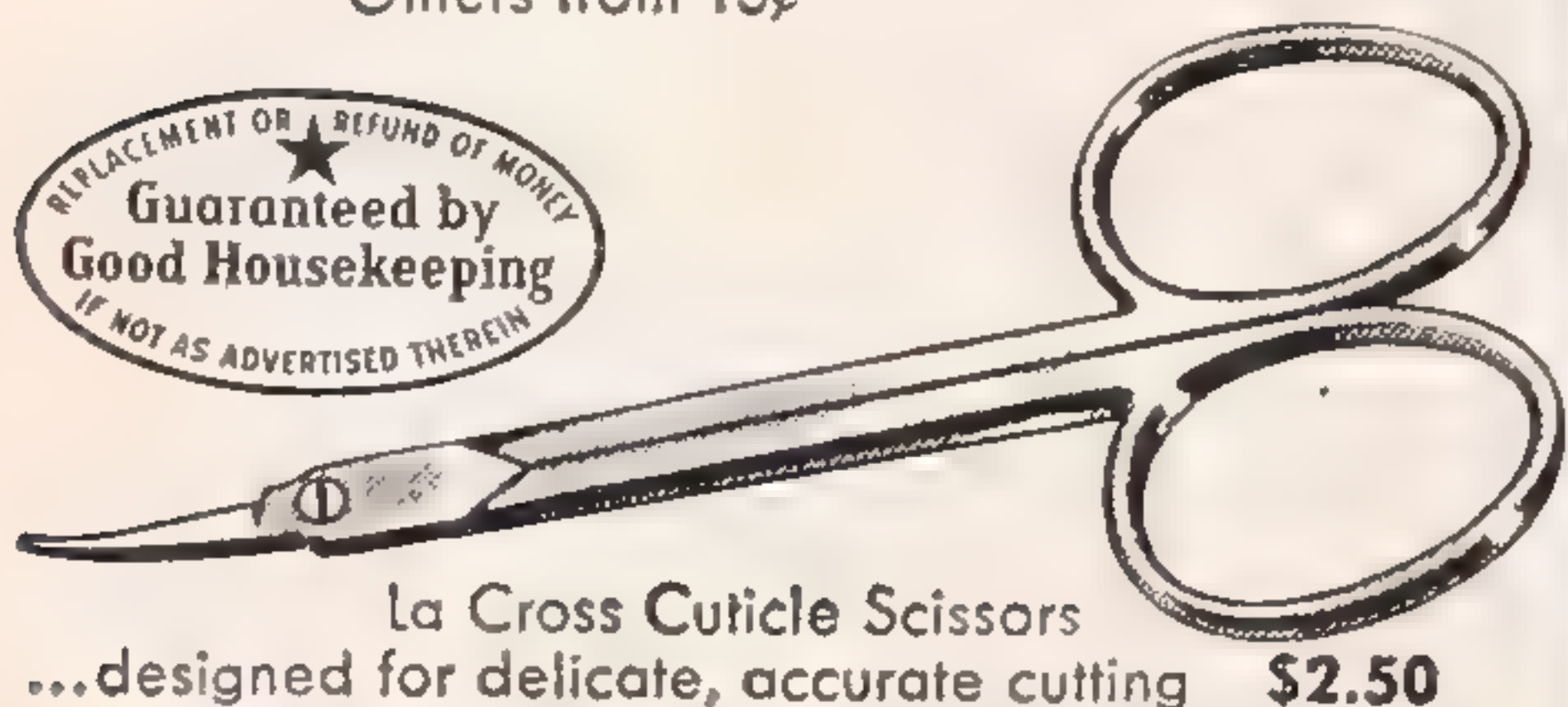
"Ann Blyth's hands
get La Cross care"

says RUTH COLLINS
Studio Manicurist
Universal International



"A flawless manicure is the only kind that will pass a close-up screen test. And it takes instruments of La Cross precision quality," says Miss Collins, "to give such a perfect manicure." That's why so many professional manicurists prefer La Cross to any other manicure instruments. And that's why glamorous stars like Ann Blyth, whose hands get La Cross salon care, choose La Cross instruments for home manicures, too!

La Cross Professional Triple-Cut File with Cleaner Point... finishes as it files... 40¢.
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La Cross Cuticle Scissors
...designed for delicate, accurate cutting \$2.50

La Cross

America's Finest Manicure
Instruments Since 1903

(Continued from page 28)
the 442nd Regimental Combat Team play themselves on the screen. Five of the leading roles were played by Hawaiian veterans. Making her Hollywood debut in the otherwise all-male cast is Gianna Maria Canale, young Italian girl, rated one of the most beautiful women in Europe, who came to Metro's attention during the filming of "Quo Vadis" in Italy. (Nope, not Bob Taylor's girl friend.) Authenticity and realism were assured by all-out U. S. Army cooperation, plus a battery of technical experts. Chief consultant was Mike Masaoka, University of Utah graduate, and the first volunteer when the 442nd was organized. He is now legislative director for the Japanese-American Citizens League.

✓½ (F) **Soldiers Three (M-G-M)**
IN SPITE of its highly talented cast, including Walter Pidgeon, Stewart Granger, David Niven and Robert Newton, this adventure film is not the outstanding picture it should be. The plot concerns Walter Pidgeon's promotion to a General and the activities of his three problem privates—Granger, Newton and Cyril Cusack, who, if they can't find trouble, make it. The time is the 1890's, and the action takes place in India where His Majesty's Rutlandshire Infantry is having a go at the Indian forces. Pretty Greta Gynt is the only feminine member of the cast. The dialogue, a mixture of thick Cockney and Irish, is rather hard for most Americans to follow. The pageantry is impressive.

Your Reviewer Says: Adventure story.

Program Notes: To capture the sweep and pageantry of the Rudyard Kipling classic the company spent several weeks on location at the old Paramount Ranch near Malibu, and at Corrigan's Ranch, near Chatsworth. Hundreds of horses and elephants, and even Brahman bulls were effectively utilized in the spectacular scenes... Stewart Granger, Hollywood's new heart throb since he bared his manly chest in "King Solomon's Mines," got himself engaged to Jean Simmons during this production. He was a very embarrassed actor one day when Jean visited him on the location. She walked on the set just as Granger, playing a fun-loving pirate, was stepping in front of the camera wearing a frilly kimona complete with feathers. Sighed Granger to his bride-to-be: "Yesterday I rode a Brahman bull, tomorrow I ride an elephant. But you had to visit me today." Soon after this picture was finished Jean and Granger were married, with Michael Wilding (Dietrich's boy friend) as best man... Walter Pidgeon took time off during production to pose for a four-generation portrait—with his mother who is ninety years old, his daughter Edna, and his two small grandchildren... Greta Gynt is a Norwegian who has been appearing in English films. She makes her American debut in this picture.

✓✓ (F) **Follow the Sun (20th Century-Fox)**
THE most dramatic sports event of the last quarter of a century was the comeback last year, after a near-fatal automobile accident in Texas, of golfer Ben Hogan. This film (there's too much putting and not enough petting) tells Hogan's life story from caddy to champion. Glenn Ford turns in one of his best performances as "Iron Man" Hogan who becomes the only two-time winner of the United States Open Tournament. Anne Baxter is cast as the understanding wife who helps her husband achieve his goal. Dennis O'Keefe plays the breezy, hard-drinking champ who befriends the badly frightened Hogan in his early matches. June Havoc plays the flip divorcee who later becomes

Dennis's ever-loving wife. Among the famous golfers appearing in this picture are Sammy Snead, Jimmy Demaret, Dr. Cary Middlecoff, Mortie Dutra, Eric Monti, Jimmy Thompson and others. You'll see re-enacted for the camera Hogan's gallant and historic comeback, his body broken, his spirit unbroken, at the Riviera Country Club, near Los Angeles, in January 1950.

Your Reviewer Says: For sports fans.

Program Notes: Ben Hogan himself assisted in the writing of this story, and acted as technical consultant, so let there be no carping... For six weeks before production started Hogan worked out on a practice course with Glenn Ford so that the actor, a better than average amateur golfer, could learn his various mannerisms and techniques. Hogan presented Glenn with a Number 5 iron which he credits with having helped him win the last U. S. Open... Anne Baxter, fresh from her triumph in "All About Eve," had the rare privilege of studying the characterization of Mrs. Ben Hogan firsthand. "She follows in the American tradition," says Anne. "The wife who is always there when her husband needs her." When they were married four years ago Anne and John Hodiak made an agreement that they would never visit each other on their sets. But John, an ardent golfer, broke the agreement. "I had to watch Ben Hogan in action," says John. This is Anne's last picture before she becomes a mother. She spent her off-time remodeling the Hodiak home—and adding a nursery. When someone asked Anne, who is the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, one of the country's foremost architects, why she didn't make use of her famous grandfather's talents, she said, "He's the best, of course—but who can afford him!"

✓✓ (F) **Apache Drums (U-I)**
HERE is an entertaining Western in Technicolor that bypasses many of the conventional sagebrush cliches. The story centers around the siege of a frontier town, Spanish Boot, New Mexico, by a band of Apaches bent on burning it to the ground and killing the small group of white settlers. Leading the defense of the town are gambler Stephen McNally and the settlement's mayor, Willard Parker, both bitter rivals for the affections of storekeeper Coleen Gray. Their rivalry is forgotten, however, in the grim and bloody struggle to hold off the Indians until the arrival of the U. S. Cavalry. Arthur Shields plays a preacher, and Ruthelma Stevens a dance hall operator.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad Indians, for a change.

Program Notes: This was made near Dry Lake, California, which is part of the Mojave Desert. It was a mere 126° and the crew gave themselves relief from the heat by throwing buckets of water over one another, a pleasure that was denied the actors because of their make-up... Stephen McNally won himself a law degree from Fordham but shortly after graduation decided to become an actor. He got his start with a summer stock company at Woodstock, New York, and after that nabbed an important role in a Broadway production of "The Man Who Shot Lincoln." He married Rita Wintrich in New York and they now have six children... Coleen Gray was born in Nebraska but considers herself more a daughter of Hutchinson, Minnesota, where her family moved when she was seven. Before she got her Hollywood break Coleen worked as a package wrapper at Montgomery Ward, as a librarian at USC, and as a receptionist and

(Continued on page 101)



ARE YOU REALLY
SURE OF YOUR
PRESENT
DEODORANT?
TEST IT
UNDER THIS ARM

NOW TRY **FRESH**
UNDER THIS ARM.
SEE WHICH
STOPS PERSPIRATION,
PREVENTS ODOR
BETTER

Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete. Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped—and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration. Furthermore with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated to work all over again when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.



.....
New... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.



*also in a new
handy tube*

Announcing: AN EXCITING NEW CONTEST

Photoplay Offers A 2-Year Scholarship At The Pasadena Playhouse



The Pasadena Playhouse where—like former students Dana Andrews, Bill Holden, Eleanor Parker and

Tear off and mail to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest,
Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

ENROLLMENT BLANK

Please enroll me in the Photoplay-Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship Contest. I agree that should I be accepted for admission to the Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts, I will comply with all student rules and regulations in regard to general conduct, hours, meals, health, studies and other items as set forth by the College. I will maintain to the best of my ability a satisfactory rating in my dramatic work and all academic studies required by the College.

(please type or print clearly)

Name

Address

City State

School last attended

Name of high school

City State

Date of graduation

Today's date Date of birth

Signature

WITH pleasure and with pride, the editors of Photoplay Magazine announce a national talent search for dramatic ability, the winner to receive a full two-year scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts.

Here is the answer to the dreams of thousands of young women all over the country who know in their hearts they can be truly fine actresses if they have an opportunity to develop their talent.

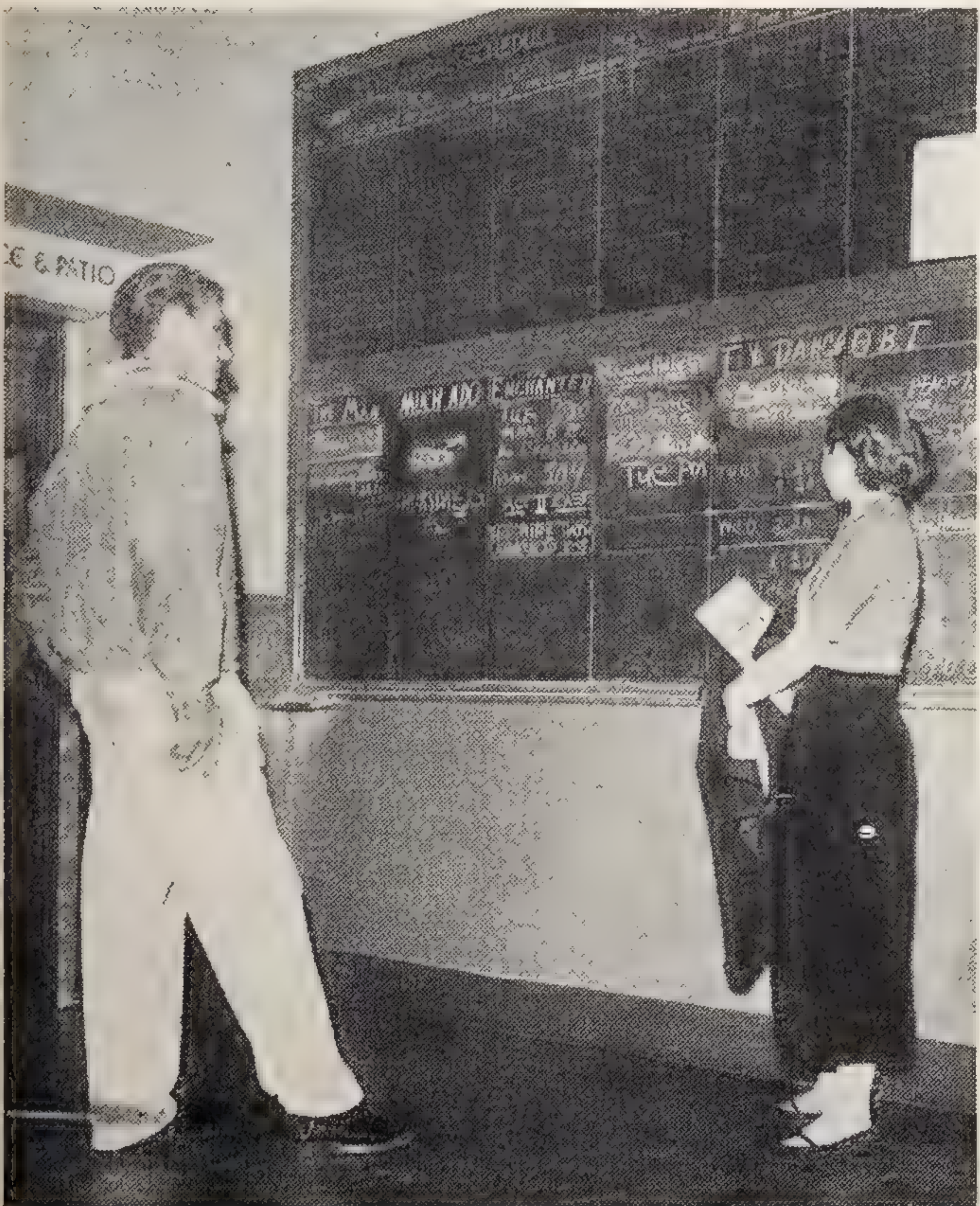
To be eligible for this contest, you must be under twenty-five years of age and a high school graduate or a member of a June, 1951, graduating class. You do not have to be beautiful. A fine actress is judged only by the qualities within herself. You need not even have appeared in a high school production. Only two things are important: Dramatic talent and the ambition to succeed. If these qualifications are yours, fill out the enrollment blank on this page and mail it, together with the information requested on page 95, to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

Not only will this contest prove a boon to the



Want to be an actress—
Photoplay's protegee today
and a star tomorrow? If
you do, here's your
great chance to develop
your talents at the
famous Pasadena College
of Theatre Arts

scores of others—Photoplay's scholarship winner
will live and study for the two exciting years



Students check schedule board in lobby of Playhouse,
where rehearsal notices are posted for benefit of all



Second-year students "age" before eagle eyes of director James
Tracy. The art of make-up is an important part of their course

ANNOUNCING AN EXCITING NEW SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

winner. All those who make any contribution in the try-outs which will be held this summer will be brought to the attention of local theater groups, stock companies, radio and television networks, producers, directors and modeling agencies.

Moreover, the three semi-finalists of the contest will visit the Pasadena Playhouse during the week of September 17-22, for the audition from which the winner will be chosen. All three girls will have their transportation and all expenses of the trip paid, and they will receive spending money for the time that they are in California as the guests of Photoplay. They will live in the dormitories, meet the judges of the contest and appear on radio or television programs. The two runners-up will be auditioned by the casting directors of three major studios.

The winner, of course, will remain at the Playhouse. For two exciting, eventful years she will live, breathe, study and act in the atmosphere of one of the most active play-producing groups in America. The two-year scholarship includes every expense met by a student during the school year . . . room, board, books, tuition and all student fees. In addition, the winner will receive money for those meals not included in the board and a monthly allowance for spending money. One round-trip ticket to and from the college from her home will be paid for by Photoplay. Since the scholarship covers two years, from October 1, 1951, to the end of the school year in June, 1952, and from October to June of the following year, vacation plans and any money spent during the vacation or journey home must be the responsibility of the winner.

The certificate received from the Pasadena Playhouse on completion of the two-year course is equal to the certificate given by any recognized junior college. If the scholarship student has had two or more years of college previous to entering the Play-



Supervising director Gilmore Brown, center, vice-president Charles Prickett, the original founders, keep in close, personal touch with all their students



Dance rehearsals on the roof are fun and possible most of year in California's sunny climate. Exercises develop poise, grace of movement for the stage



Heated discussions, classwork, go on in an atmosphere of tremendous enthusiasm. A placement bureau assists students in finding positions after they graduate



Student director Dave Matias keeps critical eye on second-year students during rehearsal for play they will perform before an audience. Training is exacting but graduates of the Playhouse bear testimony to college's high scholarship requirements

house, she will receive, upon graduation, a Bachelor of Arts degree.

It is fitting and proper that Photoplay, with its policy of encouraging talent, should bring to those who still are unknown this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to prove their ability. Yearly Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" contest, which heralds star material among Hollywood's younger players, gives impetus to many new careers. And Photoplay's Gold Medals, based on a national poll which determines the most popular pictures and performances of the year, are star awards that rank with the Oscars of the Motion Picture Academy.

The Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts was chosen because it is recognized as one of the finest dramatic schools in America. Gathered here are the choicest directors, producers and instructors. Here young people perform professionally and regularly with visiting celebrities of Broadway and Hollywood.

The Pasadena (Cont'd on page 94)



In Patricia Challgren's speech class, each student is taught how to bring out his best speaking voice, discovers wide range of tones possible with correct exercises

ALL THE WORLD OF FUN AND FROLIC IS YOURS

in the Big,
Big Show with those
gorgeous, gorgeous
Riviera Babes!

All the world takes a holiday!

DANNY KAYE
Gene Corinne
TIERNEY-CALVET

*On the
Riviera*

COLOR BY
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See Danny Sing and Dance
"Rhythm of a New Romance"
"On the Riviera"
"Ballin' the Jack"
"Popo the Puppet"
"Happy Ending"

Oodles of songs so singy!
Oceans of laughter so ringy!
Oomph-la-las of gals so zingy!

with Marcel Dalio • Jean Murat • Henri Letondal
Produced by **SOL C. SIEGEL** • Directed by **WALTER LANG**

Screen Play by VALENTINE DAVIES and PHOEBE and HENRY EPHRON • Based on a Play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler • Adapted by Jessie Ernst

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Irene McEvoy gives
Kirk the single-minded
interest he needs.

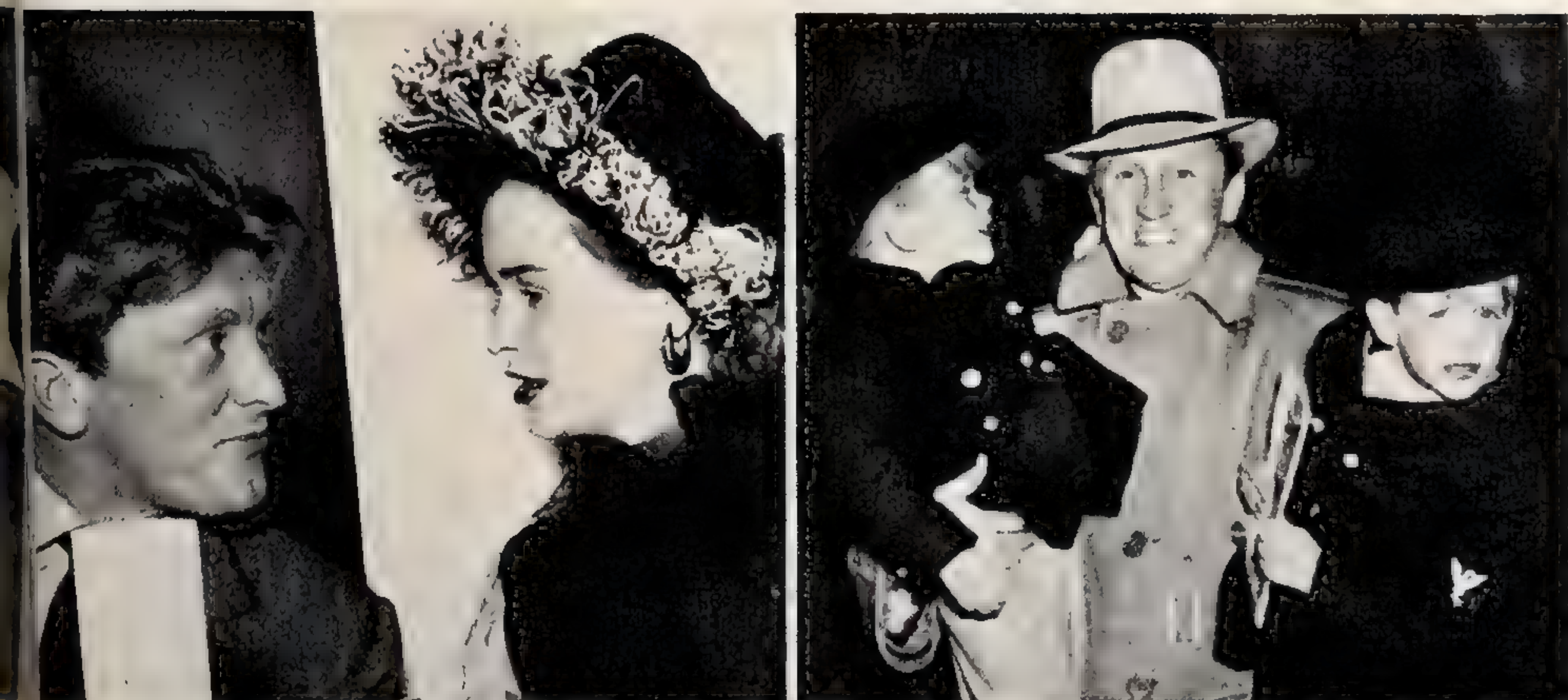
Kirk's in "Along
the Great Divide" and
"Ace in the Hole"

This reporter was
out to get her
man—to answer the
question Holly-
wood is asking about
Kirk Douglas

BY LOUELLA O.
PARSONS



Continued Love Story



Kirk and first wife Diana have remained friends. She makes no
decisions about their two sons without first consulting with Kirk

THAT Irene Wrightsman McEvoy, the dark-haired beauty and daughter of oil millionaire Charles Wrightsman, is the only woman in Kirk Douglas's life, neither they nor anyone else denies. Kirk himself says that he and Irene are "going steady" and that he is seeing no other girl. Irene's love for the handsome, popular and wonderful guy is in her every look and action. She adores him.

But when you speak of marriage to either—ah, that's another matter. "Are you and Irene getting married?" I asked Kirk, an old friend of mine, when (Continued on page 98)



the Gardner-Sinatra jigsaw

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Elsa Maxwell puts together the
pieces of this romantic puzzle—
and predicts a startling climax
to Ava's and Frankie's love story

I PREDICT that Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra will be married this summer . . .

Theirs has been a long and a dramatic romance. For it was back in January of 1950 that Nancy Sinatra cried "Enough"—after Ava had appeared with Frankie in Houston, Texas, where he was singing. The cameramen who spied them there were greeted by Frankie's back. Ava covered her face with her hands. Which only produced a more sensational grab shot. Surprising, isn't it, that the Hollywood stars, drilled in public relations by their studio publicity department and by the personal press agents they employ, forget everything they've ever been taught when they need it most. Proving, no doubt, that human impulses always will be stronger than any superficial knowledge.

This was not the first time Nancy had had trouble with a roaming husband. Nor is Frankie's susceptibility a product of his success. His penchant for romance troubled the Sinatras' (Continued on page 91)

Ava Gardner of "Pandora
and the Flying Dutchman"
and "My Forbidden Past"

← Carpenter



Nancy's family won't believe it's love but Ava has
jeopardized career more than once for Frankie



FOR years I've been photographing the swell bunch of actors and actresses who work at M-G-M. And Esther Williams is one of my favorites. I've never photographed Esther that she hasn't been ready and waiting. An able woman, Mrs. Gage. A sitting with her always goes like a charm—with plenty of laughs. So, driving up Mandeville Canyon, I was pleased with life—looking forward to seeing Esther's new Early American farmhouse and anticipating the first sitting of little Kimmie.

In the living room I found Esther perched on the edge of her chair. Ben gave me the cue. "If it's action you wanted from Kimmie," he told me, "it's too bad you weren't with us at three this morning."

"Kimmie just doesn't know night from day!" Loyally Esther defended her baby.

Two-year-old Benjie jumped up from his little stool in front of the fieldstone fireplace and ran over to the old family cradle in which Kimmie now was stirring. "He's waking up," he shouted.

Esther, with a glance at her baby, yawning and stretching, suggested we set up our equipment without delay. "Sleepyhead," she said, picking Kimmie up and bouncing him gently. Kimmie grinned as our shutter snapped. Then, before you could say Kimball Austin Gage, his eyes closed again. Benjie was frantic. If his Kimmie was going to be photographed, he wanted him to be at his best—a laughing, happy baby with wide searching brown eyes and an inquisitive grin. Into his brother's cradle he crawled, promising, "I'll wake him!"

Finally Kimmie opened his eyes and smiled. Again my camera caught him in the split second before he was off again.

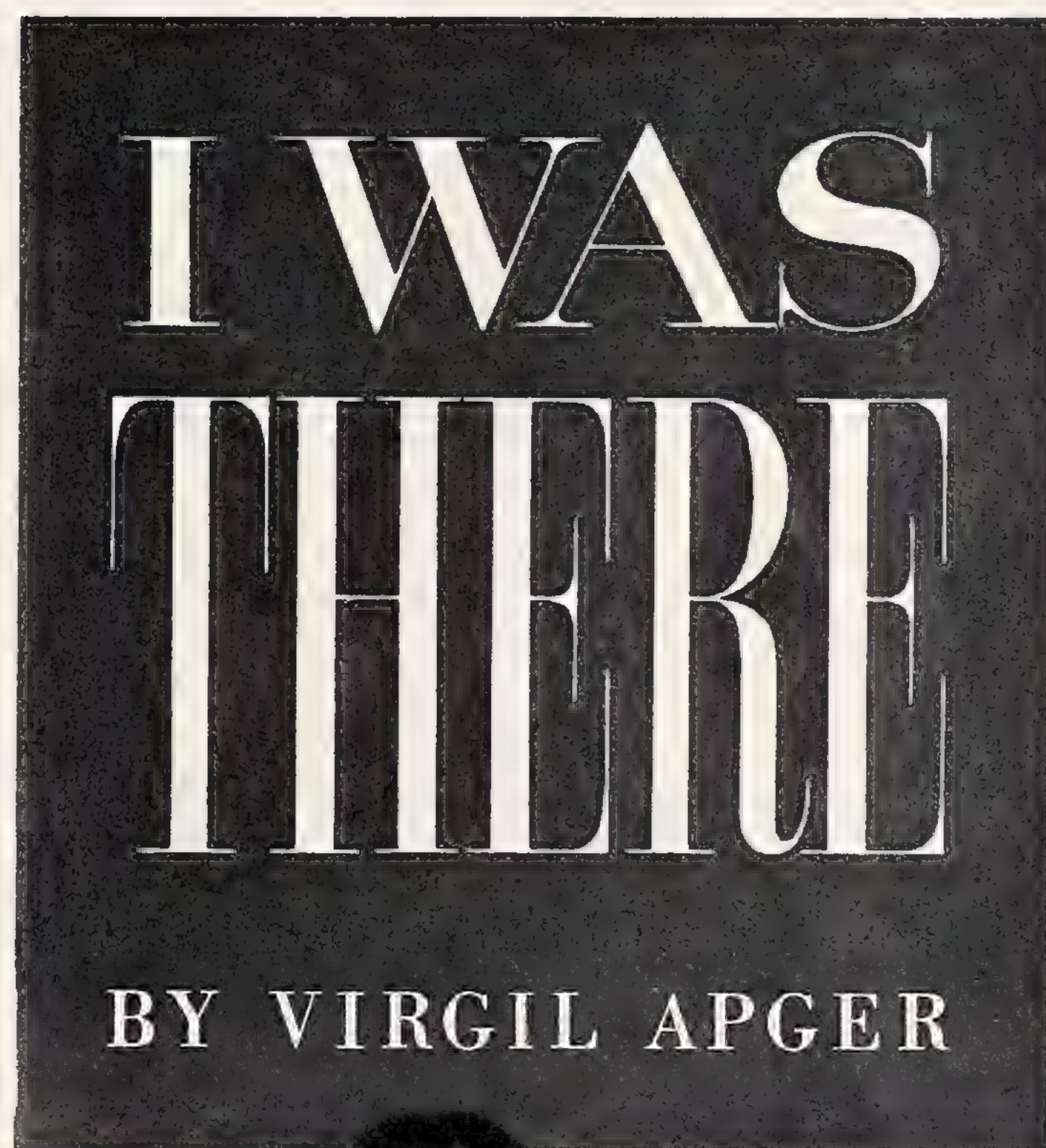
And this time, not Benjie's chattering, nor Ben's urging, nor Esther's cajoling had any effect. Kimmie slept on, unconscious that he'd spoiled Mama's record for charming cooperation.

It was Kimmie's first portrait

sitting. But he'd been up all night

and he was just too tired

to follow Benjie's stage directions



Dream shift: Esther Williams of "Texas Carnival" and Kimball

Rockabye babies: Kim just blinked when Benjie crept into the "family portrait"





Six

farley
granger

*Youth on a mental fling . . . a dreamer in gaudy
sports shirts . . . Don Quixote, tilting at
life . . . a dark flame fed by
ambition . . . a romantic puzzle*

Farley's next is "Strangers on a Train"

doris day

*Peppermint candy in a gold box . . . the warm
handclasp of friendship . . . Denims on a dance
floor . . . little-boy appeal of freckles
. . . a love song in modern swing time*

Doris appears in "Storm Warning"

Six



Do they go Dutch on dates?

How does the "easy" girl rate?

What do they think about their generation?

HOLLYWOOD'S

How do they treat wolves?

BY KATHERINE ALBERT



Peggy Dow lives at the Studio Club, must be in by midnight. To forthright Peggy, the wolf is the joker in the pack



Nancy Davis wouldn't tell a man she's in love with him, "But he just knows if I am." Current boy friend is Ronnie Reagan

THE young unmarried set in Hollywood—what are they like—those girls and boys?

Thousands of letters asking this question came to the editors of Photoplay following the intimate report on Hollywood's young married couples that was published in the February issue.

The intervening months have been spent in research and photography and we now have all the answers. Hollywood's single boys and girls are as varied as their personalities. On three things only are they in unanimous accord. They all want to get married. They all want to have families. They all think working in the movies is a happy-making job.

How Do They Live?

Those who live at home either pay the rent or help in some other way. Joan Evans is the one exception; but she also is the youngest of the group.

The girls are inclined to buy their homes, feeling that if and when they marry, their homes can go to their families.

Rent for those who do not live at home ranges from \$65 to \$175 a month, the average being \$105. Very few have maids.

The girls who live at home average dinner with their families about four times a week—the boys less often.

The girls who live at home are pretty well agreed that mothers are more understanding of problems than fathers.

Peggy Dow lives at the Studio Club, that amazing place where girls getting started in any branch of the movies can live and have two meals a day for twenty dollars a week. Peggy has a room of her own separated by a foyer from the room of her suite-mate, a girl who works in publicity at Warners. There are several reception rooms in which boy friends can be entertained. However, when you have an outside date, Studio Club rules require

Do they believe in affairs before marriage?

Do they help their parents financially?

YOUNG UNMARRIEDS

Do the girls ever propose?

How do they get on at home?



Debra Paget, above with sisters Leslie Gay, Meg, shares room with fifteen-year-old Leslie, has never had a date

Ornitz



Betty Lynn, Mitzi Gaynor, Joyce McKenzie. Mrs. Lynn screams at Betty's untidiness. Joyce has been divorced

Ornitz



Carleton Carpenter doesn't like "easy" girls. Joan Evans goes Dutch, "knows so many starving actors"

Ornitz

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG UNMARRIEDS



Debbie Reynolds is glad her folks are just average people. She fixes dad's lunch, does the dishes, keeps room straight and mows the lawn



Roddy McDowall, with mother, was horrified over idea of a girl proposing, said if one did he'd get out and run—or tell her to get out and run!



Rock Hudson has proposed only once—he's hoping Vera-Ellen will say yes!

that you be in by midnight. Another club problem is the telephone. Usually there's a line waiting to use it. Peggy uses it once a week to call her family—needless to say this is not all she uses it for!

Ann Blyth, who owns a lovely three-bedroom house in the Toluca Lake district, lives with her Aunt Sis and Uncle Pat. Aunt Sis is her



"Dutch? No, sir, not on your life!" says Scott Brady. Piper Laurie has never been in love but will tell boy when she is



Bob Stack, with Claudette Thornton, thinks this generation knows great confusion and frustration



Craig Hill has a system for going Dutch. Once a girl proposed to him but he told her honestly he wasn't in love with her

late mother's sister. Ann takes complete care of her bedroom. But she refuses to consider this a chore. "I love doing it," she says, "my room is so beautiful."

Betty Lynn also owns her home. With her are her mother, aunt and grandfather. Betty hates housework, only helps when "my mother gets after (Continued on page 75)

"It isn't what you do," says Phyllis Kirk, **"that makes a date special or average—it's the guy who makes the difference"**



**You'll change your mind
about this age being dull when
you read Barbara's
story about her exciting years**



**Call her "Silvertip" Stan-
wyck and Barbara loves it!**
G. Morris

"I look back at the girl I was
at twenty and wonder how
I could have been so silly"



LOOK AHEAD !

BY BARBARA STANWYCK

I WAS born on July 16, 1907, and I'm now in my forties. The forties, I think, give a woman a wonderful, challenging decade. I've never understood why women want to be forever "young." In my book it's far better, and easier, to take advantage of each day as it comes, to live it to its fullest extent for what it is.

My indifference to having my birth year printed has confounded some people, who assume that Hollywood has a particular fetish about letting an actress admit her age. It's true that in studio biographies, the date of a star's birth is nearly always carefully omitted. Each time one of these Stanwyck documents is typed I call the boys in the publicity department and just as carefully explain that I don't in the least mind having my age printed.

I find myself feeling genuinely sorry for women who refuse to admit their age—those who try to hold desperately to their twenties or thirties. I know one actress who was twenty-nine for so long I thought she'd never reach thirty. I aged five years while she was twenty-nine.

(Continued on page 72)

She called him a beast and he dug his feet in the ground. She told him what she thought of him and he rolled his eyes. But the way Kab headed for the home stretch proved Betty had horse sense





The purchase of two pintos put the Jameses in the ranch business.
Above, Harry, Jessica, Vicki and Betty Grable

PHOTOPLAY



Cover Girl

talks to horses

BY DON ALLEN

It was a bright early spring morning. Miss Betty Grable bypassed the Twentieth Century-Fox sound stages and drove to Hollywood Park. She parked her blue convertible near the stables. She walked toward Barn 47. Several men in a group were offering comment.

"Just look at those legs!"

"Nice. Lovely. Very trim."

"Yeah, man!"

Miss Grable, not unused to remarks on the subject, smiled happily. She joined the men who were looking at a beautiful creature with four beautiful legs.

"That horse really looks fit, Miss Grable," said a wise-eyed groom. "He looks ready to run."

Miss Grable nodded in agreement. "He's in good shape now. He was fretful and cold so we shipped him to the ranch for a rest. A couple of weeks in the sun put him on edge (Continued on page 81)

"Animals have a sense about people," says trainer Hack Ross. "They can tell if you're afraid of 'em or dislike 'em. With Betty, they know it's love. So they treat her gentle." Betty's in "Meet Me After the Show"



It wasn't the need for money that sent
Lana Turner into her third
marriage with millionaire Bob Topping



The tragic death of Carole Lombard seemed to write "End" to
Clark Gable's search for a happy marriage—until he met Sylvia

Bette Davis is a different woman
since her fourth marriage, to Gary Merrill

ONE thing is certain—the Hollywood stars believe in marriage. It often doesn't prove a blessed state for them apparently. But that never discourages them from trying again—and again—and again.

This story about Gary Merrill, the daring young actor on the matrimonial trapeze who made Bette Davis a wife recently for the fourth time, was told me by his friend. When Gary was asked, "How long do you expect this marriage to last?" he is supposed to have replied, "I give it five years—but what a five years!" As I say, I don't know how true it is. But switch the story around and ask Bette the same question. I know, like most women, she'd say, "Forever."

Take her three previous marriage tries. The first with Harmon Nelson, Bette's childhood sweetheart, was defi-

nately meant to last forever. It went fine until she became famous. Then Ham quietly ankled the situation because in his New England tradition, the man is supposed to be the boss. It wasn't Bette's fault that Ham was the type of man who couldn't enjoy living in the house that Bette's earnings built—literally and figuratively. Husband number two, Arthur Farnsworth, died.

You have to hand it to Bette—she's brave. It took real courage to try again after the publicized difficulties (British understatement!) of her third mating with William Grant Sherry. To get back to that "forever" business: Bette and Gary have a chance. They're both in the same business; Gary makes enough money so as not to be embarrassed by Bette's riches. And the last time I saw Miss Davis, her happiness had (Continued on page 106)

try,

try

again

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



What Cary did for Betsy Drake has even the skeptics convinced that she's the last of the lady Grants



Second wife Jean Simmons is older than she seems to Stewart Granger

*Keeping up with who's married to whom
has Sheilah dizzy. But not too dizzy to under-
stand why some stars keep changing partners*



BROOKLYN EAGLE

BY IDA ZEITLIN

Jeff Chandler appears
next in "The Iron Man"

PEOPLE hoped that Marjorie and Jeff Chandler would settle the differences that parted them. This was no lip-service hope, but the McCoy. In self-protection, studios generally view the emotional upsets of their stars with objectivity. The Chandler case proved an exception. Out at Universal gloom greeted the news. As one girl wailed: "Sure, I'd feel worse if it happened to me, but not much. You can't even take sides, they're both so swell."

A year ago, the Chandlers would have been left in peace to work out their problems. Now, with Jeff emerging as a top screen personality and an Oscar Award nominee, everyone wants to get into the act. It's the same old price you pay for prominence, and it can't be helped.

Jeff said of his break-up with Marjorie, "It had nothing to do with Hollywood. I get tired of hearing Hollywood made the goat. It had nothing to do with my being an actor, except in so far as actors are strange people. (Continued on page 86)

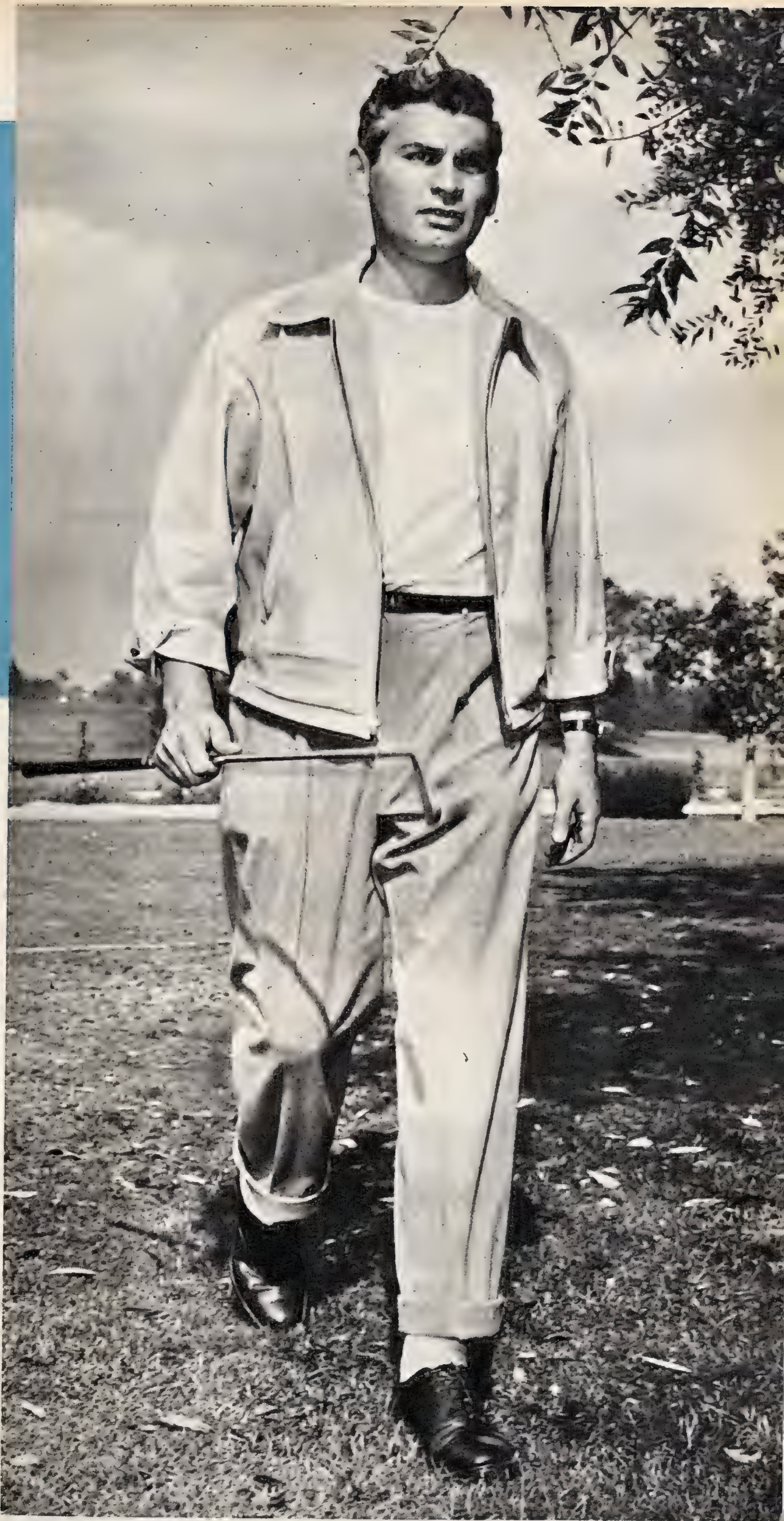


Jeff and Marjorie were married in '46, have two children. Says Jeff,

For years they told him he
was a mug. But one man's
faith and Jeff Chandler's
determination proved
how wrong people can be



"Marge had a fair career of her own but
she quit the whole thing for the kids"



In revolt against his childhood, Jeff grew an exaggerated
sense of independence, hates having anything done for him



House, built on three levels, overlooks picturesque pool, terraced gardens

Who said the first six months are the hardest? Not Jean and Stewart, who still are up in the clouds—of Bel-Air

HIGH on a Bel-Air hilltop stands the Jean Simmons-Stewart Granger honeymoon house. It's a rambling house, reminiscent of the old Spanish missions. When Stewart's trophies arrive from Africa, they'll hang in his den. Jean's own furniture and keepsakes, en route from England, will go into the living room. But both rate the upper patio as the best place of all. For always after a day at the studio and a quick plunge in the pool they dine here by candlelight—with the lights of the town twinkling far below.

Large living room, on first level, is done in pastel colors and furnished with contemporary pieces. Oil paintings came from England



HIGH HEAVEN



Jean and Stewart spend much time out-of-doors. Upper patio, which they use as second living room, gives them breath-taking view of tropical gardens, lush country around Bel-Air



At ease: Jean is in "Androcles and the Lion," Stewart, "The North Country"



Stewart, after his adventures in Africa for "King Solomon's Mines," is glad to settle down to backgammon with Jean

photoplay
PIN UP
#5

Color photograph by Dirone



stormy Winters

By Liza Wilson

She's an eager beaver about acting,
munches sandwiches at the op-
era and now is on a "dignity" binge.

But sizzling or serious,
she's always sexy Shelley

DURING the recent opera season, the music-lovers of Los Angeles were given quite a jolt. It wasn't an earthquake, perennial L.A. jolter. It was Shelley Winters, dressed fit to kill, casually eating her dinner in the sixth row, while tubercular *Mimi* sang exquisitely to her lover *Rodolfo*.

"Farley loves opera," explained Shelley. Farley, of course, being Farley Granger and her number one boy friend. "He had tickets for both of us for the entire deal. The night of 'La Boheme' I had to work late at the studio. Farley picked me up at 8:15 and brought along a couple of sandwiches and a thermos of coffee for me to have in the car. But he drove fast, and I (Continued on page 83)



Public first caught that Winters look, above, when Shelley appeared in "A Double Life." Her latest, "Fiddler's Green" and "He Ran All the Way"



Teen-age temptress: Left, Shelley, 15, went to Thos. Jefferson High, Brooklyn

Shelley was Shirley Schrift, 7, when this picture was taken in Brooklyn





Star in
Your Home

Hollywood ideas to
decorate your home



Maureen O'Hara and
her husband pooled the
treasures from their
past—now they're living
a charmed life

House with a past

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

It's the luck of the Irish that they have the house at all! Proud owners Maureen O'Hara and her husband, director Will Price, firmly believe that. They fell in love with the place when they saw it, but it was beyond their means. By the time they had the money for it, the owners wouldn't sell. Came the magic day when a real estate dealer called the Prices, "Still interested in that house?" and it was theirs.

Then came the problem: What to put in it. Maureen and Will had some furniture, of course. Just to move the furniture from one house to another now that they had achieved their goal seemed anticlimactic. Yet they most certainly weren't going to junk their furnishings. Well, the Prices used what they could in their new abode, reupholstered sofas and chairs and gradually they're buying other things to fill in, old (Continued on page 80)

Living room, below, is in shades of green and white. To balance room, lanai openings have draperies to match the windows on opposite wall

Dressing table corner, in muted greens, has red, white, green print on chair, cornices



Eagle, framed Confederate money, picture of Will's ancestor decorate lanai wall, left. Maureen O'Hara is in "Sons of the Musketeers"



Den, done in tones of red, has coat fabric draperies. Diminutive chair is daughter Bronwyn's

Photographs by de Gennaro



Height 5'8" • Weight 135



Height 5'7" • Weight 135

Tall and terrific: Pat Neal, left, dramatizes height with lovely carriage, stresses "goddess" look with classic clothes. Jane Russell, right, emphasizes bosom with tiny waist, curbs fondness for Mexican food because of need to watch diet

Six

Fink and Smith

let these Hollywood experts

CHART YOUR BEAUTY COURSE

Full speed ahead to a lovelier you—with Hollywood as
your guide to the right proportions for your height . . . the
tricks of make-up and dress to suit your type

BY VICKY RILEY

BEAUTY—or even the illusion of beauty—is all a matter of proportion. Here you have the considered opinion of two Hollywood experts. One of these gentlemen is Adrian, the great dress designer who has dressed practically every one of our glamour girls since 1925, beginning with Garbo and Joan Crawford and coming up to Garson and June Allyson. The other is James Davies, the physical culture director of Paramount Studios for the past years, who has slimmed everyone from Dietrich to Betty Hutton.

Adrian and Jim refer, of course, to body beauty, but proportion applies equally to facial beauty. As every bright girl knows, you can give the illusion of exquisite facial proportions by the right use of make-up. But Adrian can also dress you—at a faintly astronomical price—so that you look taller and slimmer, or shorter and thicker. (Continued on page 84)



Height 5'1½" • Weight 102

Apger



Height 5'1" • Weight 99

Short and sweet: Debbie Reynolds, June Allyson, prove small figures can be flawless. Both groom their hair for deliberately careless look

Powolny

Ornitz

In between: Gene Tierney wears black in daytime, white at night. Gowns are designed to emphasize flower face. Ruth Roman, right, has to fight for narrow hips, accents eyes with dramatic make-up



Height 5'5½" • Weight 113



Height 5'4½" • Weight 120

P HOTOPLAY



Kleinert beach bag, Madcaps' hats

Photographs by Engstead

Head for the sea and the sun in one of these one-piece bathing suits. With control where you need it and flattering all around, they're the answer to a girl's beach problems.

● Above left, M-G-M star **Vera-Ellen**, of "Happy Go Lovely," proves there's a lot in a name when it's a suit called "Dream Fit." Made of laton taffeta, it's the shirring that does the figure trick.

About \$15.95 by Catalina, 32-42 at Saks-34th St., New York, N. Y., and Gimbels, Milwaukee, Wis. Above right, Vera-Ellen makes shore news in nylon laton taffeta with concealed flexible boning in bra, scalloped collarette. Wear it strapless or with self-adjustable straps. About \$12.95 by Gantner, in sizes 32-38, at Boston Store, Providence, R. I., and Burnett's, New York, N. Y.

● Star at the beach in the lastex faille suit worn by **Jeanne Crain**, opposite, of Twentieth

Century-Fox's "Take Care of My Little Girl." Fashion notes are interesting sawtooth detail on bra, artfully concealed hip pockets. A Sea Nymph suit by Jordan, with detachable straps, 32-38. About \$8.95 at Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore, Md., Filene's, Boston, Mass.

FASHIONS





photoplay's PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Photoplay Patterns
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please
send me the Janet Leigh "Two Tickets to Broadway"
playsuit, in size 9-11-13-15-17.

Name.....Size.....

Street.....

City.....State.....Age.....

• So young, so gay—a two-piece play-suit. Midriff blouse, open to the sun at the neck, is trimmed with same check as little-boy shorts. For street wear we added button-down-back skirt with high midriff belt. Make blouse in Bates' Picolay; the shorts, in one of Bates' fine woven cotton plaids—we liked their Macrae plaid



When All You're Wearing Is A
SWIM SUIT...

Be Sure It's A

Sea Nymph



Each about \$9

Slightly higher West
of the Rockies

One and Two Piecers in LASTEX FAILLE; Blush, Lemon, Mint, Berry, Aquamarine, Navy, Black. Sizes 32-38.
At your favorite store or write PAT POMEROY • JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP., 1410 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

Matching beachcomber
jacket for suit,
right, \$10.95, in
small, medium or large
→



Cotton gabardine espadrille with
cork rubber soles. By U. S. Rubber,
\$4.45, at Gimbels, New York, N. Y.

Mona Freeman, below, appears next
in the Paramount picture, "Dear Brat"

• For swimming, a one-piece romper
bathing suit in a new fabric—woven rayon
and cotton plaid—with shoestring tie.
For playtime, matching pleated skirt that
ties in back. Around \$8.95 by Brilliant, 32-38,
navy and green with white at
Gimbels, Milwaukee, Wis.



PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS



Left, **Joanne Dru** next in Twentieth Century Fox's "Mr. Belvedere Blows His Whistle"

- Romp on the beach or swim in the sea in this one-piece suit. Made of Ameritex's waffle pique, it has separate button-in bra. Straps can be worn ← a variety of ways. Around \$12.95, 10-16, by Rose Marie Reid in white with green, red or navy print at Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., and Rice's Fashion Corner, Norfolk, Va.



Engstead



- A lady in lace print cotton—**Mona Freeman**, above. Suit has elasticized back, midriff. 32-38, in royal, green or white with black print. Around \$8.00 by Shepherd at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y. and Kresge, Newark, N. J.
- Portrait in water lace print—**Joanne Dru**, left. Cotton suit has halter tie bra, brief shorts with zipper back, bow-tie front. Around \$12.95 by Caltex, 10-18. White, nude or blue with black print at J. P. Allen Co., Atlanta, Ga. Frost Bros., San Antonio, Tex.

SPLASH IN COTTON

Handy at the beach is this water-resistant cotton gabardine carry-all sports bag. \$5.95 by U. S. Rubber, Gimbels, N. Y.
 "Hialeah" sun glasses with side protection for beach and sports. \$1.25 by Solarex



For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 90

YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

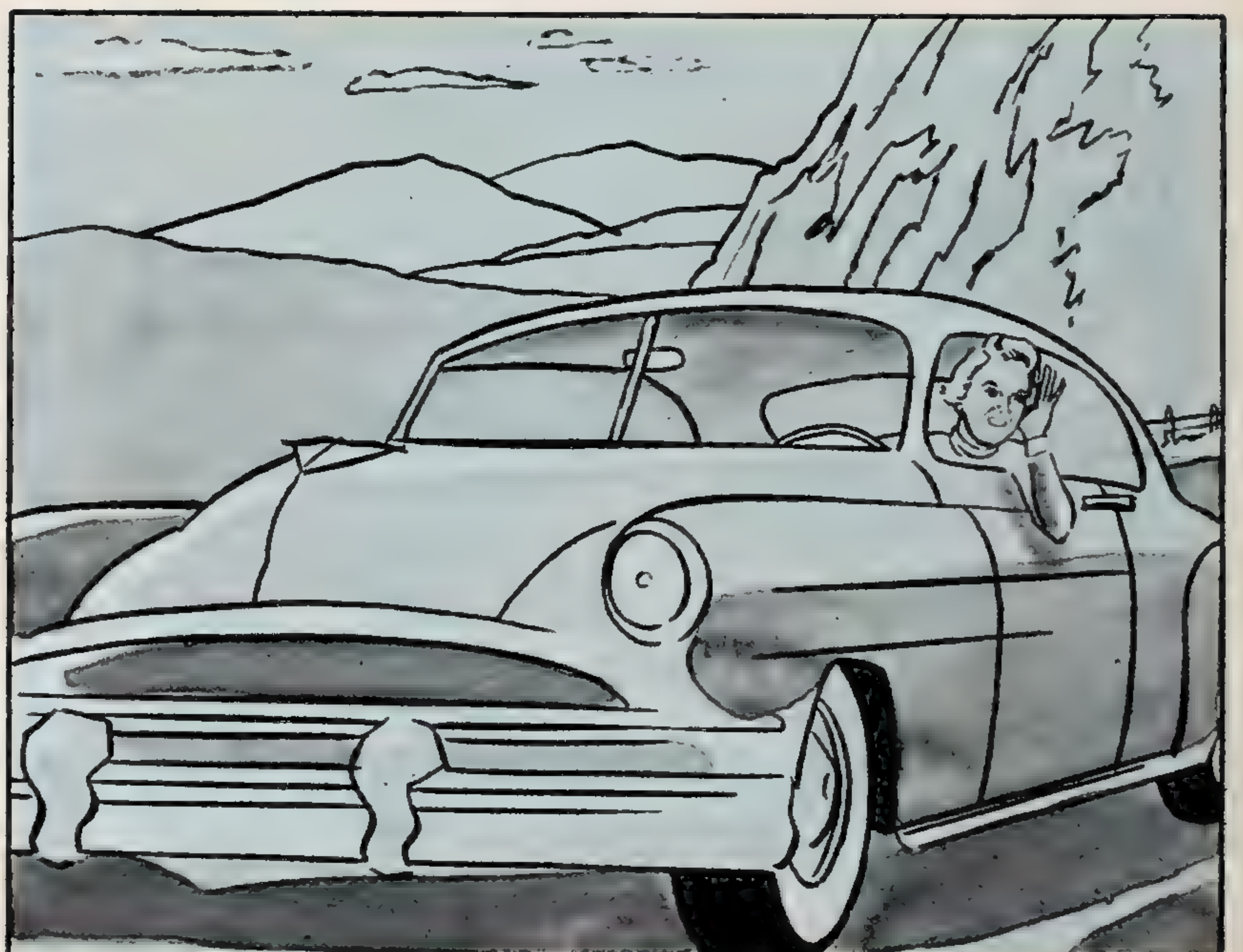
She's the dreamiest gal in town, according to Mrs. Day—who isn't referring to her daughter's looks! And after what happened recently, Doris Day agrees Mama knows best! Doris had just finished making "On Moonlight Bay." And Mrs. Day, who loves to cook, had baked a batch of cup cakes for the gang at . . .



. . . the studio. Iced and decorated, they looked as if they'd melt in your mouth. "You've outdone yourself, Mom," said Doris. "Mrs. Day . . .



. . . wouldn't even let Doris carry them to the car. "Let's put them in the trunk," she said, "where they'll be safe." A few weeks later, Doris, driving across the hills . . .



. . . from The Valley, became aware her car had developed a rattle. She turned into a garage. The mechanic, charmed by Doris, gave the car the checking of its life.



But he found nothing wrong. "How about your trunk," he asked. "Carrying any rocks to make it ride easier?" "No," said Doris, but gave him the keys. The attendant . . .



. . . opened the trunk—and found Mrs. Day's cakes—hard as rocks! "I guess we've found the reason for the rattle," he said. "Right!" grinned Doris. "My rattlebrain!"



Doris Dodson

juniors

"Paisan"... Two piece dress—a dirndl skirt with the fullness laid in unpressed pleats to keep your waistline smooth... and above it, the blouse with matching trim on the keyhole neckline. Broadcloth skirt, an exclusive Doris Dodson print; blouse of fine voile. Navy, red or gold print with white blouse. Sizes 7 to 15. About \$13.

Write for name of your local shop... Doris Dodson, Dept. P6, St. Louis, Mo.

Barbizon's "Lazy Gal"



Barbizon's travel-wise pajamas ... tailored like the finest slacks

FOR mint-cool summer lounging ... for
curl-up-in-comfort televising ... for
look-smart traveling and vacation nights
... you want the tailored glamour of
Barbizon's "Lazy Gal" Pajamas! Only
Barbizon weaves this smooth rayon crepe
... designs, cuts and sews each piece
to bring you a top that doubles for a
blouse, trousers that fit like expensive
tailored slacks. White with Navy or in
two shades of Blue. At your favorite
store in sizes from 10 to 20 for as
little as \$6!

*Barbizon Pajamas, Gowns, Bedjackets
and Robes by the makers of famous
Barbizon "Body-Contour" Slips.*



(Continued from page 49) There's no point in trying to hold on to your twenties or to any other age for that matter. Frankly, I'd hate to have to go through any period in my life again. Not that I didn't enjoy my teens, my twenties or my thirties. I've had some fun at every age in my life. But I think that when you get to your forties, your nice, honestly admitted forties, you really appreciate life.

When you're young and giddy, you're grasping at so much, so afraid you'll miss something, so intense about your future, your ambition, your determination, that you can't honestly say you're enjoying yourself. When I was in my twenties, I was so intent on enjoying myself that I felt quite deprived when I "had" to make a picture, since it would mean I couldn't go out. Now, I look back at the girl I was and I wonder how she could have been so silly. Work is so much more fun than just "having fun."

ONE of the most important aids for the woman who wants to be really young, and stay young enough to make a liar out of the calendar, is to keep busy. A busy woman hasn't time to wrap up her happiness, her whole life, in what she sees when she looks in a mirror. If you keep searching in the mirror for proof that you look younger than you are, you're a cinch to find some evidence of tension that will set you to worrying.

I get a big thrill out of my work, and I make a good many pictures. In fact, I'm black-mood miserable when I'm not working. During the last war several people in town were confounded because I was working more than I ever had before. I made four pictures in one year. Some "best friends" told me I was making a great mistake—that I'd have all four films released at once, in some spots play competition to myself and build up a nice case of box-office poison as a result. Well, they were right—I did have three pictures playing on Broadway simultaneously. Now, three Stanwycks in such heavy doses can be pretty sickening, let's face it. But the prophets were wrong about the result. It's funny, but I made the first ten in box-office standing that year—the first time I'd crashed that list in my long career.

My work has made every day a challenge. It's kept me so "on the go" that I have had no time to consider a calendar as anything but a guide which tells what day it is and when to write my thank-you notes.

And I don't give much thought to beauty-aids. I've never worn any make-up except lipstick. As for mascara, I don't bother with it, because it's always smudging around my eyes. Now I admit I'd like to have a facial or a massage one day because I hear they're good for you, but I just haven't found time to get around to getting a treatment. I haven't tried to make the time, either. I guess I dismiss many of these things as vanities because women who are too preoccupied with their make-up bore me as much as they bore men. So I swing the other way, feeling that vanity is practically a sin. It can be, you know. I've seen women actually sinning against themselves in that department. All their concentration and concern about their looks, their incapacity, by whatever devices, to avoid the marks of time on their faces, have made them neither girls nor women. They flitter and flutter, bedazzled by their attempts, but bedazzling no one else with their results.

And take this business of hair. I've seen a lot of women go through a period in which they're perpetually dyeing their hair. They are blondes one month and

brunettes or redheads the next. Where's the reason behind this? In most cases I've seen, the dyed hair has only confirmed the age of the person and added harshness to her face. People are continually surprised that I haven't dyed my hair—which is now filled with gray. I haven't touched it because, frankly, I like it this way. Just call me "silver-tip Stanwyck" and I love it. And I consider my hair today an improvement over the rather mousy sort of red hair I was pretty tired of. It looks far better on the screen, too. My hair used to photograph like dead corn.

No matter how extrovert I am about liking my gray hair, there are still those who can't believe that I don't want it hidden. Not so long ago I did an art layout for a magazine—in color. When the editors saw the pictures they ordered the retouching of my hair to hide the gray. When they had finished the job some \$300 later, they gleefully wrote me that I wasn't to worry about the gray showing—they had fixed me up just dandy. I hated to throttle their happiness but I had to tell them I was disappointed because I liked the gray hairs to show.

HEAVEN deliver the woman in her forties from wearing outfits with frills and rosebuds meant for teenagers. They always make a woman look ridiculous instead of as young as she wishes she were. There's nothing which gives greater emphasis to age than clothes that are obviously on the wrong body in the wrong year. Simple clothes with straight lines are a woman's best friend. Suits, skirts, blouses and sweaters can come in infinite variety. For me, just make them simple. Even my evening gowns are simple. Oh, I've seen some fancy get-ups I've been tempted to buy, but they're usually so complicated in construction, so much trouble to get into that I decided against them.

When I'm on a picture I have no worry about clothes. If it's a dress epic, of course I'm interested, but I leave any problems to fine designers like Irene, Edith Head and Orry Kelly. Clothes simply do not give me any great concern. My tastes and requirements are specific and I don't fuss about them. Not even when I'm going to a formal gathering.

Once I was invited to a large formal party given by Mary and Jack Benny. I'd anticipated it with some enthusiasm. Then—just a few days before the party I got an attack of pleurisy and was sent to bed by Dr. Joel Pressman, Claudette Colbert's husband, who attended me. He said I couldn't go to the dinner unless my temperature stayed down for the twenty-four hours preceding. Well, it did, and he gave me his okay providing I stayed abed until he came for a final check-up before the party.

I expected him around five or six, but he was delayed at the hospital and arrived at seven-thirty. After checking me, he asked, "What time is the party?"

"Eight," I answered. "I'll make it by eight-fifteen."

"Well, it's now twenty minutes to eight. Do you mean you can get up and dress and be there by eight-fifteen?"

"Look, Doctor," I said, "if I started dressing at five and spent three hours getting all fussed up, I wouldn't look any better. I'd probably find so much that was wrong with me that I'd just wind up in a great state of irritation. Why bother?"

I arrived calmly at the party—on time.

Maybe I'm just too lazy to become one of those women who spend so much time on themselves. And who end up worrying themselves sick. The more they fuss, the fussier they get and the less pleased they are with the results. They get into an emotional and mental stew and destroy every possibility of having fun at a party



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whirl's
the
why...

V-ETTE

Whirlpool *
BRAS

BY HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL

yes, the whirl's the **why** this incomparable STRAPLESS stays put under bare-shoulder formal and fun fashions... **why** it gives you firmer uplift, wider separation, a down-to-there plunge with contour-molding comfort.

What is the **whirl**? It's Hollywood-Maxwell's original Whirlpool stitch process... thousands of tiny continuous stitches in the Whirlpool* Bra cup

which hold it shape-true through countless wearings and washings. In white, in black satin and net. 5.00

LONG-LINE STRAPLESS

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A bonus of smoothing midriff control for this year's slick-as-a-whistle fashions... engineered for you by the makers of America's most-asked-for brassiere. In nylon. 8.95



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The Turquoise Room is located in the lounge car on the new Super Chief, next to the dining car.

You are invited

**to entertain a group
of your friends privately, en route,
in the Turquoise Room aboard
the new Super Chief
... the only private dining
room on rails in the world.**

**It is one of many features that
distinguish this great new train.**

Daily service between Chicago and Los Angeles

new Super Chief

For Turquoise Room reservations, just consult any Santa Fe ticket agent or the dining car steward on the Super Chief.

Santa Fe



When you're twenty it's intelligent to keep yourself under control; when you're thirty it's wise to learn to be serene about annoying details; when you're forty it's dynamite unless you do both. Maintaining composure is one sure way to stay young. Our years will be warm and friendly if we women will just stop hating them. Hate lines etch deeply.

Because I don't worry about age, I've never tried to play roles that were obviously too young for me. Actually, it's been the other way around—I haven't played any real ingenues in my entire career.

I never had much patience with those actresses of the past who used to try to hold on to ingenue roles until they practically had to use a cane to get around. They didn't fool anyone. Thank goodness, that type is now practically extinct.

No woman who tries to fight back time is honest with herself. She only confuses herself on important issues. An ostrich with its head in the sand hasn't got a very good perspective on much of anything either.

Dreading the onslaught of age is like carrying a disease within you. It's like having some horrible weight on your conscience. And, too, it narrows horizons. It produces a failure to develop a real personality—which is a female's really attractive asset. It creates a blindness toward the good that can be done for others. It makes for a numbness toward the things in life that make each day exciting and a challenge. The yesterdays that are piling up get so burdensome that today's potentialities aren't recognized. And as for the tomorrows—they're a horror!

Speaking of yesterdays, I pity the women who, by not admitting their age, have deprived themselves of any chance to enjoy reminiscences. They have to deny themselves the luxury of talking about any memories of their past, no matter how wonderful, that would date them. I love to remember way back. Way back to Pearl White's pictures. I adored her. Maybe that's why I hate ever having a double for my hazardous scenes even today. She did all of her own stunts. And she was my idol.

I've been warned that I shouldn't admit my age, that such an admission will hurt my "box office." Now, that's silly! After all, movie audiences aren't made up of dopes. They can count, can't they? And if they've noticed me at all, they certainly remember that I've been on the screen for quite a spell.

THE END

**"I'll have to operate
immediately . . ."**

Has the doctor ever said that to you . . . and made you think "Who'll be home to mind the children, to cook . . . will my husband be able to get along without me? . . ." This is one of many types of problems you'll hear in dramatic form on the radio program "My True Story," which comes direct from the files of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. You'll hear the hopes, fears, loves, ambitions and jealousies of *real* people, and through their problems gain a better understanding of your *own*. So . . .

Tune in

"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

Hollywood's Young Unmarrieds

(Continued from page 47) me." She admits that most of their family quarrels come about because she doesn't take enough interest in domestic matters. Her family—except her grandfather who, she says, is an angel—"scream" at her, too, for the absent-minded way she drives her car.

At the Lynns, there's no set time for meals. Betty's usually dashing out somewhere when her mother calls, "You get in here and get something to eat." She's apt to grab a bite on the go—which is all right with her mother.

Bob Stack lives in a big U-shaped house, in Bel-Air, complete with swimming-pool, tennis court and solarium. One wing of the house is Bob's. The other wing belongs to his brother, Jim. Their mother, Betzi Langford Stack, lives in the center section. Betzi is active in charities. Jim is a businessman. Bob is an actor. All go their separate ways and decide in advance who will use the swimming pool and when. Since all three Stacks are violent individualists the layout of their house suits them perfectly. "When an argument starts, we just go to our own quarters," says Bob.

Phyllis Kirk rents a charming little guest house on a big estate.

Nancy Davis has a small apartment.

CARLETON CARPENTER has lived alone so long he wouldn't have it any other way. He writes his family, who live in Vermont, about every two weeks. "When something sensational happens," he telephones.

Wherever Carleton lives he rents a piano. Composing music is his hobby. It's a hobby that pays off. His song "Ev'ry Other Day" is a number in his new movie "Whistle at Eaton Falls" and has been incorporated into the score.

Debra Paget, who lives with her family in a two-bedroom house, shares her bedroom with her fifteen-year-old sister. Debra does the dishes and helps clean house. And seven nights a week—unlike the other Hollywood girls and boys—Debra eats dinner at home.

Debra, at seventeen, has never had a date with a boy. "I have no desire to date," she says. "I'm afraid if I started dating one boy after another I might get confused. I wouldn't know the right one when he came along. Besides, I'm just interested in my career."

Debra, her mother, father, fifteen-year-old sister and year-and-a-half-old sister live together. But her married sister and her husband and her married brother and his wife spend most of their time at the house. "We all go to the movies together. We all have fun," Debra says. Required to make an appearance at a premiere or some other public function, Debra takes her mother along.

Was this restricted pattern the family's idea? Debra says no. Her mother, Margaret Gibson, was in show business—a singer and comedienne. She doesn't work now because Debra wants her with her at the studio.

Scott Brady lives in an apartment with his mother and father and two brothers—one of whom is Lawrence Tierney. "The boys are a handful," says Mrs. Tierney, "always dashing around, eating at off hours."

Debbie Reynolds lives in a bungalow over at Burbank, not far from the Warner Studios. It's her father's house and in the family are her father, mother, brother and grandfather. Debbie's father is a railroad man and it's Debbie's job to fix his lunch-box. She also has to keep her room

Oh! La! La!

Such a gay way
to sleep or
lounging in summer!
Luxite's petite
p.j.'s in tissue-
weight rayon
tricot are just
as cool as an
ice cream cone.



Again Awarded
the Fashion
Academy Gold
Medal.

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straight and do dishes. And, although Debbie is afraid nobody will believe it, she has to mow the lawn. "It's in real bad condition now," she admits, "I've been so busy away on a personal appearance tour and everything. . . ."

Dale Robertson hates living alone but his family—he calls his mother twice a week—live in Oklahoma. And he does not choose to share his apartment. "It gets too embarrassing," he says, "when you can't stand the guy you're living with any more. How do you tell him to leave?"

Rock Hudson agrees.

Joan Evans has an apartment under her parents' roof. The house, built on a hillside, has three levels. The lower level consists of living room, bedroom, bath and small kitchen. This is Joan's. Joan is constantly in difficulty over the state of her apartment, always promising she will "try to do better" about keeping it picked up.

Joan and her family—her mother, father and grandmother—do not quarrel. But they have really violent arguments, usually about who is a better writer or director or actor. Joan says, "If I'm wrong, I say I'm sorry. If I'm right and have not been convinced I just won't give in."

Craig Hill prefers to live alone, too. However, since his family are close by at Laguna Beach, where his father has an automobile agency, he spends weekends at home—unless there's snow in the mountains. Then he goes skiing.

Tony Curtis lives with his mother, father and kid brother in a small apartment. But he's planning to buy his family a home so they'll be all set. Tony doesn't help much around the house, because he works hard and bribes Bobby to do certain chores for him.

Tony's father, a tailor, hates the way Tony dresses. He plans Tony's outfit before Tony leaves the house. To save argument, Tony puts the tie he wants to wear in his pocket and changes in the car. Tony and his mother have a problem—his shirts. "Whenever I don't need a shirt, they're all ironed," Tony says. "But when I call and tell Mom I'm going out and need one she forgets." How is this argument settled? "Mom irons the shirt while I'm shaving." His arguments with his brother are likely to be over his record collection. "If he breaks one," Tony says, "he carefully puts it back in the album, then is surprised to see it broken."

How They Date

For the most part the Hollywood kids determine their own curfew.

The girls' families always meet their boy friends.

Movies are a favorite date with a stop afterwards for coffee at a drive-in or ice cream at Wil Wrights.

Dancing is a special date.

The average girl began dating at fourteen.

The average boy began at ten!

Mitzi Gaynor was thirteen when she had her first date. Mitzi was a ballet dancer and when she played San Francisco she met a beautiful theater usher named Fred. They went out after the show and had black and white sodas and grilled cheese sandwiches.

Now Mitzi's engaged to a "big beautiful man named Richard." They have a date every Thursday night at least. "That's our anniversary date," Mitzi tells you. "We met on a Thursday."

Regarding her dates Nancy Davis says, "I put rules on myself and get in at the same time I would if I lived at home." Since Nancy is a girl who requires a lot of sleep she never goes out at night when she's working on a picture. Small dinner parties at home are her joy. She limits these to once or twice a week, on the days

she has her visiting maid. Nancy says she's never gone Dutch on a Hollywood date. But she did often in New York.

Joan Evans goes Dutch a lot because, as she says, "I know so many starving young actors." Joan dates boys in the industry almost exclusively. "They seem to understand my problems. Besides, I'm so new to this business that actor-talk simply thrills me. I want to talk about pictures all the time."

Joan's first date was an Exeter prom. "I was the youngest girl there," she says. "But my mother worked on the theory that unless I had been ready to handle myself well, unless I was adult enough to accept the responsibility of a date like that, I wouldn't have been asked."

Joan loves to entertain in her apartment in her parents' house, to have kids over and listen to records. Her biggest party was a house-warming. Thirty-five dropped in from nine o'clock on. At midnight she served chili that had been made early that morning and was re-heated on the hot plate in her small kitchen.

Joan's idea of a special date is the ballet, the theater, or a concert.

Carleton Carpenter likes to get Sunday breakfast for his friends. He also has people in for dinners which he cooks. Macaroni and cheese is his specialty. Occasionally, Carleton says, he will go Dutch.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS likes to go Dutch. "And most of the boys agree," she says, "particularly college boys who have to buy books and who aren't earning any money." Debbie still goes with boys she knew in high school, doesn't mix too much with the Hollywood crowd.

Asked if there are restrictions on her dating she says with casual pride, "My family trusts me."

Phyllis Kirk doesn't go out with actors very much. She likes writers, she says, "and musicians, mostly one musician." That would be Andre Previn, the brilliant young pianist who headed the M-G-M music department until he went into service. Now Phyllis, who is by way of being an intellectual, spends hours writing him.

Phyllis likes to cook buffet suppers for her friends. About special dates she says, "I never think of a date being average or special according to what is done. It's the guy who makes the difference."

Dale Robertson was five years old when he started going out with a little girl who lived around the corner back in Oklahoma. "And we went together," he says, "right straight through school." Dale likes to have friends over after dinner for talk and TV. Out-of-doors his favorite date is to go horseback riding.

Betty Lynn goes Dutch when she's with a bunch of professional people on tour or something like that. But she doesn't believe in it for a real date.

Betty's very social, loves to go out. But when she stays in she likes to have girls over for "heavy talking."

Tony Curtis, who says he was "pushing six" when he started to date, likes to ask the kids to his place to listen to his record collection. He'll go Dutch if he's on lay-off. "If a girl's in accord," he explains, "and says, 'You're with me tonight,' I'm not in the least embarrassed."

Rock Hudson will go Dutch "if a girl asks me and I'm short of cash." He's dated non-professional girls mostly because "a girl's a girl and a guy's a guy whether they're in pictures or not." His favorite girl now, however, is Vera-Ellen.

Rock doesn't entertain at his apartment. "I wouldn't," he says, "inflict my cooking on my friends."

Roddy McDowall didn't start dating until he was seventeen. Now he almost never dates non-professional girls. "I'm in love

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with acting," he explains, "ad actor-talk. When I take a nonprofessional girl to a Hollywood party and everyone starts talking shop I'm afraid she'll think she's rather out of it. I try to bring her into the conversation and say something quite foolish."

Occasionally Roddy, who likes to entertain beside his swimming pool with barbecues, will go Dutch. "But," he says, "I have to know the girl awfully well."

Scott Brady was vehement about going Dutch. "No, sir, not on your life!" It's a very special date for Scott when he takes a girl to the fights. For an average date he likes an amusement park. When he was going with Ann Blyth, he said, "She always wanted to go to the ballet."

Peggy Dow often has friends to dinner at the Studio Club. Occasionally she goes to a night club but she doesn't like them. "They give me a headache." Although "crazy about actors," Peg has a lot of non-professional friends whom she met when she went to Northwestern University.

Bob Stack says, "Going Dutch is silly. If you're going to take a girl out, then do so." Bob likes to give tennis parties at his place, followed by a buffet. He says a date is special "only if the girl is special."

Craig Hill will go Dutch. "When it's necessary. If the girl can afford it, then she gets to go to a lot of places she might not go to otherwise. The money can change hands before or after the date. Or one night I'll take care of everything and the next time she will."

How They Feel About Wolves . . . Love . . . Marriage

Not one girl would admit ever proposing to a boy. But more than half of the boys insist they've had proposals.

One girl had thirty-five proposals. She knows. She keeps a diary. The average was three or four.

The affair before marriage is definitely not approved.

Nancy Davis doesn't worry about wolves. "You have to open the door to most wolves, anyhow," she says. She admits she doesn't tell a boy when she's in love with him. "But," she says, "he just knows if I am." Nancy has learned how to say "no" to a proposal and stay friends.

Phyllis Kirk will marry, "When I feel that I am capable of taking on the responsibility—the great responsibility of marriage." Regarding wolves she says, "A good percentage of so-called wolves are wolves because they're encouraged to be." On affairs before marriage, she believes it's up to the people involved and the circumstances.

Mitzi Gaynor says she wouldn't come right out and propose but "there's such a thing as maneuvering."

Mitzi let her sweetheart know when she was in love with him. "I did," she says, "I said, 'Darling, I'm in love with you.'"

Mitzi, nineteen now, plans to marry when she's twenty-one. She has never, she

insists, had an experience with a Hollywood wolf.

Craig Hill, proposed to by a girl, handled the situation honestly. "It's best," he says. "I just told her—as nicely as I could—I wasn't in love with her."

Craig, who doesn't think it hurts to let a girl know you're mad about her, wants to marry as soon as he is financially able.

The "easy" girl doesn't appeal to him. "To each his own," he says. "I don't condemn any girl for the life she wants to lead. But I wouldn't be seen out with an obviously willing girl."

Betty Lynn has no luck being friendly with a boy whom she's turned down. "We're not chummy afterwards. I'm embarrassed. I tell a boy 'No—at least not now.' That's wrong. I go into the career business, which is silly. I just say 'no' all wrong so we're not friends any more."

As for wolves she analyzes the situation simply enough, "Wolves are very conceited. Their egos are so great that they dare not risk a 'no.' Therefore it's up to the girl to put up a barrier. Generally wolves can tell who will be receptive and who won't. The smart wolves won't try unless they think they have a chance. But, let's face it—there are some who are not so smart." Betty doesn't make brash statements to any boy. But she thinks it's always obvious how she feels. She'll marry, she says, "when I meet the right guy."

Joan Evans has not yet been in love—really. But she'll let the boy know when she is. To the four proposals of marriage she has had she has replied, "I'm only sixteen. I have to wait."

Joan suspects her youth has protected her from the wolves. She's never been out with one. "I've met a couple," she says, "and a couple have telephoned me. But I just haven't made a date and they've gotten the idea."

Debbie Reynolds has never really been in love either. But she too will make it known when she is. Debbie, proposed to, always says, "I'm too young for marriage." For the wolves she has a cute question: "Would you treat your sister this way?"

Debbie used to want twenty kids. But she's cut the number down to six.

Roddy McDowall was horrified to hear that girls propose to boys. "You mean they ask you to marry them, just like that. Say it right out? Oh, no! I'd get out and run or tell her to get out and run."

Roddy says he's never been in love.

Of the affair before marriage he shrugs, "I let everybody lead his own life as long as he doesn't bother me with it."

Piper Laurie is another girl who hasn't been in love. But she, too, will let the boy know when she is. She hopes to be married in two or three years. Of wolves she says, "I let wolves know how I feel about things. If they don't like it, I don't go out with them again."

Ann Blyth has no doubt she will know

when it is the right time to marry. "It happens when it's supposed to," is her theory. "Your guardian angel tells you."

Ann's experience with wolves has been nil. "I never go out with a boy I don't know very well," she says.

Carleton Carpenter proposed to a girl back home but fortunately they were both too young for marriage. The easy girl has no appeal for Carleton, who feels, "If she's too obvious you don't have the fun of the chase."

Tony Curtis, speaking of the easy girl, "When I see that kind of girl I feel sorry for her. I think, 'Gee, that's a shame.'"

Tony has had a proposal of marriage—but he wasn't prepared for any such thing and the girl wasn't either. Tony also has proposed. However, he's determined not to marry until he gets a house for his folks.

Debra Paget will not marry for at least five or six years. "My career is all that means anything to me now," she says.

Scott Brady has yet to fall in love. But this doesn't concern him. He'll marry "when I meet someone I want to marry."

Dale Robertson definitely believes in telling a girl you love her. He proposed once—to a girl back home. But they were too young for anything to come of it. He'll marry, he says, "when I find someone who can put up with me and with whom I can put up."

Bob Stack says he has never made a marriage proposal. Regarding obvious girls he says, "If you don't have respect for the girl you take out it's no good. You want to say to her, 'Hey, wait a minute. What are you trying to prove?'"

Rock Hudson has proposed—to Vera-Ellen. He hopes she will accept him. He wants to marry "when my next option is lifted—sooner if possible."

He doesn't believe in the affair before marriage. But he doesn't damn those who disagree. "It's their business," he says.

Sally Forrest says she is not able to establish a friendship with any boy whose proposal she has refused. "When you act as if you don't want 'em, you get 'em," she says. "For me it doesn't work out too well afterwards." Sally doesn't have much trouble with wolves. "I just make fun of the fellow who tries to be one and don't waste my time," she says.

Peggy Dow thinks the best way to cope with a wolf is to make a joke of his tactics. Confronted with a proposal she's "honest—but not brutally honest."

How Do They Feel About Their Work—Their Generation?

Do they like these years they live in?

Do they think their generation is better or worse than the generation that went before them? What is their attitude and their families' attitude about their work?

Do they think they've missed anything by being in pictures?

Tony Curtis takes a dim view of his lifetime. "Everything is made too easy,"

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he says. "Kids' attitude is too easy. Kids don't work so hard. When my father was a boy he had to work for everything he got. We don't appreciate our advantages as much as we should."

Speaking of his career he says, "My dad is completely unimpressed. My mom is more demonstrative. And my little brother doesn't care whether I'm in pictures or not so long as I give him a fifty-cent piece once in a while." Speaking personally, Tony the realist says, "Where can a guy like me, at twenty-five, get a brand-new car, nice clothes, money and someone to recognize him on the street?"

Carleton Carpenter feels he was born twenty years too late. He says, "I would have been more at home in the 'Twenties, dancing the Charleston, etc., than I am in my own generation."

Joan Evans thinks this generation is better than the last. "We're happier," she says, "because we're more honest." Her family is happy about her career because she is happy about it. "They just wish my so-called career had not begun so soon," Joan explains. "I was only fourteen when I signed my contract. But they were afraid to say 'no' for fear later they would have big regrets if things didn't work out for me."

Debra Paget says, "I feel there's nothing better than having the job you want and trying to do it well."

DEBBIE REYNOLDS says, "My parents are very average people, I'm glad to say. They think it's nice, my being in pictures. And when I get a good write-up they say, 'That's swell.' But when my brother, who loves to play baseball, tells about the home run he hit they think that's just as swell. And—you know what?—so do I."

Craig Hill thinks this generation is better "because we're more mature." And he's glad he's in pictures because when he works he works hard but between pictures he can ski and sail and swim.

Nancy Davis appreciates the interesting people she meets through her work.

Roddy McDowall values the people he meets and the travel he enjoys.

So does Peggy Dow. Peggy sums up her generation by saying, "I think we've done remarkably well."

Piper Laurie's family says, "If this is what she wants to do, it's fine with us." Piper says, "Doing a scene well—that's the greatest thrill in the world."

For Ann Blyth, acting is "fulfilling the dream." And she says, "God has been so good to me that I wouldn't have lived at any other time."

"There's more realism in this generation," says Rock Hudson.

Dale Robertson says of his generation, "We're better off because there is more opportunity for learning."

Phyllis Kirk believes that fundamental human nature does not change, so this generation is no better, no worse than the last.

Bob Stack's motto is "Live for today, but hope for the future." Bob feels his postwar generation knows great confusion and frustration.

Mitzi Gaynor thinks "This generation is allowed too much freedom. There are almost no restrictions on us. So I think it is worse."

"This generation is worse because conditions are worse," says Betty Lynn.

These are Hollywood's young people—a serious group living in a serious time. They're well adjusted, generally. They face their problems honestly. But the important thing about them—and it shines through everything they say and do—is that they're doing the work they love and they're happy.

THE END

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ONLY FORMFIT MAKES *Life* BRAS, GIRDLES, FOUNDATIONS

(Continued from page 61) pieces that will work in well with the new. In fact, a house has a lot more character if it's filled with the things you love.

Though Maureen and Will came from countries thousands of miles apart, essentially they have the same kind of background, where the accent is on family. Both in Ireland and in the South, everybody is related to everybody else in the county.

Though many miles away from their kinfolk, the Prices are still an active part of the family group. In fact, hardly a year goes by that they don't make a trip to one homestead or another. And these trips yield their weight in treasures for their Bel-Air home. The grandfather's clock in the entrance hall was found by Maureen while on a trip to Ireland. But alas, it arrived in pieces, victim of rough handling on the trip. Fortunately, a wonderful craftsman came to her rescue, and you'd never guess now what a shattering experience it had. A table came from Ireland too. A group of spool-back side chairs were found in Mississippi, near Will's home. The whole house really is a blending of Ireland and the South.

But in color it's as Irish as the traditional shamrock. There's green carpeting throughout the entire downstairs. And in the living room, a love seat wears a deep green textured cotton; the outsize sofa and two lounge chairs repeat the green in the piping and quilting, but have chartreuse cotton upholstery. All of these upholstered pieces came from the old house. Restuffed and reupholstered, they're as good as new. Take a tip from Maureen O'Hara. Once you've bought a good furniture piece, it's good for life! Dark green faille draperies display a floral pattern in varying tones of green, and all of the green is relieved with white walls and ceiling.

YOU might think that using just one color throughout would be monotonous, but this isn't so. Green happens to be Maureen's favorite color. With her tawny hair, green eyes and creamy skin, it brings out her warm coloring. Choose the color that most becomes you and surround yourself with it.

Maureen and Will have another decorating trick worth borrowing. They used the same colors and fabrics in the room which adjoins the living room, the *lanai*. It was once just a porch but they put in sliding doors, took out a window seat and continue the feeling of the living room, with more informality, of course. This way, there's continuity between the two rooms, and the furnishings are interchangeable. There's the same white on walls and ceiling, the same green carpeting. The deep-seated sofa repeats the green texture used in the living room's love seat, the draperies pick up the chartreuse from the living room's sofa and chairs, two lounge chairs are covered with the same chartreuse quilted cotton, and two other chairs wear the green faille print that hangs at the living-room windows.

Green as Ireland the room may be, but it has a Southern accent all the same! Over the sofa Will placed mementoes of his Southern heritage—Confederate money, looking very handsome indeed on a green mat and in a dark mahogany frame. In the center, a Southern gentleman of the old school, Will's ancestor, of course, looks dignified, and over the grouping a gilt Confederate eagle spreads his wings.

Maureen and Will aren't in a tearing hurry to finish furnishing their house. The old piano will do until they find the right one, but they're looking for a Bechstein.

And over it, they'll need a large picture or wall grouping. Right now they're trying a pedestal table in front of the fireplace. If they decide to use it, they'll cut it down, but in the meantime, they're getting the effect. They chose the outsize coffee table in the *lanai* in just that way. Maureen found a gigantic library table in a bargain basement, saw its possibilities, had the legs cut off and gave it a refinishing job to bring out the satiny grain.

A real home grows slowly. Christmas and birthdays offer an extra chance for gifts with a real meaning. At an auction, Will bought a picture of a small seaside town in Ireland he felt sure would please Maureen. When she opened the gift, she cried. "You couldn't have found anything to please me more. How did you know?" By complete chance, the town pictured was where Maureen had spent many a happy childhood vacation. Now it hangs over the small chest beside the living-room fireplace. Of such things is a home made. Beautiful old English wine coolers were Will's birthday gift to his lovely wife, and on an anniversary he gave her two unusual old altar plates he'd found in Dublin.

The den came almost intact from their other house. The two couches that flank the fireplace wear red cotton shag covers that practically match the deep red carpeting, and for contrast, there are the tailored draperies and cornices, made of green, red and white plaid wool. This wool Will bought for one dollar a yard. It was regular coat fabric, but he saw no reason why it wouldn't make good draperies and he was so right!

The mahogany step-table rode along on the moving van also, companion to the diminutive captain's chair, proud possession of six-year-old Bronwyn. With the rich panelling, and two of the walls lined with books from floor to ceiling, the den has great warmth.

In the accessories, this room too mingles Mississippi and Ireland. There's a striking painting by Marie Hull of a dignified old Negro, and there are some rare old Irish decanters, of china, made around 1600.

The entrance hall greets you with wallpaper of a pale yellow floral design on green ground. This blends with the surrounding rooms: the living room, down two steps at the right; the den almost straight ahead; and to the left, two steps

down, the gray and green dining room.

Though the dining-room floor has the same green carpeting, its walls are gray, and sheer white curtains are topped with a green and white swag, the same fabric used on the dining chairs. Talking point of the dining room, worth copying, is a small bay lined with mirrors and filled with plants. Architecturally, a large opening was needed at this end to balance the wide opening into the entrance hall, but the mirrored bay substitutes for the usual window. It's a good trick that gives depth to any room. And you don't need a bay or alcove to do it. Just mirrors on a wall.

Two console tables hold silver and linen, but Maureen felt that the breakfront would crowd the dining room, so she put it in the entrance hall. Here it's very much in keeping, yet it's close enough to the dining room to keep dinnerware and glassware within easy reach. "Try that idea in your home," advises Maureen. "Sometimes a furniture piece looks better around the corner or in an adjacent room, yet it still can keep your equipment handy."

THE bedroom, bathroom and Maureen's dressing room are as Irish as can be, with green everywhere. In the bathroom there's even a map of Ireland over the tub.

In the bedroom and dressing room the green's somewhat muted, with a touch of blue. The carpeting's white, and so is the ceiling, but walls, woodwork, bedspread and headboard all use the subdued green.

Mahogany pieces occupy wall space, including a secretary where Maureen keeps her treasures. "Here's the beauty of our family," said the beautiful Maureen, showing a picture of her lovely sister. Then other pictures, of other members of her family, and a more handsome group you'll never see. Pictures such as these belong in a bedroom or dressing room and not in the living room. Portraits excepted, of course, for they are considered works of art.

All the bedroom furnishings came from the other house, with the exception of the four posters which Maureen and Will found in Mississippi and placed at the four corners of the bed, giving the effect of a huge poster. And a most successful idea it is, too.

The only contrast in the bedroom is in the gay floral draperies and cornices; the same print is used also in Maureen's dressing room, to cover the chair and cornices.

Maureen has no frills on her dressing table. It's strictly tailored and business-like, occupying an alcove at one end of the dressing room. Drawers form the base, it has a mirrored top, and more mirrors from dressing-table top to ceiling. There are shelves for knickknacks and cupboards for cosmetics, with mirrored doors.

Will's dressing room is completely different, forsaking the green for natural finish wood, and featuring convenient built-ins for storage.

Bronwyn's room forsakes the green also. Yellow roses besprinkle the walls and ceiling, and white cotton carpeting covers the floor. But the *big thing* is the poster bed, straight from the South—her very first big bed. It's covered with a quilt made in the well-known flower garden pattern. The closet is a mother's dream, for it's the size of a small room and not only has racks for dresses, but plenty of shelves for toys.

Maureen's and Will's house is secluded behind a redwood fence backed by shrubs. When the gates are open you can glimpse the red brick exterior that gives no hint of the friendliness inside. But you'll probably see, too, a bevy of children, Bron and her friends, playing under the trees or dashing up to the pool behind the house.

THE END

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Betty Talks to Horses

(Continued from page 51) again. He likes the warm weather."

Kab, a seven-year-old stallion foaled in the Argentine sun, whinnied softly. Miss Grable put her arms around Kab's neck and murmured into his ear. She told him he was the most beautiful hunk of horse-flesh west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Kab responded, as would any adult male under the circumstances, by looking smugly self-conscious. He dug one hoof into the ground; he rolled his eyes.

Next to her husband, her children and her home Miss Grable loves horses best. She breeds and raises fine Thoroughbreds. She likes to race them for fun and profit.

"It's a fascinating business," says Betty. "We get a lot of pleasure out of it."

The other half of that "we" is, of course, her musician husband, Harry James.

"Someday," continued Betty, "we hope to go into it on a full time basis."

"Like Miss Elizabeth Arden?" asked an interviewer. Miss Arden is the fabulously wealthy cosmetician who operates a large scale racing stable, and reputedly selects yearlings for "their beautiful tails," and has them rubbed with her ten-dollar-a-jar face cream. "Like Miss Arden?"

"Goodness, no," said Miss Grable. "We're just small fry in the racing business. We want to keep it that way. More fun."

Just a few years ago Mr. and Mrs. James were urban dwellers. They went to the races only on special occasions. Then they bought two pinto ponies. "Then," says Betty, "we had to have a ranch."

Every spare moment after that was spent in the car looking at ranch property. They found a likely parcel of two acres. Another, five acres. Several more. Finally they found exactly the one they wanted. They bought it—sixty-two acres.

"Those two pintos weren't exactly hemmed in," says Betty mischievously.

Since then they've bought a second ranch, to get more room for paddocks. This consists of 108 acres, fenced and cross-fenced. On the original sixty-two-acre tract they have two ranch houses, barns for about forty horses, tack rooms, stud barns, a hay barn and a short stretch of track.

Betty's father, Conn Grable, lives permanently at the ranch and oversees things. Betty, Harry and the children go out on weekends and live the life of ranch hands.



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There are fifteen Thoroughbreds in the Grable-James stables. The number fluctuates, as new colts are born and some of their bangtails are claimed in claiming races. Brood mares and colts predominate and only three or four horses are now running. Betty and Harry regularly race products of their stables at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park, Del Mar and Bay Meadows—sometimes even on Eastern tracks.

At present the Grable-James stable is not operating at a profit, but Miss Grable is confident they will have it on a paying basis before long. In the meantime, she points out, it is their one luxury.

"We don't entertain lavishly," she says. "And we don't spend money on fancy clothes or jewels. Right now we're investing in horses. And in addition to the fun of it we expect to get a return on our investment."

HARRY'S idea of a pleasant evening is to curl up with a Breeders' Guide. Says he: "I want to keep learning. I want to know this business from top to bottom."

Miss Grable is also a student. A recent visitor at the James home, knowing only that girl horses are fillies and boy horses are colts, was somewhat astounded at the scope of Betty's knowledge.

In self-defense the visitor switched the subject to more mundane affairs. "Is horse racing honest, Miss Grable?"

"Racing," said she, after giving the matter sober thought, "is one of the most carefully supervised sports in the world. The tracks have done everything possible to keep it clean and give the racing fan a square deal. You can be sure that the judges and stewards and other track officials are 100 per cent honest. I think a good majority of the owners are honest. And I know the horses are honest."

"What about betting? Do you bet?"

"Of course I do. I think most people who own and race horses like to make a bet. That's part of the fun. And we're not betting to make money. When you have a horse entered in a race it adds to the excitement to back your judgment with a ticket on his nose. I usually bet five dollars when my horses run."

"What about a system? Is it possible to beat the races?"

"Well, I never heard of anyone doing it," said Miss Grable. "There's a well-known saying around race tracks, 'You can beat a horse race, but you can't beat the races.' I think anyone who tries to make money by betting on horse races is, to put it mildly, very foolish."

The Grable-James racing Thoroughbreds are trained by a husky, smiling ex-Texan named Hack Ross, a fine judge of horse-flesh. Hack admires to talk about horses in general, and the Grable-James horses in particular. On the subject of Miss Grable in person he is inclined to wax eloquent.

"She surely dotes on horses," says Ross. "Understands 'em, too. Animals have a sense about people. They can tell if you're afraid of 'em or dislike 'em. And it works both ways. With Betty they know it's love. So they treat her gentle, too."

Ross is sure the Grable-James horses will soon be paying their own way. Sentiment, he thinks, is the thing that often keeps a stable in the red. You have to operate on business principles. "Remember, a bad horse eats as much as a good horse. So you have to get rid of him."

Miss Grable admits this is one of the hazards of the breeding business. She calls the foals her "babies."

"They're so soft and sweet," says Betty. "And when you select their parents, see them new-born, watch them through adolescence, and keep them healthy until they grow up and get ready to run, it sort of puts the whole thing on a personal basis."

But she's intelligent and has a practical

turn of mind. She figures there's a way to work out any problem. And she'll find it. In the meantime she's having a lot of fun. After all, this is only an avocation. She's still Betty Grable, the laughing, dancing, Technicolor star. Still the hardest-working gal in town, still tops at the box-office.

At a recent meeting an interviewer noted Miss Grable's firm, friendly hand-clasp, the "good hands" that can handle horses. He noted other things. She was wearing a cashmere sweater and a gorgeous purple shiner.

"Got a new bicycle," she explained. "The darned thing threw me."

Seems she took a corner too fast. Went into a dive and whanged her forehead on the handlebars.

"And only one more shooting day on the picture," said Miss Grable ruefully. "Wouldn't you know it would happen?"

In the picture, "Call Me Mister," Betty had Dan Dailey as co-star for the third time. They had some production trouble at first. The story wasn't right and Betty, for the first time in her ten years at the studio, spoke up. Her fans had written that they wanted to see her in musicals with big production numbers. So Betty held out for more singing and more dancing. "After all," says Betty, "audiences have put me where I am today. And I think we ought to give them what they want."

The Jameses have bought a new house. It is a pleasant, rambling affair of white brick. It stands on two and one-half acres that nestle at the foot of the Beverly Hills. There are many trees and a wide-curving driveway. Inside there is a high-ceilinged living room and a den paneled with oak. There are several fireplaces.

"Someday," Mrs. James says, "we want to live permanently on the ranch at Calabasas. Then we'll have a regular ranch house, country style. In the meantime the new furniture that we are buying will be things that we can use out there later on."

Someday. That'll mean more time for living out in the sun. More time for the laughter of children. More time to watch foals grow strong and learn to run. There'll be quiet moments and exciting moments. There'll be moments like that time at Bay Meadows. It happened in the seventh race, the San Mateo Handicap. The prize—\$10,000.

Betty and Harry James left the grandstand. They walked hand-in-hand toward the saddling ring. Their horse, Kab, was entered to run.

"Can he do it, Harry?" Betty asked with a catch in her throat. "Do you think he can win it?"

"He's fit," Harry said, trying to be calm. "And he's ready. He'll make a race of it."

From the ring, yards away from them, Kab nickered. He saw them coming. He stood quietly as his saddle was put on and cinched. Then, as Harry gave the jockey his instructions, Betty reached her arms for Kab.

Back in the grandstand they heard the call, "There they go!" and the race was on. Kab went to the front, running easily. Betty jumped to her feet, her eyes glued to a pair of glasses. "Come on, Kab! Come on, boy!"

At the half, at the three-quarter, and into the stretch it was Kab out in front. And Betty rode with him every inch of the way, urging him, pleading with him.

Down the stretch Kab heard the call and he never looked back. He hit the wire and he was the winner all the way.

"We've won!" Betty exploded with excitement. "Kab won for us, darling!"

Harry didn't say anything, but he smiled happily. He hadn't really seen much of the race. He'd been too busy watching his wife—the girl who talks to horses.

THE END

Stormy Winters

(Continued from page 59) was afraid I'd spill it on my new dress, so I just took my dinner in with me and hid it under the seat. I was so hungry, my stomach started growling. So I ate." Next season, it is rumored, the lorgnette set may make opera-munching a fad. Shelley has found the cure for the stomach growl, long a horror of the music world.

Shelley's the impulsive type. And it gets her into trouble. For some time now, off and on, there's been a tendency among Hollywood columnists to rap Shelley across the knuckles. Success has gone to her head, they say. She holds up production. She is rude to the "little people," which is tantamount to kicking your mother down the steps. One columnist, suffering from acute acidity, wrote, "Shelley Winters has a heart of gold, I am told. Maybe now that she is a success, we won't have to dig so far to find it."

In a way, Shelley does hold up production. "I always get tied up in knots when I start a scene," she says. "I use any pretense to delay starting for a moment. I'm so frightened, I'm sick. Every scene with me is opening night on Broadway."

Shelley's definitely an eager beaver. She just plain loves to act. While most stars gripe like mad if they make two pictures a year, Shelley made seven pictures during 1949 and 1950 including loan-out for "He Ran All the Way." When she suggested she be given a vacation after this picture there was great surprise. "What would you do with a vacation?" she was asked. "Study acting," said Shelley. And study acting she did, in New York at the Elia Kazan Actors Studio.

She wants to be in every picture. Every time the trades or columns announce that so-and-so has been signed for such-and-such a picture, Shelley demands to know why she wasn't offered the part.

Apropos of Shelley's eagerness, when she was in New York some time ago, her representative, as a gag, told her that Sir Laurence Olivier's agent was anxious to get in touch with her to discuss a part in Olivier's next film. Shelley was agog. One of the boys in the New York office was in on the gag, kept calling her at her hotel, always when she was out. She was on pins and needles. One day, signals got crossed, Shelley was in her room. There was nothing for him to do but invite her to dinner. "Look, Shelley," said her representative, "this guy has an awful reputation. He's a terrific wolf. Why, he'll tear the dress right off your back." "Okay," said Shelley, "I'll wear an old dress."

It was this same eagerness plus grim determination that landed Shelley in her first "legit" play. It was in 1940, after she had worked as a salesgirl in a five-and-ten, modeled in department stores, played walk-ons in summer stock, and batted around generally. Chester Erskine was casting a play called "Conquest in April." She charged upon him, one August day when he'd left the door open on account of the heat, and demanded a part in his play. She got it, but not until she'd worn him to a frazzle and borrowed money enough to join Equity.

Maybe it was the heat, maybe it was Shelley's volatile personality that befuddled him. Anyway, the contract was signed before Mr. Erskine realized that if Miss Winters had appeared in all the plays she claimed to have appeared in, she would have had to be a member of Equity, already. When, later, he faced her with this, her comment was "Yipes!" "Conquest in April" collapsed in Philadelphia. But Shelley didn't. It took her eight years, but she finally hit the jackpot.

Recently Shelley took inventory. In the

three years she has been a picture success, she has bought her first mink coat, her first car, bought and furnished an apartment for her mother, and a home for her sister and herself. "And I still have money in the bank. As soon as I find time, I want to take a course in economics at UCLA. My salary is beginning to puzzle me."

Shelley thinks she would like to get married again. "I don't know if I really think that or if I just think I think that. But this I know. If I do marry, I would want to marry someone in the business. Wouldn't it be a terrible bore to have to talk to someone every night who didn't know what you meant when you mentioned 'dissolves' and 'dolly shots!'"

Occasionally Shelley dates the field. But always she comes back to Farley Granger. He's steady. When she started work on "A Place in the Sun," the publicity boys tried to make something romantic out of her gab sessions with Monty Clift. But they didn't get far. Monty and Shelley were only recalling their early struggles in New York.

Shelley's marriage was not a very happy one. It was a wartime marriage and it didn't work out. On New Year's day of 1943, she married Mack Mayer, an Army officer, in New York, after a three weeks' whirlwind romance. She was divorced in California in October, 1947.

At present, Shelley is on a dignity binge. Or she is pretending to be. She does not want to be called "scatter-brained" or "wacky." "I prefer working at Paramount," she told a group of U-I executives. "At Paramount everyone called me Miss Winters. Here, they call me 'Stinky.' There's dignity at Paramount, in case you wondered what happened to dignity."

When an interviewer, having been informed by her that she borrowed her name from her favorite poet, politely asked her the name of her favorite poem by Shelley, she haughtily replied, "Now you surely don't expect me to answer that at one o'clock." And then hastily added, with an evil glint in her eyes, "And don't ask me at six o'clock, either."

Shelley's real name, for the records, is Shirley Schrift. She was born in St. Louis, August 18, 1923. Her mother was Rose Winters, an opera singer with the St. Louis Municipal Opera, and her father was Johan Schrift, a men's clothing designer. The family later moved to Brooklyn.

The role that Shelley wanted most of all was the role of the mill worker in George Stevens's "A Place in the Sun," based on "An American Tragedy." When a friend of Shelley's suggested her for the part, Mr. Stevens very emphatically said, "Thank you, no floozies." But he was conned into seeing several of Shelley's pictures. Then he said, "Maybe." By that time, Shelley was having the whimsies. After a series of tests, he gave her the part.

Shelley thinks that George Stevens is just about the best thing that ever happened to her. "With Stevens, it was like I went to school. I followed him around the set like a pest. Universal should have paid Paramount for letting me do this picture, instead of charging them."

The pathetic little mill girl is a complete change from her former sexy roles. In the picture she wears no lipstick, no make-up, and she had her blonde hair darkened to a lusterless brown.

"In the future, I want to play human beings," said Shelley. "But don't get me wrong. I don't think that sex should go out of the window entirely. Sex with dignity—that's for me."

THE END

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Let These Hollywood Experts Chart Your Beauty Course

(Continued from page 63) Jim says you can't buy his ideal, that you must work for it. He has exercises to give your body whatever it lacks, except for adding actual inches in height, and you can even seem to accomplish that with correct posture. It's Jim's argument that most girls' main trouble lies in the fact that they do not know the right proportions they should have for their individual heights.

So this month we have sought out six varied beauties from statuesque Pat Neal, down to little Debbie Reynolds. Here are their measurements and weights. Here, to go along with Adrian's theory that even a one-inch doll can look chic if dressed proportionately, is their outstanding rule for dressing smartly. Here also are some of their personal beauty tricks.

First check yourself on Jim Davies' height and weight chart. Jim feels it is not enough to be merely the ideal weight for your height. Dreamily, your waist should be ten inches smaller than your bust measurements—like Elizabeth Taylor's—but your hips should be exactly what your bust tapes (*a la* Betty Grable).

Tip-topper among today's stars, Patricia Neal manages that bust-waist proportion—but her hips are two and a half inches slimmer. Here, for comparison, are Pat's measurements:

Height 5'8"
Weight 135
Bust 35½
Waist 25½
Hips 33

Clotheswise, Pat never goes in for frills. When she dresses informally, she looks like the average college girl, flat shoes, often dungarees and a shirt, cardigan sweaters. But even for cocktail parties, or real formals, she goes in for a classic line. Since she holds herself beautifully and moves with grace, this "goddess" look is perfect for her. For at-home parties, she likes luxurious pajamas.

She makes her mouth up generously with bright, bright lipstick. She puts her perfume on the pulse at the wrists, renewing it every two hours or so. This is a wonderful trick that lets the scent emanate subtly. She prefers her hair its natural brown, with little or no wave, but often has to dye it for a picture. In the evening she emphasizes her eye make-up, but at no time does she use a conspicuous make-up.

Jane Russell is next in altitude to Pat, though height is not what has made Jane famous. Here is Jane's range:

Height 5'7"
Weight 135 (drop ten pounds! orders Mr. Davies.)
Bust 37
Waist 25 (If Jane added an ideal two inches here, what would this do to her box-office value?)
Hips 37

Jane likes to wear all black, and surprisingly enough, off screen she prefers high-necked dresses, with long sleeves and slim, plain skirts. Her dramatic sense is expressed by way of stoles. She has these in nearly all colors, though she adores red and, unlike many a girl, she carries a stole beautifully, draped about her shoulders or tossed over one arm.

Jane is one of those rare girls who are more beautiful off-screen than on. She follows every doll's standard beauty routine—the daily bath, careful food choices (though she likes Mexican food a bit too well), lots of sleep and plenty of exercise in the open air. She neither drinks nor smokes, not caring in the least for either of these indulgences, but she says the absence of tobacco and

alcohol helps her maintain her sparkling eyes and fine complexion.

Gene Tierney looks less than her actual height. This is probably due to that flower-petal face of hers, which, somehow, suggests delicacy and daintiness.

Actually Gene almost exactly meets Jim Davies' standard. Thus:

Height 5'5½"
Weight 113
Bust 36
Waist 26
Hips 35¼

Being married to a very famous dress designer, Oleg Cassini, Gene is provided with one of the loveliest wardrobes imaginable. Both she and her husband like simplicity in dress and Oleg, with loving cleverness, designs all her outfits to emphasize her exquisite face, her year-round sun-tan, and her innate patrician quality.

Gene seldom wears anything but solid colors—and almost always it's all-white for evening, all-black for day. Her gowns rarely have any trimming, but all are designed to set off her jewels, which are outstanding.

Gene uses shades of pink rather than red for lipstick, rouge, and nail polish. With her skin's tawny overcast, this is very provocative. Sometimes she experiments with eyeshadow in different shades, brown, gray and even blue, thus emphasizing the fascinating contrast of her gray eyes to her dark skin, yet she never goes to extremes. With her naturally exotic look, she realizes the dramatic virtue of understatement. Result: She is usually the most distinctive girl in any room she enters. (Note: Gene never eats sweets—but eats at least two apples a day.)

Exactly the reverse of this social technique is displayed by Ruth Roman. And displayed is what I mean. Here is a beauty and an actress, whose assault on the eye is the kind that every average girl wishes she had.

There is only one way in which you can use the word "average" about Ruth. She is of "average" height.

Here are her measurements:

Height 5'4½"
Weight 120 (Davies disapproves; Ruth argues this is sexy.)
Bust 36½
Waist 26
Hips 34 (These narrow hips Ruth really fights for.)

Milo Anderson, of Warner Bros., who has dressed Ruth ever since that studio signed her, says that Ruth "wears" her clothes, and not vice versa. In other words, Milo says Ruth makes you see *her* first and the gown she's wearing second.

Accordingly, Milo gives Ruth tight-fitting gowns of solid color with neckline or bustline emphasis. Her formals are low-cut for visibility reasons. She seldom wears accessories of any kind. Her make-up is quite deliberately exaggerated. With her dramatic flair, she gets away with it. She wears dark, rich lipstick, nail polish of such a dark red it's virtually black. She puts her rouge on along the cheekbone that runs just under the eyesocket, and recommends this trick to other girls who want to emphasize their eyes. The technique is to feel this bone with your fingertips, blending in the cream rouge from about the center of the eye, upward and outward toward the ear, so carefully of course that no beginning or finishing point is visible.

When you come into the cute, little-trick department, that doll of dolls, June Allyson, is for the first time being paced by another cute little trick named Debbie Reynolds. In height there's barely a half inch between them—and both of them have dream measurements.

Take Junie, first. She may be on a small scale—but that's the very thing that Adrian and Jim Davies point out: You can be small and still be flawless. Mrs. Dick Powell's figures line up thus:

Height 5'1"
Weight 99
Bust 35½
Waist 23
Hips 34½

Junie is one of those lucky lasses who can eat and eat—and still not put on an ounce. Some of this may be due to the way she goes for steaks—which, as you know, have plenty of proteins and few calories. A lot of it may be the way she bounces around, always active, singing, dancing, running her home, her new baby, her career, her very active social life. (The Powells don't go in for Hollywood society half as much as they do for the ultra-conservative, very deluxe Los Angeles society.)

June always looks freshly scrubbed, entirely natural. She isn't quite—which is a wonderful art when you can achieve it. For example, her hair is naturally quite curly. She likes it to appear almost straight. So she brushes and brushes it. She never has any sort of permanent or wave put into it, but to give it "shape" before parties, or for camera appearances, she puts it up in about six very loosely rolled curls. She rolls them up on bright colored ribbons, which she ties in bows, so that even if Richard, as she always calls Dick, comes in, she still looks cute. Her hair will curl with twenty minutes of this treatment and needs no drying under artificial heat, or even sunshine. June washes her hair daily, using a vegetable oil shampoo.

She uses a bit of mascara, at evening, the lightest touch of eyeshadow. She goes in for colorless, liquid nail polish, and a not too dominant lipstick color. She never uses a powder base, but she puts a darker powder tone on her face than she does on her nose. The lighter tint, there, makes her pert small nose even more pert.

She has had to learn about wearing clothes. She now looks like a junior fashion plate—and she still doesn't like it much. If she followed her natural inclination, she would wear nothing but sweaters and skirts, with loafers or saddle shoes and she still wears this outfit around the house, whenever she's by herself and knows she can get away with it. She loves black and white in separates or even in two-piece dresses.

Debbie Reynolds, a mere five feet and one-half (Continued on page 100)

height and weight chart

By James Davies

Physical Culture Director, Paramount Studios

Height	Weight	Bust	Waist	Hips
5'	100	32	22	32
5'1"	102½	32¼	22¼	32¼
5'2"	105	32½	22½	32½
5'3"	107½	32¾	22¾	32¾
5'4"	110	33	23	33
5'5"	112½	34	24	34
5'6"	120	35	25	35
5'7"	125	36	25	35
5'8"	128	37	27	36

She's Engaged!

A gala party on Christmas Eve announced the engagement of Martha Ann ("Teka") Osborne to Bronson C. Rumsey, Jr. Both are from prominent Savannah families. Their wedding this summer will be held at historic old St. John's Church—with a bevy of eight charming bridesmaids, and Teka looking a *serenely radiant* bride!

She's Lovely!

Martha's darling face lets you see at once the charm of her Inner Self. A winning sweetness looks out from her soft blue eyes. Her cloud of dark brown hair sets off dramatically her exquisitely *clear*, soft complexion. No wonder you feel so *attracted* to Teka the *instant* you meet her.

She uses Pond's!

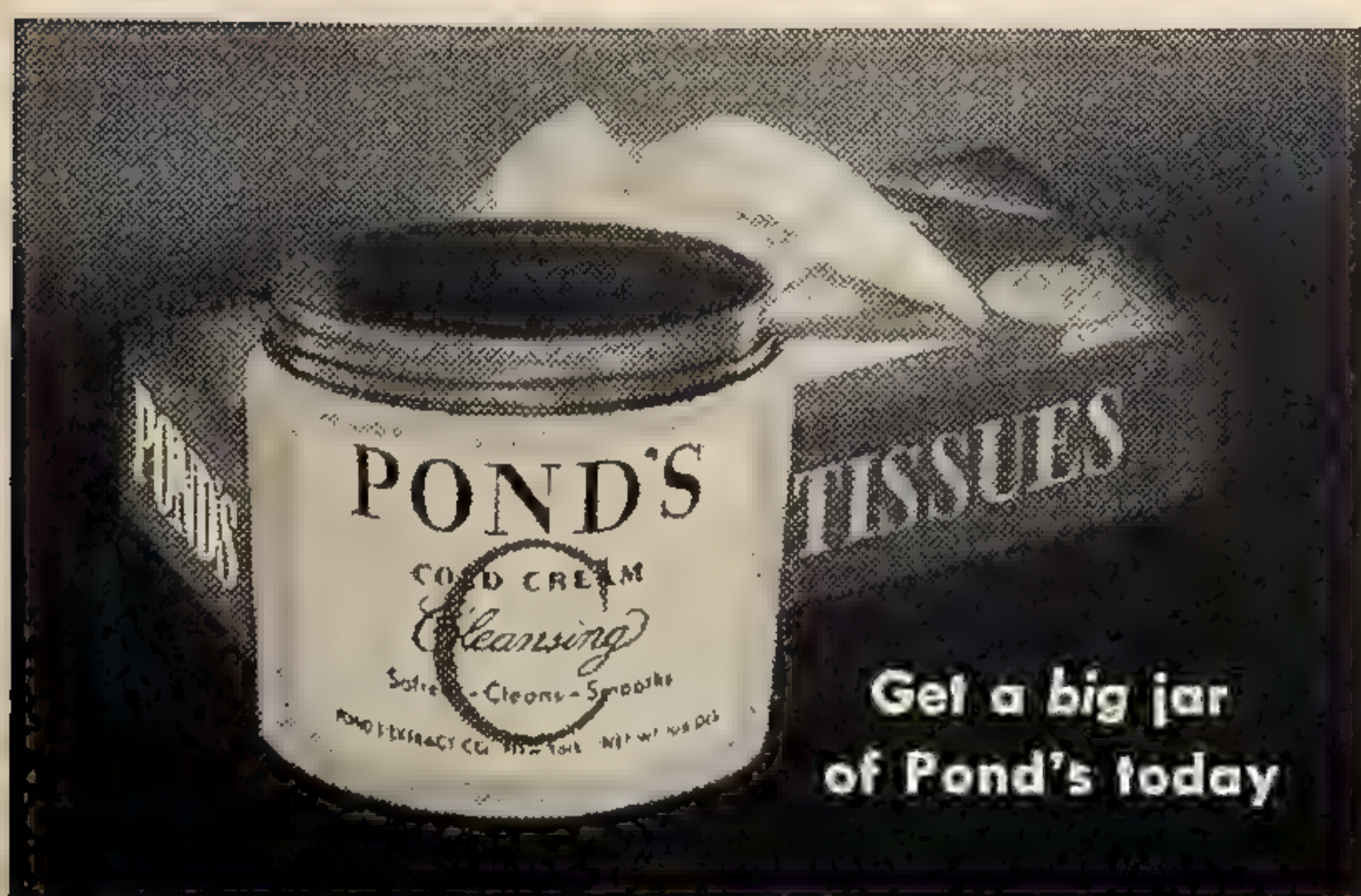
MARTHA ANN OSBORNE

Her complexion has the velvet-soft look and smooth texture of a magnolia blossom



"Knowing you look your best gives you poise"

MARTHA SAYS



Start now to help your face show a lovelier You!

Isn't it a wonderful feeling—the confidence that comes when you look your prettiest?

Martha feels the first rule of loveliness for every girl's face is *fastidiously clean* skin. Her own complexion is beautiful. "I *cream* it with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Pond's leaves my face feeling grand and soft. And since it's *cream* cleansing, it's never drying."

Every night (for day face cleansings, too) cream your face with Pond's Cold Cream as Martha does. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Doesn't your skin look *alive*, refreshed, and feel soft and *beautifully clean*?

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. Look your best and a sparkling confidence floods out from the You within—attracts others to you *on sight*!

(Continued from page 54) To want to be one, you've got to have a neurosis, so maybe actors are more susceptible to the things that cause break-ups. Maybe. I'm not sure. Who doesn't have a neurosis? My father was a silk salesman, married to a Russian girl. Their marriage broke up. My wife's parents were a Midwestern girl and a newspaper man. Their marriage broke up. None of the four was remotely related to greasepaint."

Chandler's a friendly person, direct, easy to talk to, neither spilling over at the edges, nor playing hide-and-seek behind his face. As he talked he seemed to have been addressing his hands, folded quietly on the table. Now he looked up.

ACTUALLY, Jeff's highly articulate. Humor glints in his eye and laces his speech. His prematurely graying hair makes him seem older than his thirty-two years, and he gives you the same feeling of inward strength that marked him as *Kurta* in "Sword in the Desert," as *Cochise* in "Broken Arrow." So completely did he make these parts his own, that it's hard to separate them from the man. Which hands him a laugh now. For years they told him he was the mug type. They said, "if Mazurki doesn't want the job, we'll call you."

Then an agent named Meyer Mishkin came into his life. Mishkin studied the deep-set eyes with their trace of melancholy, the expressive mouth, the lean, six-foot-four frame carried with ease and authority. "You know something?" he said mildly. "You're a leading man."

Jeff maintained his composure at the time. "But my ego wanted to jump up and kiss the guy," he says.

According to Chandler, earlier screen tests had been met with cries of pain. Allowing for hyperbole, it's clear that he'd made no dent on movie minds. In 1949, U-I called him to test for a minor part in "Sword in the Desert." What magic Mishkin used to get the brass to consider him for one of the leads instead is his own trade secret. Unwittingly, the technical adviser did his bit. "That part was written for a man of fifty. None of our group leaders was older than thirty-two."

Which clinched it. Mishkin called his client. "You're not playing the part you tested for. You're playing the fourth lead."

Chandler dropped dead.

Before the picture was half finished, U-I had his name on a contract. After it was finished, Jeff, watching it unfold, slumped low in his seat, longing only to get out of there. "I don't like my face," he explains. "Especially enlarged. This didn't, however, prevent me from getting Meyer on a hot telephone when I learned that Twentieth Century-Fox had 'Broken Arrow.'"

He'd heard about "Broken Arrow" two years earlier from his radio agent, Don Sharpe. "Joel McCrea may buy it. And there's an Indian in it you should play." McCrea didn't buy it. But Jeff read the book, and *Cochise* was in his blood.

Over at Fox, they wouldn't listen to Mishkin at first. A persistent man, he bypassed the casting office and snagged himself a session with Delmer Daves. "I've never asked any favors. All I ask now is that you put Chandler's name on the list of possibilities."

His earnestness must have carried persuasion. They sent for Chandler and decided on a test. As a rule, such tests are rough around the edges. There was nothing rough about this one. Daves directed it, Jimmy Stewart played opposite Chandler, it was fully edited before being shown to Zanuck. And it turned out to be the only test made for *Cochise*.

On tenterhooks and on the home lot, Jeff was working in "Abandoned Woman" when Bob Palmer, casting director, hove into view, shaking his head, sighing, "Too bad, too bad." Jeff's hopes hit the familiar toboggan trail. Palmer eyed him sadly. "It's a rotten shame, Jeff, you'll have to shave your chest."

"Broken Arrow" was shot almost wholly on location, so they didn't see much of Chandler around Fox. But the minute his stills went up, the doves started cooing (studio parlance for a murmur and flutter among the secretaries) which is considered a fine omen by the front office. Out of a wallful of photos, visitors would invariably pick his. "Who's that? Such a quiet face, yet so alive—" After the preview, a rival producer clapped a Fox executive on the shoulder. "Great performance. Sorry you've only got the guy on loanout."

"Don't cry," said the Fox man, "we tied him up for six pictures."

So they were pleased, but hardly astonished, when he was tapped for Academy honors. "Simple justice," they said.

Chandler took it less calmly. People had been offering him bets that he'd be nominated—a steak dinner here, an ice cream soda there, a quarter with Sid Skolsky. He took them all on, naturally expecting to lose. This time he was working in "Iron Man." As they broke for dinner, the unit manager came over, faking a busy hunt through his pockets. "I've got a piece of information for you here."

"Don't show me. Tell me. I'll believe you."

"Believe what? It's nothing. Some idiot item in some idiot paper . . ."

The item was finally produced. You can still see the hole in the ceiling where Jeff's head hit it.

HE was born Ira Grossel in Brooklyn, and Van Johnson's partly responsible for his movie name. Having worn his own for almost thirty years, nothing else sounded right. Helpful friends made suggestions. He'd give them a brief whirl, then wriggle out from under. The subject began to weary his pals. One day he saw a picture called "Easy to Wed," in which Van Johnson played a newspaper man named Bill Chandler. It rang less strangely on Ira's ears than most. That night he dined with friends. "I've got a name." The chorus of groans rose and subsided. "This time it sticks. Chandler."

"And the first name?"

"W-e-l-l . . ."

"What about Jeff?"

"Jeff Chandler. Sounds like an English cowboy." He struggled feebly, but the faces closed in on him. "Okay, okay."

Their host vanished and reappeared with a Bible. "Put your hand on this."

"What for?"

"Put your hand on it, brother, never mind the what-fors. Now repeat after me: 'I solemnly swear that from here on in, my name's Jeff Chandler and finished.'"

His wife and mother call him Ira. To Sheila MacRae, a friend of ten years, he's Jeff in one sentence and Ira in the next. Gordon calls him Jeff-rey, starting as a baritone and ending in the bass. By now Jeff answers automatically to all three.

In revolt against an oversheltered childhood, he grew an overdeveloped sense of independence, and hates having anything done for him—whether it's a necktie to be chosen or an illness to be nursed. One generally brackets overprotection with wealth, which is a fallacy. Jeff was the sun round which his mother's world turned. They lived with her parents after her marriage broke up, and she worked at what she could—now in a factory, now

as a practical nurse. Money was scarce and earned in the sweat of one's brow. Yet she saw to it that the boy went to nursery school and that his clothes were good. But fears for her ewe lamb stalked her imagination. Years ago her brother had broken his leg on roller skates. On three separate birthdays, hardier relatives gave Jeff roller skates. His mother found good reasons why it was better that Cousin Leonard should have them. Her attitude was understandable. So was Jeff's reaction. Differently constituted, he might have been infected by her terrors. As it was, he began to feel fenced in.

Through grade school and freshman year at Erasmus, he was an honor student. Then the realities began to assert themselves. His grandfather died. With her small savings, his mother ventured into business—a candy store complete with soda fountain. Jeff, already responsible, arranged his class schedules so he was through at noon. Between them, they kept the place open from six a.m. till midnight. After two and a half years, the store failed anyway and the savings were lost. Meantime, school grew shadowy compared with the grinding present and impatience for the future. You could pass, Jeff discovered, without studying much. Without studying much, he graduated at sixteen.

THEN his mother re-married. Healthily aware that this was a good thing for both, Jeff realized this marked the passing of a dream. His dream had been twofold—to be his own boss and to take care of his mother. For the latter, there was no longer any need. Concentrating on the former, he went to work as cashier in a restaurant run by his father, who'd reentered the scene some years earlier to make friends with his son.

At seventeen he met a girl older and wiser than himself, whom he remembers with affectionate gratitude. She recognized growing pains when she saw them and helped him through the confusions of adolescence. "Quit lazing around," she told him. "Don't wait for the world to knock at your silly door. It won't. Make up your mind what you want to do and do it."

He wanted to be an actor. That he'd known from the time of his first appearance in a school play. So he took a course in commercial art. By Jeff's youthful logic, this was more reasonable than it sounds. His skill in drawing had won him prizes at high school. "You can study art or dramatics," said his father. "I'll pay." He could get an art course for \$200, dramatics cost \$500. Early conditioning made favors stick in his throat, but if it had to be a favor, the smaller the better. "I figured, as soon as the art course was over, I'd go out and knock 'em dead, make half a million and be an actor in five minutes! What a *schlemiehl*!"

In an upper Manhattan room at \$4.50 a week, and helped by uncanny timing on his mother's part, he got by. "Call it intuition, call it accident, all I know is I'd be down to my last nickel, wondering where next week's rent was coming from, and there'd be a ten-dollar money order from my mother in Jersey. In principle, I shouldn't have used it. But I used it."

His spirit, however, remained unquenchable. The art course completed, he got himself hired by Montgomery Ward at eighteen dollars per, and found that his assistant was making twice as much. Jeff demanded and was promised a raise. Next week, no raise. "How come?" he inquired.

"It's got to go through channels," said the boss. "They have to pass on it here, then in Chicago—"

"You mean my little measly raise?"
 "That's right. This is a big organization."
 "It's too big for me. Good-bye."

Lesson No. 1: you can't knock 'em dead at eighteen dollars a week or even thirty-six dollars. The thing was to free lance. He free lanced. "It developed," says Jeff, "into a tremendous nothing. I went back to art school as an instructor."

One of the students was also studying dramatics at the Feagin School in Rockefeller Center. She invited half a dozen chums, including Jeff, to a school play. Sitting there in the darkness, the forces working within him fused to decision. As if a clock had chimed, he knew that this was the hour. No more fooling around, wasting good time, good youth. "Make up your mind what you want to do and do it."

Next day a young man appeared at the Feagin School. "Hello. I want a scholarship—" Not quite so abruptly, but he doesn't recall the preamble. Only his own sense of urgency. "I'll do anything—paint scenery, sweep floors—"

HE'D picked his hour better than he knew. Classes were overloaded with aspiring Juliets, and men were at a premium. They asked him to read and withdrew in a huddle, out of which one of them broke. "Well, young man, you won't have to sweep floors. Mr. Rockefeller does that—"

It was a great year, both for the training he got and the friendships he made. Sheila Stephens was there, who later changed her name to MacRae. So was the guy you now know as Jack Carter. Jack used to bring two huge seeded rolls for lunch, filled with everything in the icebox. These he shared with Jeff, who held up his end by investing a dime in two candy bars. Art still came in handy. He drew at night to pay for his room and board.

When it came to leaving, however, he and the school held clashing views. Jeff was offered room, board and ten dollars a week at the Millpond Playhouse in Long Island. To him, this was heaven-sent opportunity. To the school, it was a run-out. "Either finish your work here now or don't come back." He chose to follow his star to Millpond.

There it shone for a while. Though he slept on an Army cot, which his visiting mother regarded with horror, he was happy. Though they didn't always get the promised ten bucks, he and the others were having the time of their lives, developing into an all-year stock company. Food, shelter and the theater sufficed till the cold winter of 1940 set in, and they found themselves craving a certain degree of warmth. Each weekend the producer took off for his cozy hearthside, abandoning them to their heatless dorms. On one such occasion they raided the cellar. Led by Jeff as supervisor of the troupe, they gathered a bucketful of coal, piece by priceless piece, built a meager fire and tried to get the deep-freeze out of their bones. Monday restored the producer to their midst. He called them into conclave, and he wasn't kidding.

"I understand you used some coal over the weekend. Are you responsible, Ira?"

"Used it?!" exploded Jeff. "We mined it."

"You had no business to. That coal was supposed to heat the theater for the first two performances."

Allergic to being shoved around, Jeff blew his top, packed his bag and went to visit his mother. For six weeks he stayed put in New Jersey.

Big things, however, were brewing. At Millpond he'd met Bill Bryan, whom he still refers to smilingly as "my brother," so close was their friendship. Bill's folks were starting a summer stock company in Marengo, sixty miles from Chicago. "I'm



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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



What mends broken lipstick?

- ☐ Glue ☐ A heat treatment

Put pucker-paint back in the pink—by softening broken ends over low flame. Press together. When slightly cooled, smooth seam with fingernail. And to smooth off makeup, use Kleenex—absorbent, heavenly soft—so different from ordinary tissues. Saves complexions!



Clean piano keys with—

- ☐ Water ☐ Milk ☐ A boogie beat

Piano keys shrink from water. So whiten "ivories" with milk—and Kleenex tissues. Kitten-soft Kleenex protects the keys; it's sturdy...doesn't crumble. And with that Serv-a-Tissue box there's always a Kleenex tissue handy to polish furniture, ash trays, mirrors. Saves trouble.



No groping in the dark, if you—

- ☐ Eat carrots ☐ Sparkle your "specs"
☐ Use luminous paint

Save stumbling, fumbling! Outline door edges, switch plates with luminous paint. Likewise, why not sparkle your "specs" with new Kleenex eyeglass tissues? Big enough, strong enough, lint-free—and they serve one at a time.



To "save" salad bowls, avoid—

- ☐ Termites ☐ Soaking

Wooden salad bowls "wooden" warp, if you'd avoid soaking them. Scrape, dunk quickly in cool water; dry with Kleenex and stash away in a dark place. You can't beat Kleenex for K. P. duty. Let this soft, strong tissue soak up moisture, grease; save time, trouble.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

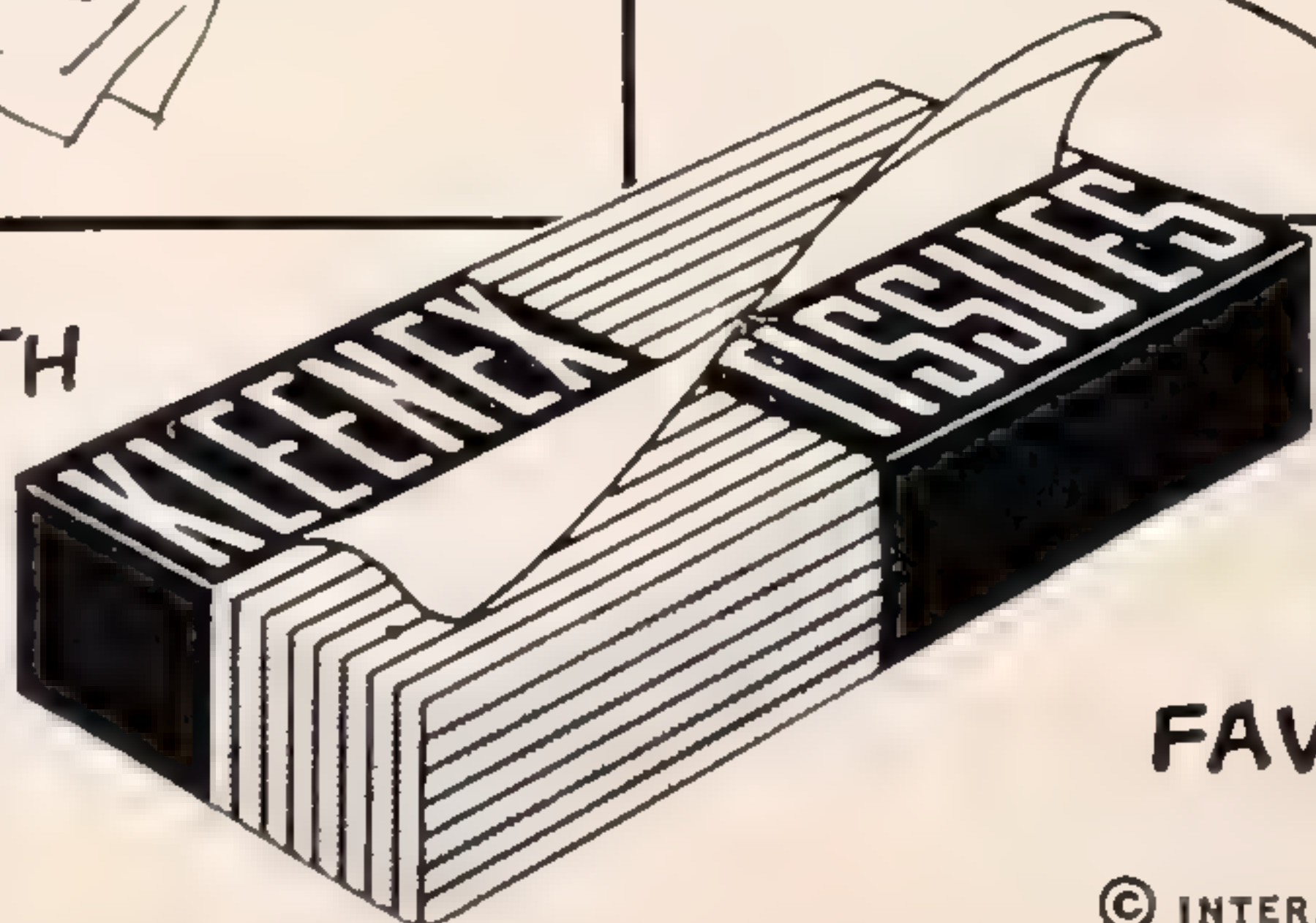
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directing," said Bill. "You're acting and designing. How can we miss?"

It was a gag, but it turned out to be fact. They wound up in the black, a rare state of affairs for summer stock in its first season. Life would have stretched rosily ahead, except that the fall of '41 showed little rose-color. Both boys had been classified 1-A. They returned East, discussing the advantages of enlistment. Jeff plumped for the Air Force, but the Air Force was being choosy in those days. Candidate Grossel weighed in at ten pounds over the limit of 200. He was all set to apply to the Royal Canadians when Bill breezed in. "Hey, I'm in the cavalry—"

"You're crazy—"

"Could be, but I'm still in the cavalry."

Bill was a skilled horseman. Jeff, a smart city cookie, knew one end of a horse from the other, and that's all he knew. But a sudden sense of overwhelming loss engulfed him at the thought that his friend would no longer be with him. "Are there any more vacancies?" he asked.

"One."

"Well, what are we waiting for? Let's get it."

Before the day ended, Jeff was a cavalryman. Toughest of all prospects lying ahead was that of breaking the news to his mother. In New Jersey he kept his bag hidden till half an hour before it was time to leave. Then he brought it out.

"What's the bag for?"

"I'm going into the Army—"

She burst into tears. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"That's why," he explained, putting his arms around her. "To keep you from crying all night..."

... A year in the cavalry. Then O.C.S. and a lieutenancy in Army Aircraft. The Aleutians for two years, and back to Texas as a training officer. Altogether four and a half years. From a boy of twenty-two to a man of twenty-seven. How does Jeff feel about those years? He shrugs. "They're four and a half years that you put away, that you'll somehow make up for and grateful for the chance, since you're one of the lucky who came out alive and unhurt."

In New York he met Marjorie Hoshelle again, whom he'd first met in Marengo. She was about to leave for Hollywood and picture work. Whether this had anything to do with Jeff's decision to try Hollywood, you'll have to dope out for yourselves. In any case, here came Jeff, primed with a wardrobe on which he'd spent one third of his savings of three thousand bucks, be-

joan fontaine's recipe for pineapple cream

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1 can sliced pineapple | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 banana | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 2 cups cream (whipped) |
| 1 medium-size bottle of maraschino cherries | |

● Cut pineapple slices and cherries into small pieces. Crush banana and force through coarse sieve. Blend pineapple, cherries and banana with sugar and lemon juice. Combine whipped cream and vanilla, then fold cream mixture into fruit. Pour into refrigerator tray and chill for 12 hours or overnight. This recipe yields six generous portions.

cause for pictures you need clothes. Neither his clothes nor any other visible asset got him a look in.

As his bank account dwindled, he wrote letters to radio producers. Then he took further action. A hamburger joint needed a night counterman. "How about me?" asked Jeff.

The boss looked him over. "Sure. Starting tonight."

It happens in stories, it happens in life. He got home to find a call for a radio show, and that was the beginning. If movies gave him the brush, with radio it was love at sight—or sound. Jobs snowballed. Before long he was hitting the majors with productions like Lux and Academy Award. A year later he had two shows of his own, and the following year became "Our Miss Brooks's boy friend—a part he still plays for love as well as money, since in some ways he prefers radio to movies. "It's not a mishmash with everybody's finger in it. Once you're at the mike, you're on your own, and you have to do it all with the voice." Contrast the mild-mannered *Boyn-ton* with *Cochise*, and you'll see how a voice can distinguish character.

BACK in '48, prompted by Dick Powell, the movies took fleeting note of Mr. Chandler. At a radio rehearsal, Dick ambled over to him. "Ever think of working in films?"

Picking himself off the floor where the shock had bounced him, Jeff stifled a horselaugh. "Yeah, I've thought about it."

"Tell you what, come over to Columbia tomorrow. We'll have a reading."

Dick introduced him to the casting director. "This kid ought to be in pictures."

The director's eyes moved from Powell to Chandler to Powell. Jeff read and translated his thoughts. "All right, you so-and-so, if you want him in pictures, we'll put him in yours."

He appeared in "Johnny O'Clock." If you remember him, you're one of the few. Not till the advent of Mishkin, almost three years later, did he get a crack at performances you can't forget.

Back in '46 too, he and Marjorie Hoshelle were married at the home of friends. "Marge had a fair career of her own. She's a good actress. But she quit the whole thing for the kids, and took a tremendous joy in my career. For a long time," he says soberly, "it was pretty wonderful." Then his face brightens. "And we have two wonderful children. They're monsters, but they're great—"

Four-year-old Jamie was named after a character played by Hepburn in "Without Love." Jeff's responsible.

"I always liked Hepburn, and I liked the flourish she gave to the part. It was fine with Marge. But when she picked Dana for the second, boy or girl, I got conscience-stricken. 'Look, we've loused up one girl with a boy's name, let's not do it again.' We settled for Deborah or Dana, depending on sex. Then in a softhearted or softheaded moment, I said, 'Okay, Dana either way,' thinking for sure it would be a boy. So Marge crossed me up and we had a girl. She's Dana."

So new is their rift that Jeff speaks of the past as if it were the present. "Wherever we go, we paint the walls dark green. It's the only color that goes with the furniture. Maybe someday we'll have the furniture re-covered..." At which point, he stops short.

You hope that someday they will have the furniture re-covered. Out at Universal, everyone's rooting for Chandler and his wife to find happiness. As you leave him standing with the sunlight on his grizzled hair and his kindly eyes shadowed, you find yourself rooting too.

THE END

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The Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw

(Continued from page 39) bliss long before their separation in 1946 when Frank's name was linked with Lana Turner's.

But always before, Frank has come home one dinnertime with a "Hi! Where's the spaghetti?" Once he arrived less casually, a \$12,000 ermine coat slung over his arm. His apologies are likely to be worded in ermine, pearls or a Cadillac. Let it be said, neither to Frank's credit nor his discredit, merely as a fact, that he is generous to a fault. Frank knows he should have more respect for money but he's never been known to do anything about this—except to keep his eyes open for a good site for a gas station when he drives through his old town of Hoboken, New Jersey. "It's a cinch I'll wind up running a gas station there," he tells you.

All these things Ava knows. Which indicates to me that she is as completely in love with Frankie as she appeared to be the night I met them at a party and Frank, proudly, introduced her to me.

It's perfectly true that under his contract with Columbia Broadcasting System Frank will make \$3,000,000 in the next three years. That's a powerful lot of money—until you start paying the taxes and surtaxes that, it is reported, leave only about twenty per cent of the gross income; then deducting Nancy's allowance of one-third of his income up to \$150,000 and ten per cent after that; paying the bills for the lavish manner in which Frank lives, his percentages to his agents, his clothes, his *beaux gestes*.

As far as money goes Ava is in a position to make for herself as much money as any individual is allowed to keep these days. As *Julie* in "Show Boat" she is a Technicolored sensation. But she still says—as she said back in 1942 when, at twenty, she married Mickey Rooney, divorcing him a year later—and again in 1946 when she married Artie Shaw to whom she was wed for exactly eight months—"I don't especially want to work. Most of all I want to be married and have children. I also want more education. My career I put third."

For Frankie certainly Ava has jeopardized her career, more than once. After the great to-do she and Frankie and the bull-fighter, Mario Cabre, staged in Spain, the executives at M-G-M spoke to her very plainly. They gave her warning first over the trans-Atlantic phone. When she returned to Hollywood she was put "on the carpet." But she countered plain talking with more plain talking. In answer to

FAMOUS NUDES



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FOOT SPECIALIST... everything's special about *this* character! Sweet-skinned, smooth-skinned... thanks to good Mennen Baby Oil. Helps prevent diaper rash, skin discomforts. Divinely soothing.



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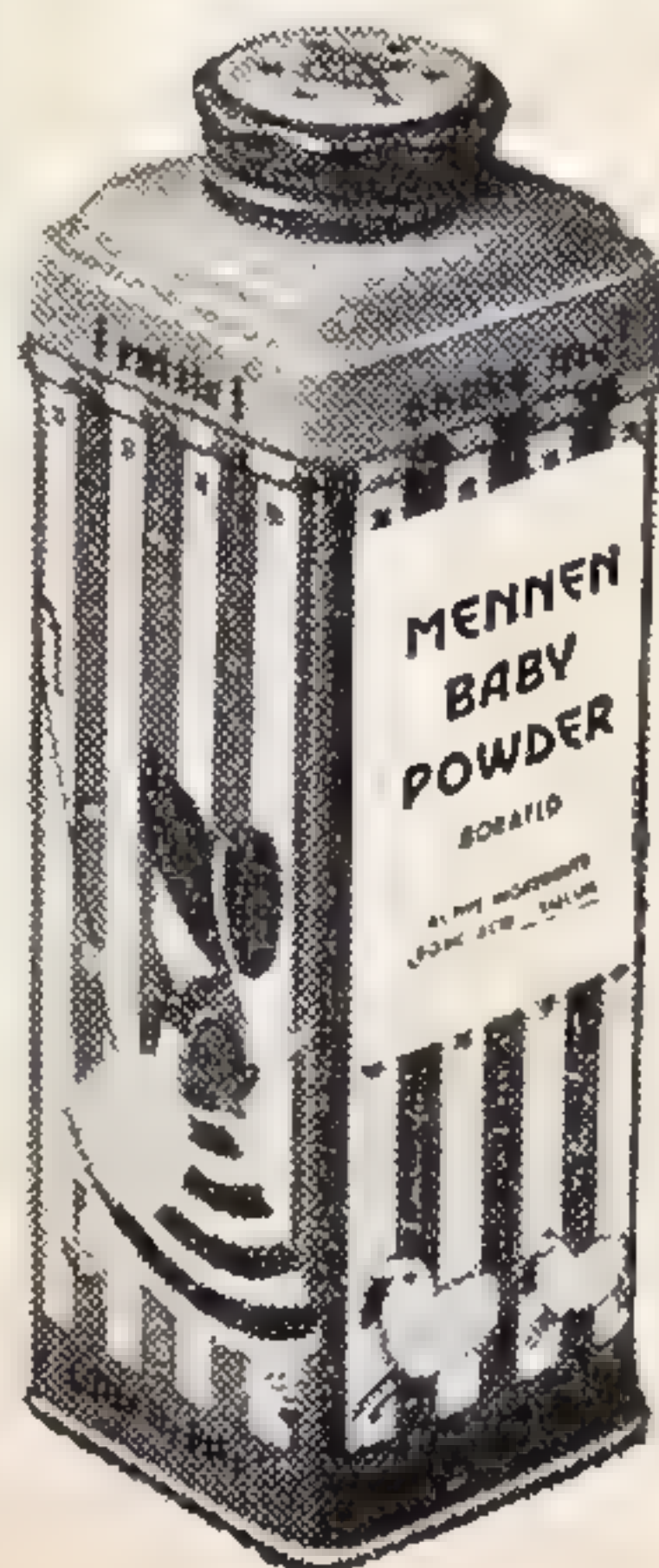


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one gentleman's criticism of Frankie I hear she replied that the only difference between Frankie and the executive was the fact that Frankie is thirty-three years old and the executive was close to twice that—so if all that Frankie had done was so terrible then such similar conduct on the executive's part was inexcusable; he surely was old enough to know better.

Nancy's family resent Ava. They blame her, not Frank, for what has happened. Frank, they say, is all "mixed up." They wish he would meet someone else and be diverted. That Frank and Ava are in love never occurs to the Barbatos.

Ava's attitude irks them. Which is understandable. When Ava's in Hollywood she drives Frank's Cadillac around town. And the instant she's free of production she flies to wherever he is. Ava spent weeks in New York shopping, with Frank's mother, for the furnishings for his Park Avenue apartment. Last winter and early this spring Frankie and Ava had trysts at Palm Springs, with Frankie's sponsors very nervous indeed about the way he winged back and forth, often returning to New York barely in time for his TV rehearsal.

NOW all of this well might be damned as brazen conduct on Ava's part. But I do not believe it is. If Ava broke up the Sinatra marriage she did an unforgivable thing. Frank in leaving home left not only his wife but three children, little Nancy, now eleven, little Frank, seven and a half, and Christina nearly three. But Frank swears his trouble with Nancy preceded his association with Ava, that Ava is wholly innocent of any blame in the break-up. A great many people in Hollywood agree. And Ava, who is convinced she had nothing to do with the Sinatra break-up, is naturally a forthright creature, not given to furtive conduct.

Also, whenever Ava and Frankie have been together they have been chaperoned. And her statements to the press have been guarded. Only once did she almost break down when in London she said: "I can't go around screaming I am in love with somebody who isn't even divorced. I think Frank is wonderful and if I were in love with anybody it would be him."

Ava would have you know that she is no *femme fatale*. And it is true there's nothing remotely mysterious about her. She adores children, is godmother of Van and Frances Heflin's four-year-old Kathy and great friends with artist Paul Clemens's ten-year-old daughter. She's a man's girl; a good companion who likes prize fights and sports; gay, comfortable, easy-going.

Whenever Ava gets dressed up she's wonderful to see, as she was the night Frankie opened at the Copacabana in New York and she postponed her flight to Europe to applaud him from a ringside table.

I've often wondered with what mixed emotions Frankie sang that night with Ava in his audience and a good luck telegram from Nancy tucked in the mirror in his dressing room.

A couple of nights later, Ava left for Europe. Reporters and photographers at the airfield looked everywhere for Frankie. And never found him. He was there just the same. But he and Ava said good-bye in the big limousine which brought them from the city while Ava's sister, Beatrice, who went to Europe with her, checked final flight arrangements.

I've wondered, I admit, about the throat hemorrhage which forced Frankie to leave

his Copa engagement and fly to Spain at the very moment Toreador Mario Cabre was protesting of Ava, "She is the woman I love with all my soul."

There was a great hurrah over a \$10,000 necklace Frank was reported to have taken to Ava. Such a gift would be typical. But Ava—maybe for politic reasons—insists Frank brought her only six bottles of a soft drink and chewing gum.

The day Frank arrived at Ava's villa on the Mediterranean, outside of Barcelona, a drenching rain was falling. So Ava, unable to work, was waiting for him. They lunched and spent a long afternoon alone, talking. Anyone who knows them knows what they talked about—their plans, if and when Nancy agrees to a divorce. Then they drove to a great estate called La Bastida where the James Masons were living. There Frankie stayed the night while Ava was put up at another estate near by.

"He has gone," Ava told reporters the next morning. "I will not see him again until late summer when I'm through production and return to New York."

But somehow in July, when Ava was working in the London studios, Frankie was in London. They were carefully chaperoned by Ava's sister, Beatrice, who lived with Ava in her Park Lane flat.

In Spain Mario Cabre told reporters, "I'm not going to marry Ava, because it takes two to be in love."

But this time Frankie, too, was convinced Mario never was going to marry Ava. Where he had been very unhappy about Mario a few months earlier, he now was equal to little jokes about him.

"When Frank gets back," Ava told reporters when she flew home, "he's threatening to arrive with his hair in a braid and wearing a bullfighter's costume."

He came—wearing no braid and no bullfighter's costume—but bearing gifts... a gold charm bracelet from Paris for Nancy, toys for his children.

Rumors of a reconciliation were rife. They also were short-lived. Because by this time all Hollywood was buzzing with all the things Ava had had to say to the M-G-M bosses who were said to be thinking about withholding the plum role of *Julie* in "Showboat" from Ava unless she quit seeing Sinatra once and for all.

"I don't get it," a young starlet on the Metro lot said. "I can see what Sinatra sees in her all right. I'm not blind. But what she sees in him—that's the puzzle."

I know what Ava sees in Frankie...

He's no *Adonis*. He can be rude and abrupt. He's hotheaded. He never lets his right hand know what his left hand does—and this probably is just as well. He has associated with wrong people in his time, I suspect.

But there's more to Frankie than this. We met, in 1943, as implacable enemies, for I had attacked him frightfully in my newspaper column. Soon, however, we became friends. How this happened is a fascinating story which I must save for next month when I'll also tell how—although Hollywood insists Nancy never will give Frank a divorce and Ava never will submit to a high flyer in Mexico without Nancy's permission—I think their summer marriage will be arranged.

Next month, Elsa follows up her amazing prediction with her reasons for making it—and more behind-the-headline news about Ava and Frankie. Reserve your July Photoplay now—on sale June 8.

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according to a jury of Hollywood men.
In July Photoplay on sale June 8th

DICK LONG GOES TO WAR

He's Hollywood's first recruit,
just another GI Joe—and the only stars he
sees are the ones he'd better salute!



Dick, on "Air Cadet" set, shows Steve McNally, director Pevney, draft notice



So little time and so much to say, by Mom, before Dick reports to draft board



A last date with Peggy Dow, a last look, as civilian, at lights of Sunset and Vine



At Patriotic Hall, in downtown Los Angeles, Dick is sworn in with other recruits



Pvt. Richard Long pauses with his buddies during break in training. Left, Jack Sato, Kenneth Franklin, Bob Lawhead, Dick, Joseph Goss

Stardust Bras

-for *thrift*
with a *lift!*



Hoot mon...*what* a br-r-a and *what* a bar-r-r-gain! Stardust knows how to make the *most* of curves for the *least* in cost. Be the envy of every eye, with youthful uplift and separation. Here's a bra that's so good it's *guaranteed* for a *whole* year of happy wearings and countless washings! With self-lined inner-cup control and covered seams...here's needlework at its *best!* And fabrics at their *best*, too: choose rayon satin or cotton, A, B & C cups; also nylon.

"The bra \$1.00 that made famous!"

STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1

Announcing an Exciting New Contest

(Continued from page 35) Playhouse—where Dana Andrews, William Holden, Eleanor Parker and others, whose names are synonymous with the acting profession, once studied—is a small Western college. Sprawled informally over a picturesque community, surrounded by miles of citrus groves, the low buildings are in the casual Spanish mood. In the distance are the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Madres. Nine miles away is the metropolis of Los Angeles and within an hour's drive, the sparkling blue waters of the Pacific.

Students at the Playhouse are like students everywhere. They wear the same easy clothes, they are filled with the same desire to cram eating, sleeping, friendship, study and play into every twenty-four hours. But the talk here is professional. And everywhere there is the intense enthusiasm for acting which is not just a profession but a way of life.

The spirit of Pasadena is as young as the students, as old as the art of acting. There are classes in dramatics and theories. There are classes in speech where voices are developed to their richest tones. There are classes in stage movement and the dance where students learn to accent a mood with the simple turn of the head or motion of the hand. And finally, there is the first rehearsal, the first play.

In time, those who study at Pasadena develop into full-fledged members of The Theater. They become part of a team that functions as a stock company, continuously casting, producing, presenting plays in one of Pasadena's four Playhouses. Nightly the curtain rises, nightly the newcomers face the test of experience. The theories learned come into focus. The talent that was just a promise is at last fulfilled.

PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP RULES

- Entrants must have been graduated from high school or be a member of a June 1951 graduating high school class. They must have maintained a grade average of "C" or better during their last school year.
- Entrants must be young women of adequate physical health and under 25 years of age on July 1, 1951. They must reside within the continental limits of the United States.
- All material must be typewritten, double spaced on white paper not larger than 8 x 11 inches. The name and address of the contestant must appear in upper right hand corner of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will not be returned.
- All material must be mailed to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
- To enter this contest, submit the following items postmarked not later than June 25:
 - Enrollment blank, or reasonable facsimile thereof, found on page 32.
 - Answers to questionnaire on page 95.
 - A letter of not more than 300 words on: Why I want to be an actress. Tell why you think you can act. State your reasons simply. Your letter will be read for content, not literary style.
- If you qualify for the second stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Then you will be asked to send postmarked not later than July 25:
 - Two snapshots—one full length candid snapshot, one close-up snapshot.
 - A voice recording not more than four minutes in length, based on one of the scenes that will appear in the July Photoplay (on the newsstands June 9). Voice

Just try the smooth top...



"Perfect Sleeper"

AMERICA'S FINEST SMOOTH, MOST COOING MATTRESS

Try! You will instantly discover that particular "Perfect Sleeper" feeling*... a smooth, soothing, more relaxing comfort

... found in no other mattress.

***Serta Smooth-Top Construction** ***Vitalized Coil Cushioning** ***Uni-Matic Innerspring Unit**
 GUARANTEED—against any defects caused by faulty materials, workmanship or construction.
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SERTA ASSOCIATES, INC. Chicago, Illinois



you sleep on it... not in it!



Look for the "Perfect Sleeper" Hand



recordings must be paid for by the contestants. Recordings vary in price from thirty-five cents to two dollars.

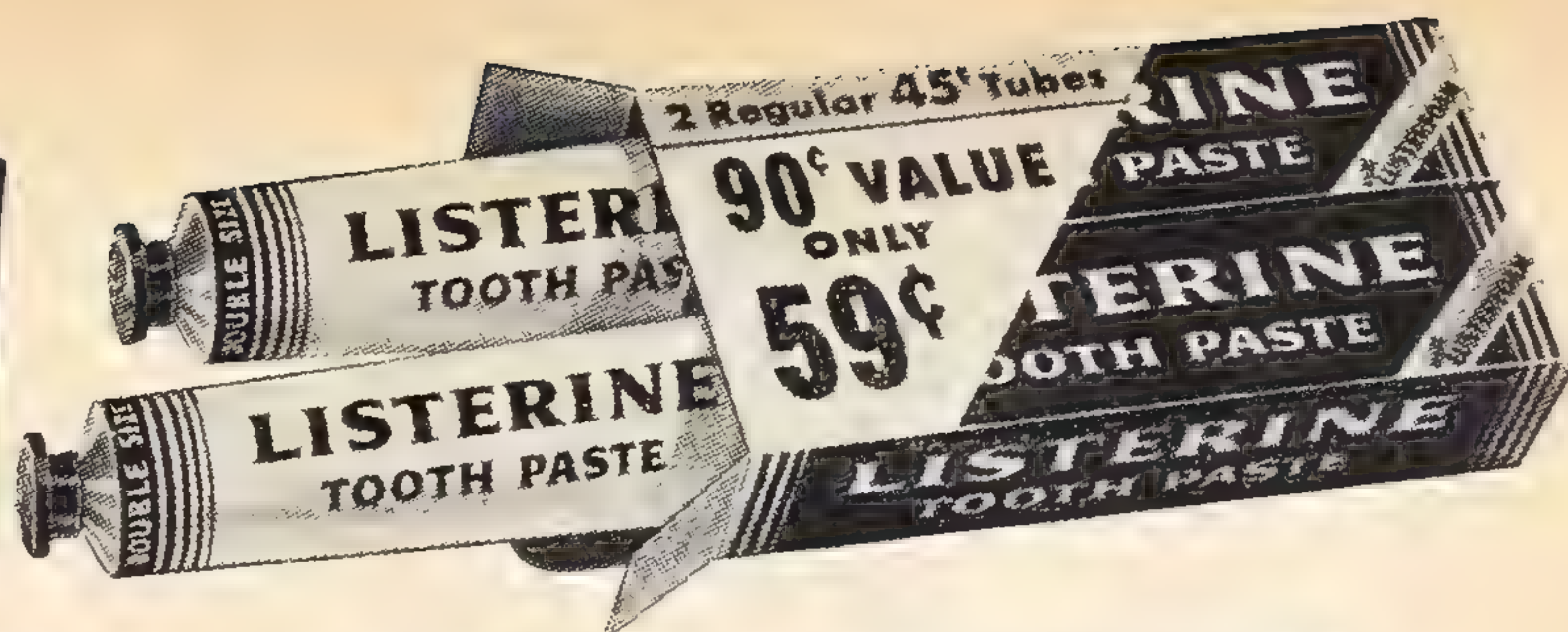
7. If you are eligible for the third stage of the contest, you will be notified by August 6. You will be auditioned before a local board of dramatic authorities appointed by Photoplay. The auditions will be held in towns convenient to the greatest number of contestants during the week of August 13-18. You will be judged on the basis of a prepared reading, an impromptu reading and a pantomime. You also will be required to submit, not later than August 25:
 - a. Two letters of character reference from outstanding members of your community—clergyman, doctor, teacher or businessman.
 - b. A photostated copy of your high school record. (Since most schools will be closed at this time, it is suggested that you have a copy of this record photostated when you enter the contest.) If you have had some college training, you will also be asked to submit a copy of your college record.
8. From the auditions, three final candidates will be chosen. If selected, you will be notified by September 6, that you are invited, as the guest of Photoplay, to visit the Pasadena Playhouse during the week of September 17-22. Here, you will be auditioned by the board of judges listed below. And at this time, the scholarship student will be chosen.
9. The final judges of this contest will be:
 1. Ethel Barrymore—actress
 2. Gregory Peck—actor
 3. Stanley Kramer—producer
 4. Joseph Mankiewicz—director
 5. Thomas Browne Henry—Dean, Pasadena Playhouse
 6. Lyle Rooks—Hollywood editor Photoplay
10. The decision of the judges will be final.
11. This contest is not open to employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., or to members of their families.
12. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
13. This contest is subject to all State and Federal regulations.
14. The winner of this contest will be announced in the December, 1951, issue of Photoplay.

QUESTIONNAIRE—PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

Answer the following questions numerically. Please type your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each page.

1. List the high schools, business schools, colleges or universities you have attended, with addresses. Give complete dates, diplomas granted or degrees conferred.
2. List any theatrical experience, including school, camp, church, community or professional work.
3. Have you done any writing outside of routine class assignments? If so, list this writing, together with the name of any publication in which it has appeared.
4. Have you done any art or design work? If so, list this work together with the name of any publications in which it has appeared. Also, state the art courses you have taken.
5. Do you sing, dance or play a musical instrument? What? State your training.
6. Indicate your first and second choices among:
 - a. motion picture actors, actresses, films
 - b. radio male, female performers, programs
 - c. television male, female performers, programs
 - d. stage actors, actresses, plays
 - e. poems, poets
 - f. plays, playwrights
 - g. fiction, non-fiction, authors
 - h. classical music, popular compositions, composers
 - i. magazines, other than Photoplay

NOW



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SAVE \$3⁰⁰ A YEAR!

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EVERY TIME you buy a Thrift-Pak, you get enough Listerine Tooth Paste to last the average family for a whole month. You get *two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢, a saving of over 30¢. Within a year the average family's *bound* to save as much as \$3 or more!

You're *sure* of Listerine Tooth Paste quality! As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. There is no dentifrice you can buy that beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- Reducing tooth decay
 - Thorough polishing
 - Sparkling flavor
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- ("Listerine" means breath control!)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make this low price Thrift-Pak possible.

Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak today, and that \$3 saving is yours to do what you want with. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste...not a single one...beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

if you



Cultivate the "divine"
discontent and you'll go
further than you dream



You deserve a brush-
off if you don't brush
up on how to keep a
gleam in your hair



Cultivate the Divine Discontent

I have never really been a contented person--completely satisfied, that is, with myself. As long as I can remember, there have always been things I wanted to learn, new places I wanted to explore, new ideas I wanted to investigate. And improvements I wanted to make in myself--in my appearance, my work, my relations with other people.

Recently I heard a man say about a friend of mine, "Mary could be very charming--if she weren't so discontented."

It brought me up short and I found myself resisting--even resenting--the gentleman's criticism of my friend. Mary's restless urge to make something of herself is one of her most intriguing qualities. She is an actress whose talent has never really had a chance to flower, a bright girl whose intelligence is ignored because she happens to look helplessly fragile and pretty. I respect and admire her discontent--and I would say that the quality is a virtue--and charming--if it is controlled and turned into constructive effort to change the unsatisfactory state of affairs which caused it.

I share the sentiment of whatever sage it was who called it the "divine discontent." Insofar as our dissatisfactions prod us to grow and change, it seems to me they are indeed "divine."

But then aren't all our personality traits good or bad according to their direction--or their degree?

I've heard a lot of ugly talk about competition, too, and yet the competitive spirit--so long as it is free of jealousy--has moved more mountains than any other force I know of. So let's stop putting ugly labels on the components of charm.

Skip the Envy--Get Busy

There's one form of discontent, anything but divine, which routs charm faster than DDT scatters insects.

That's the surly, self-pitying envy which spills out in resentment of "that lucky Jane whose hair always looks so glistening and well-groomed while mine looks like an unmade bed"--or the kind of discontent that insists "I'd be popular too if I could afford all those pretty clothes."

Nonsense! Jane probably does her hair herself, brushing it religiously, shampooing it regularly, drying it in the sun, and rolling up the ends at night in big, fat pin curls. You could do that, too,

Joan's exaggerated lip make-up
was provocative on the screen. On
the street it's--provoking!

want to be charming

by *Joan Crawford*

Star of "Goodbye, My Fancy"



you self-pitying girls, if you didn't waste all your charm time envying other girls while you scowled helplessly at your razzle dazzle selves in the mirror.

And this business of clothes. A dress's style, good taste and--most important--rightness for you is something quite apart from its price tag. I know that. I bought all my clothes for my early scenes in "The Damned Don't Cry" at Sears Roebuck--and I know that a dress can be downright cheap yet becoming if it's selected with self-knowledge and care.

Self-knowledge! That's the real trick. The more popular girl probably doesn't spend any more money on her wardrobe than you do. The know-how which really accounts for her success with clothes is a knowledge of her own type--her good points and her bad ones. If she has a long neck, you won't catch her falling for a plunging neckline, and she won't allow a too-wide, too-elaborate belt to call attention to an out-of-control waistline.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but I was more horrified than flattered when I learned that sixteen-year-old girls with baby-doll faces all over the country were painting their mouths into out-size red gashes in imitation of the rather exaggerated lip make-up I affected for a particular part in a particular picture a few years ago. It was right for me, for that role, at least. But most girls will find their natural lipline vastly more natural looking and becoming.

No one can deny that we can all learn new beauty tricks, fashion touches, new secrets of charm by observing other women--whether on the screen or on the boulevards of our own home towns. But unless we ask ourselves that crucial question, "Is it right for me?" any attempt to improve through imitation is apt to prove disastrous.

I know we're especially lucky in my business--we can "see ourselves as others see us." We may make a mistake once, but, believe me, we don't repeat it.

A good full-length mirror and a really candid look at oneself, though, will give the same saving self-knowledge to you.

Be sure--absolutely sure--(Continued on page 105)



Take a good look at yourself one
night a week and you
won't have time to brood--alone

Drawings by Shortall

ask

any
Tampax user
what
SHE thinks

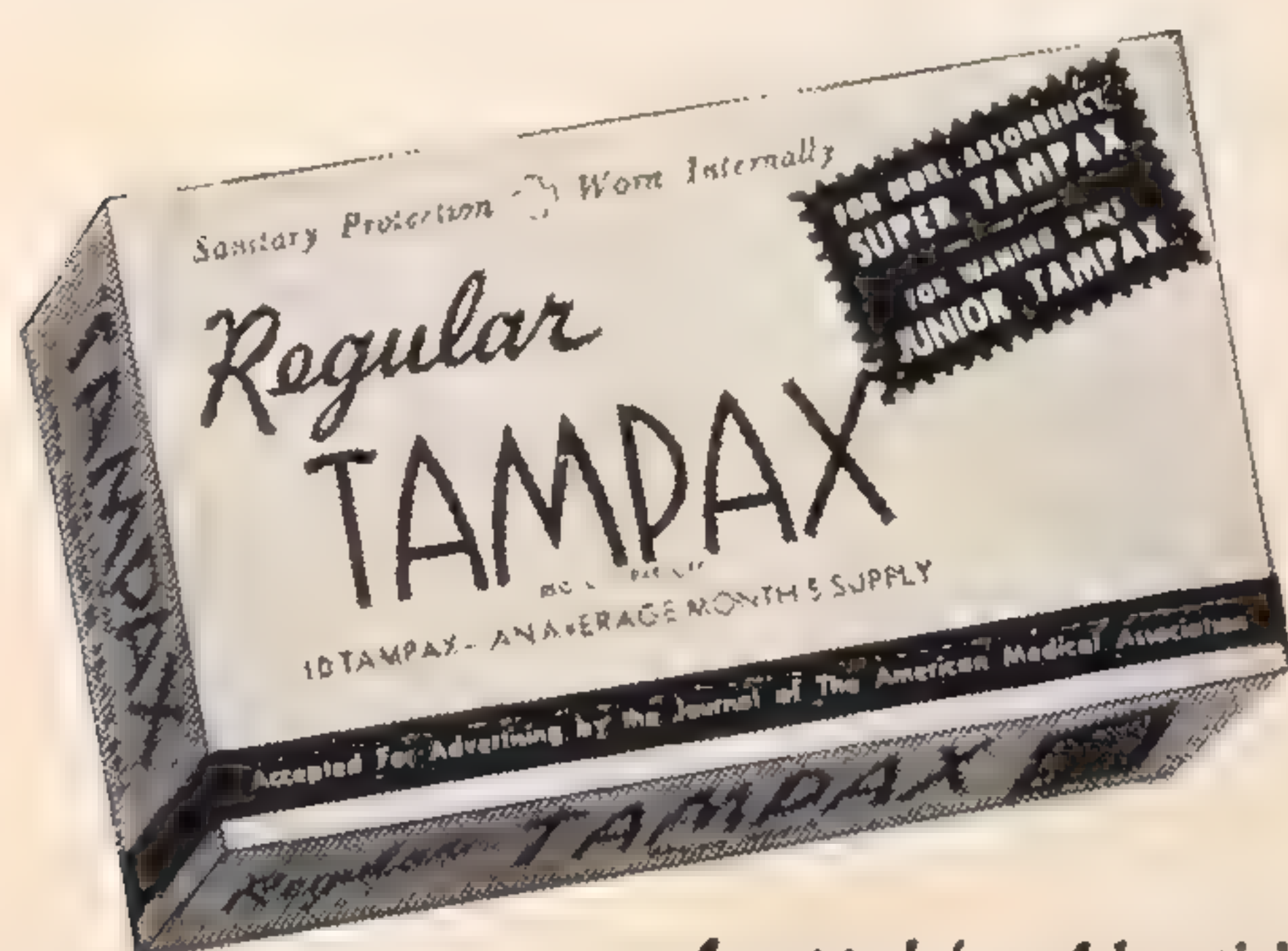


Woman to woman—that's the way to get the plain facts about monthly sanitary protection. . . . First she will tell you about the small size and daintiness of Tampax,

which is worn internally without belts, pins, external pads. Second, the absence of odor and chafing, the invisibility under clothing—no bulges or ridges under sheer gowns or snug swim suits.

She will undoubtedly mention the slim one-time-use applicator—no need to touch the Tampax with your hands. You cannot feel it when in place and you can even wear it in tub or shower. . . . Tampax is made of surgical absorbent cotton. Highly compressed. Easily disposable.

Tampax is sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's average supply goes into purse. Economy box lasts 4 months. Tampax was invented by a doctor for either married or single women. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Continued Love Story

(Continued from page 37) I ran into him on the Paramount lot—just outside the rehearsal stage of "Detective Story."

He neither smiled nor frowned. He just gave with the old stock phrase, "We have no plans. Besides, Louella—any announcement should come from Irene."

"Oh, come, come, come, Emily Post," I said, "You're talking to Louella, your favorite Charleston partner, remember?"

A slow grin spread over his not-so-handsome-but-oh-so-nice face. But he said nothing.

"All right," I challenged, "Are you two cooling—as I've also heard?"

That got him. "No, that's not true," he replied quickly, "Irene is a wonderful girl and I see her as much as possible. But right now I'm working all day and sometimes late into the night on 'Detective Story.' That gives me very little chance for any sort of life outside the studio."

"Very interesting," I mentally said to myself, "but not what I want to know, old boy."

Aloud, I persisted (he must have been saying to himself "Louella Parsons is the

★ "If you could treat the men you want the way you treat the men you don't want, you would have no romantic problem."

. . . . BETTY HUTTON

rudest woman I know"), "Kirk, you are free now. There's no obstacle to your marrying Irene any time you desire."

MY boy friend sighed. "Tell me one thing. Why does everything have to be either ecstasy or despair in Hollywood? Why can't things just go on without being one extreme or the other. If I don't say flatly that I am marrying Irene it's assumed we are cooling."

"I'm devoted to her. She's the only girl I ever see, have any interest in. But do we have to rush into matrimony the moment my divorce is granted?"

I laughed. "You're a one-woman man, anyway, Kirk—and I admire you for it."

When he was married to Diana he never looked at another woman. Then came Evelyn Keyes and for weeks his whole time and attention were directed toward her. Now, Irene has been the object of his affections for almost a year.

"You're what my grandmother used to call a 'good, solid prospect and the makings of a fine husband,' Kirk," I said.

And he is. But Hollywood is no small town and Kirk is no ordinary "nice, eligible young man." Times and towns have changed since Grandma was a girl. In his and Irene's case there are important factors both for and against a marriage.

Let's look at the latter side first: Kirk, divorced from Diana Douglas, is no longer a husband. But he's still very much a father, and a great deal of his former marriage still remains part of his life.

The pronouncement of a divorce court has not kept Kirk and Diana from remaining the best of friends, and it isn't because they are putting on a pleasant face for the sake of their children—they still like each other!

Not for a minute am I trying to insinuate that there is any emotional hangover between them. Theirs is a great friendship built on the memory of the fine years

CORN SUFFERERS happy over WONDERFUL NEWS!



Tests Showed Exclusive PHENYLUM,
Wonder Drug of New BLUE-JAY
Corn Plasters, Went to Work

33% Faster, Worked 35% More Surely!

When corn sufferers tested new Blue-Jay Corn Plasters with exclusive medication *Phenylum*, three out of four said, "Best corn treatment I ever used, by far!"

Yes, *Phenylum* is the newest, fastest-acting, most effective medication for corns and calluses ever developed . . . the result of years of work by Blue-Jay scientists.

Why not get this blessed relief yourself, now! Ask today at your favorite drug counter for New-Formula Blue-Jay Corn or Callus Plasters containing *Phenylum*!



ONLY NEW BLUE-JAY
CORN OR CALLUS PLASTERS
HAVE PHENYLUM!



they shared. To this day, neither makes a move in his or her career without consulting the other. Diana makes no decisions, even the smallest, regarding the two sons they both love so deeply, without Kirk's advice.

Such a situation is very comfortable and comforting to a man. In view of such an ideal situation, it would be in the nature of very few men, indeed, to hurry into marriage again.

But Kirk also is a kind man and a gallant man. He's also very much in love with Irene whose charm and social position are international.

Irene, chic and charming, has lived on the front pages of newspapers almost all of her twenty-four years. Her life has been filled with as much drama, excitement and, yes, melodrama, as any fictional heroine in one of Kirk's pictures.

When Kirk first met the elder daughter of the fabulously wealthy Charles Wrightsman, some gossips said he was vastly impressed by her position in life. Kirk's never made any secret of the fact that he comes of a once poor family.

This isn't a biography and there's no reason to go more deeply into Kirk's very fine success story. The point is that by the time he and Irene met in magical Hollywood he was a \$150,000 per picture actor and Irene was on the verge of being disinherited by her father because she might marry Robert Stack!

Wrightsmen, it seems, is of a "disinheriting" frame of mind where his two lovely daughters (Charlene, the younger, is the ex-wife of Helmut Dantine) are concerned. He hates actors! And Freddie McEvoy, Irene's first spouse, he hated on specific grounds. He was in a rage when Irene eloped with McEvoy, playboy, ex-boy friend of Barbara Hutton, pal of Errol Flynn in his escapades and man-of-the-

world fifteen years Irene's senior. It proved a terribly unhappy marriage. Irene was on the verge of leaving McEvoy before their first daughter was born. But they patched up their many rifts and later a second child was born to them. The first baby died in a Mexico City hospital when she was two.

WHEN Irene and McEvoy finally parted, as was inevitable, he took his other daughter to Paris with him and for years she lived with his mother. When he married again, the little girl remained with her father and his new French wife.

Irene, herself, never sees the child—never tries to. Because she is a warm, really sympathetic person, many people find this hard to understand. But her closest friends, who love her, say:

"She was just a child herself when Fred took the baby with him. Her life with him had been so unhappy it isn't any great mystery that she tried to put everything connected with it out of her life—as though it had never happened. She knows, too, that Freddie is a marvelous father. Isn't it better that the child should grow up with solid foundations rather than be yanked from one side of an ocean to the other, an innocent pawn in the lives of a father and mother who have nothing in common?"

Even so, Irene's life might have been vastly different if, divorced, she had not fallen very deeply in love with Bob Stack, after her parting from Freddie. It was a love story that lasted for five years. Many times they were on the verge of marriage. Many things stopped them. That's another story, a closed chapter.

When Irene and Kirk met both were unhappy, going through emotional crises.

From the beginning there was physical attraction between them—the beautiful girl, still very young in spite of the tragedies in her life and the good-looking,

virile Kirk, just fully realizing the success for which he had worked so hard.

From that first "date" neither went out with anyone else. But I think the year they had to wait for Kirk's divorce to become final gave them the necessary time to realize they were growing really in love.

And here is where we come to the *pro* arguments for their eventual marriage: They have found something very wonderful. The physical attraction is still there. But they also are marvelous companions.

She likes the outdoor life as well as he does. And, luckily, he likes the same social things which please her. They are equally at home on the tennis court, golf links, cocktail parties, night clubs, or taking long lazy drives along the Pacific.

Irene has no career of her own to divert her interest from Kirk's life. Night after night she has curled up in a chair as he read his script aloud to her. When she and Kirk appear in public, she poses willingly for photographers. She knows that good publicity is good for his career.

When he is tired from long hours at the studio, she drives his car to pick him up. She laughs at his jokes. She sympathizes with his "moods." And all the time, she's lovely to look at—in the sunshine or under the spotlight.

Irene, whom the world thinks of as a madcap heiress, is to Kirk a warm, wistful and understanding companion. His film success has planted his feet firmly on any world in which she may move. He may specialize in "he-man" roles of prizefighters, detectives and hard-boiled newspapermen—but Kirk today is a poised, cultured, intelligent man who can move with poise through any circle he chooses.

It's never safe to prophesy any Hollywood marriage—but I think they may be married by the time you read this.

THE END

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .

but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests has there been proof of such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!



**Look for these
Complexion
Improvements
in 14 days!**

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

**For Tub
or Shower
Get Big
Bath Size Palmolive!**

YODORA

the gentler cream deodorant that works

2 WAYS



stops

perspiration odor

instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

softens

and beautifies underarm skin

because of its *face cream* base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.



McKESSON & ROBBINS BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Let These Hollywood Experts Chart Your Beauty Course

(Continued from page 84) inch likes being—well—not a clothes horse but let's say a clothes pony. She always wears the short, full-skirted evening gowns that are strapless. For her height, she has well-nigh faultless proportions. Look at this:

Height 5'11½"
Weight 102
Waist 22
Bust 33
Hips 33

Debbie chooses skirts that swing, to show her lovely legs, and by day she is apt to wear cottons in blue and white or red and white checks, knowing they suit her type and her impudent mood.

She makes up according to her mood and the occasion. Sometimes she makes herself look like the most casual high-school girl, but it also amuses her—particularly at formal parties—to change this look by adding a chignon to her hair and false eyelashes around her laughing eyes—and emerge as "Little Miss Dynamite."

★ "You will never have a friend if you must have one without a fault."

... ANN SHERIDAN

The only trouble with these six belles is that their figures are God-given. But there are girls in Hollywood who didn't start out with ideal proportions—but who attained them. You can, too. Check these six girls and find the one nearest your type. If your proportions aren't ideal there are corrective exercises.

Jim Davies says that for over-all figure improvement nothing equals swimming. It is his argument that any girl, regardless of her age, can make her figure virtually flawless if she will swim—and swim hard for a minimum of a half hour daily. So—with vacation-time coming on, remember to swim; not just in a relaxed floating way. Make it a good hard routine.

Now for the Davies figure correction exercises for waistline and abdomen.

Begin all exercises moderately—five times the first day, ten the next, on up to twenty. After twenty, make yourself work out every day, without exception.

To reduce your waistline: Exercise one: With your knees stiff, touch the toes of your right foot with the fingertips of your left hand. Then touch the left toes with your right-hand fingertips. Alternate briskly from one position to the other. This is an oldie, but it gets results.

Exercise two: With hands on hips, body erect, heels together, tummy contracted, make a low bow (as low as you can), then rotate torso as far to the sides, as low to the back as possible.

To flatten your midriff: Sit on the floor, your feet hooked under a bedrail or a chair that won't tip, then gradually bend backwards till you are lying flat, then pull up to a sitting position, then forward till your head as nearly touches your knees as you can make it. This is a tough exercise. You should do it carefully and slowly. By the time you can do it twenty times daily, you'll be so flat and limber you won't know yourself.

Pat Neal is in "Raton Pass," Jane Russell in "His Kind of Woman," Gene Tierney in "On the Riviera," Ruth Roman in "Strangers on a Train," Debbie Reynolds in "Mr. Imperium," June Allyson in "Too Young to Kiss."

THE END

A revolutionary new Improvement in Internal Sanitary Protection

Pursettes

'MEDICALLY-CORRECT'

The Only Tampon with lubricated tip

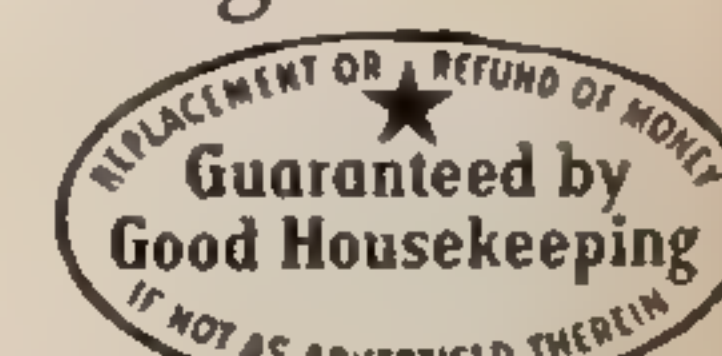
Just watch women quickly change over to Pursettes—the sensational new tampon for internal sanitary protection. Pursettes—developed by a practicing surgeon—offer an almost unbelievable new degree of comfort, security, and convenience.

Pursettes are 'medically-correct'—the *lubricated tip* makes insertion easier than ever. No applicator is needed. Pursettes are purposely designed to be small in size yet insure greater absorbency. Just test their absorbency in a glass of water—you'll be simply astounded! And one 'safety-margin' size makes it adequate for all users.



These remarkable new Pursettes guarantee *silhouette security*. No telltale bulges. No pins or belts. No odor. No chafing.

Be up to date. Change to Pursettes.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Be sure to get this dainty jewel-black plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 30)

PBX operator at the Los Angeles YWCA. She plays the piano and the violin and spends most of her time away from studios with her four-year-old daughter "Suzy Bear" . . . Willard Parker, one of the tallest actors in Hollywood, will marry Virginia Field, ex-wife of Paul Douglas, as soon as his divorce is final.

✓✓ (A) The Brave Bulls (Columbia)

PHOTOGRAPHED in and around Mexico's real bull rings, this picture, which tells the story of Mexican bullfighting in terms of a man's courage, has authenticity plus. Mel Ferrer plays the part of the matador. Mexican star Miroslava plays the glamorous and worldly Linda who finds thrills in bullfighting—and bull-fighters. Anthony Quinn plays the matador's manager and, unknown to him, Linda's lover. Jose Torvay is the bull-ring promoter who loves money and bulls. Charlita, and there's a sexy little number, plays a Mexican girl who tries to console the betrayed matador. However, it's Eugene Iglesias as a youngster who wants to fight the bulls who gives the stand-out performance.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like bull fighting.

Program Notes: Actor-director Mel Ferrer was once a dancer in Broadway musicals (taught by Clifton Webb) so it was not too difficult for him to master the grace and technique of the bullfighter. Mel once lived in Mexico and speaks Spanish fluently . . . Miroslava is idolized by Mexican film-goers. She was born in Czechoslovakia, fled to Mexico to escape Hitler, and has now become a Mexican citizen. She has appeared in ten

Mexican roles . . . This is the first film Anthony Quinn, Cecil B. De Mille's son-in-law, has made in three years . . . Eugene Iglesias is a Puerto Rican actor whom Rossen discovered at Columbia University . . . Jose Torvay is a veteran Mexican actor who has played in dozens of films south of the border . . . Charlita is a sultry Latin from New England. . . . To assure authenticity Rossen called upon the top bull-fighting talent of Mexico to film key scenes with the bulls. Rossen shot six regular public bull-fights in the Plaza Mexico to secure key footage for the film. Many of the matadors, picadors and banderilla throwers on the Plaza's star list play themselves on the screen.

✓✓ (F) Katie Did It (U-I)

WHAT Katie did is the basic plot for this light comedy-romance . . . which offers Ann Blyth as the ultra-conservative daughter of a staid New England family and Mark Stevens as a dashing young magazine illustrator bent on breaking down her reserve. The couple meet just as Ann is about to announce her engagement to the son of the town banker, played by Craig Stevens. Mark, through a series of escapades, manages not only to break up the engagement plans but to cause a minor scandal centering around Ann. Cecil Kellaway, Elizabeth Patterson, Jesse White and William Lynn help with the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Good escapist entertainment.

Program Notes: Ann Blyth was voted honorary mayor of Toluca Lake last year by her neighbors. Ever since then, says Ann,

she's been up to her neck in animal shelters, community rest rooms, child welfare centers and sewer assessments. Ann also finds time to attend premieres and industry parties, though she isn't much of a night-club girl. Her most steady escorts are Scott Brady and Dick Clayton . . . Mark Stevens claims he was a right remarkable salesman in the old days when he was bumming around the world picking up commissions that he managed to spend almost as fast as he got them. Once, he says, he even sold 100,000 tons of sand to a contractor working on a power-dam project on the edge of the Sahara Desert.

✓✓ (A) I Can Get It for You Wholesale (20th Century-Fox)

THE hustling, bustling garment industry of New York's Seventh Avenue is the background for this rather routine comedy drama which has three excellent assets, Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey and George Sanders. Susan plays an aggressive female with a talent for designing who goes to the top in the dress business, walking over dead bodies on her way up. She uses Dan Dailey, a top salesman for inexpensive dresses, to get herself started, and easily promotes herself from there into the big time with George Sanders, a de luxe gown tycoon. After she has thrown her partners, Dan and Sam Jaffee, into bankruptcy she suddenly realizes she has been a naughty girl and hurries back to Dan's loving arms. George, sleek and polished as always, is quite philosophical about the whole thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Old formula, new background.

The answer from telephone operators:

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PLUS TAX
2 FULL OUNCES

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PARIS LONDON NEW YORK



Program Notes: This film was adapted from Jerome Weidman's satirical novel published in 1937. The title has been retained, but not much else . . . Susan Hayward graduated from Girls Commercial High in Brooklyn, and got herself a job modeling in New York—so she's right at home in the modeling sequences in this film. The clothes she models, so says the studio, provide a glimpse of 1951-52 fashions. On Susie they look good. Right after she finished this picture, Susan and her husband, Jess Barker, left for Atlanta for the gala premiere of "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain." Jess, a Georgia boy, was right in his element. Susie liked everything about the South except those Southern-cured hams. Naturally everybody gave her one . . . Song-and-dance-man Dan Dailey dances only once in this picture—in a ballroom scene. A hoofer since he was six years old, Dan played in over a dozen non-dancing pictures before he signed with 20th Century-Fox and became one of their big dancing stars. Dan recently left the sanitarium in the Middle West, where he was recovering his health, to return to Hollywood . . . George Sanders knew his fabrics just as well as Susan knew her modeling. Years ago he went to the Manchester Technical School in England where he specialized in textiles, later going into the textile business. He sang for a group of friends at a party one night, a producer heard him, put him in a musical show, and he's never been near the dressmaking industry since—until this picture came along.

✓✓ (F) Along the Great Divide (Warners)

IN THIS Western melodrama Kirk Douglas plays a frontier marshal who saves a friendly old cattle rustler, Walter Brennan, from a hanging. Rich rancher Morris Ankrum accuses the old man of murdering his favorite son, and he and his other son, James Anderson, are ready to take the law into their hands. Kirk and his two deputies, John Agar and Ray Teal, take Walter off to prison, pursued by the would-be lynchers, across as wide and as hot a stretch of desert as the screen has seen since Gregory Peck sweated across the sands in "Yellow Sky." Virginia Mayo plays Walter's gun-shooting daughter, and naturally the marshal takes quite a shine to her. This is Kirk's first Western and he gives a good account of himself as a U. S. officer and a stickler for the law.

Your Reviewer Says: The usual Western.

Program Notes: This picture was made on location near Lone Pine, California, favorite spot of hundreds of Westerns. Near Lone Pine are the remains of an ancient mountain range, known as the Alabama hills, which have been called the "oldest hills in the world." Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, is in the background. The rest of the location was done on the Mojave Desert, where the company worked at 110° . . . Kirk says he found it considerably more rugged than he thought. He was hurt the first day of shooting when his horse brushed him against a mountain wall. Kirk bought a fabulous \$75 Stetson to celebrate the start of his first Western. He learned to ride for this film, and says he plans to buy several good mounts in the near future. Millionaire-socialite Irene Wrightsman visited him often on the location. Irene roughed it right along with the rest of the company . . . Virginia Mayo brought her house trailer, her husband, Michael O'Shea, and her dog, Dukie, to the location. She did the cooking for both of them in the trailer . . . John Agar decided there was no place like home while he was on this location. So when the company returned to Hollywood he moved back to his mother's house in Westwood, a Los Angeles suburb. Since



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his break-up with Shirley Temple he had been batching it with two young actors whom he met while making "Breakthrough."

✓ (F) The Painted Hills (M-G-M)

IN her (his) latest picture Lassie takes it upon her capable self to avenge the murder of her beloved master, an old sourdough of the 1870's. His partner's greed for gold is the cause of the murder, which takes place in Oregon's Cascade Mountains. Lassie makes friends with a boy who helps her run down the villain. Paul Kelly, too fine an actor for this picture, plays the old prospector, and Bruce Cowling his partner. Gary Gray is the boy and Ann Doran his mother.

Your Reviewer Says: Lassie deserves better.

Program Notes: The mountains around Sonora Pass, California, stood in for the Cascades of Oregon in this film. While on location at Sonora, Gary Gray, an expert marksman, shot a five-foot rattlesnake when scouting the countryside. His mother had the skin made into a belt for the boy . . . Lassie has made seven Technicolor pictures in a row . . . Before becoming an actor Bruce Cowling was a scout master, so he and Gary, a boy scout, hit it off beautifully. Bruce helped him win several merit badges on location. Bruce Cowling has advanced steadily at Metro since his role in "Battle-ground." He was last seen opposite Loretta Young in "Cause for Alarm." Bruce was born in Coweta, Oklahoma, served four and a half years with the Signal Corps and was given a screen test when he was seen having lunch with a friend in the Metro commissary . . . Gary Gray was born in Los Angeles, December 18, 1936, and started his movie career in 1940 when he played a small part in "A Woman's Face."

✓ (F) Ma and Pa Kettle Back on the Farm (U-I)

MARJORIE MAIN and Percy Kilbride are teamed again in this corny comedy which is the third of the Ma and Pa Kettle series. Miss Main is as cantankerous and lovable as ever, and Mr. Kilbride as shiftless and whining and delightful. Too bad they weren't given a better story. Richard Long, the eldest of the Kettle brood, and his wife, Meg Randall, have a son. Naturally Ma Kettle, who's had fifteen kids, has her own ideas. And so do Meg's snooty, rich parents who arrive from Boston to attend the event. Somehow radioactivity gets mixed into the plot, as well as a Mack Sennett flivver-and-train chase, as well as a mix-up of babies. Ray Collins and Barbara Brown are Bostonians, Oliver Blake and Ted Hart, the friendly Indians.

Your Reviewer Says: A poor man's "Father's Little Dividend."

Program Notes: Wacky Ma and Pa Kettle first made their screen appearance in "The Egg and I" in 1947. They were such a hit that U-I decided on a series . . . Marjorie Main was born in Acton, Indiana, the daugh-

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in "Hollywood Hit Parade"
In the July Photoplay

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Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will — if they reach your dress — cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches — and ruins — your clothes.

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Perfume That Clings
Q.—Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.
A.—A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not “stay with them” is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily, and lingers longer because of its sachet base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only \$1.85 plus tax at better stores.

ter of a minister. She appeared in many Broadway successes before she came to Hollywood to play the gangster's mother in “Dead End,” a part she created on the stage. Since then she has settled down in Los Angeles, but spends as much time as possible in Palm Springs because of a sinus condition. A woman of much charm and many delightful idiosyncracies, Miss Main is a joy forever to her friends . . . Percy Kilbride celebrated his fiftieth year as an actor while this picture was in production. He was born in San Francisco and started his stage career there at the age of twelve. His droll humor and nasal voice were famous on Broadway for years before he decided that Hollywood was for the likes of him. He's a bachelor, lives alone in a small apartment and loves to eat at cafeterias . . . Richard Long, now in the armed forces (see page 93) and Meg Randall have been teamed as husband and wife in five pictures—their first, in “Criss Cross” in 1948.

✓✓ (F) Queen for a Day (Stillman-U.A.)

THE multiple story picture (“Trio” and “Quartet”) and the radio program picture merge happily in this delightfully warm and human film. Jack Bailey, master of ceremonies for the popular radio and television “Queen for a Day” show, acts as sort of a fairy godmother who makes wishes come true. This is the story of three of the wishes. The episodes are based on stories by Faith Baldwin (“The Gossamer World”), John Ashworth (“High Diver”) and Dorothy Parker (“Horsie”). There are no stars but some mighty good actors.

Your Reviewer Says: Cinderella rides again.

Program Notes: The radio program, “Queen for a Day,” is the brain child of Raymond Morgan, president of a Hollywood advertising agency. The broadcast started on April 30, 1945, and has been going like a house afire ever since. Five days each week some woman has a wish fulfilled . . . Phyllis Avery who plays the understanding young mother in the first episode, is the daughter of the late famous Hollywood screen writer Stephen Morehouse Avery, and the wife of actor Don Taylor . . . Adam Williams, who plays the title role in “High Diver,” was World War II's youngest flight officer in the Pacific Fleet. Formerly with Margaret Webster's Shakespeare company in New York and on tour, Adam waited for his movie break behind a Thrifty Drugstore soda fountain. He had risen to assistant fountain manager before he was tapped for “Queen for a Day” . . . Edith Meiser (the homely nurse in “Horsie”) is a well-known New York actress, director and writer. Although she played in two Hollywood films in 1941 she is practically a “new face.” The makeup man built up her nose with rubber falsies and elongated her teeth with caps.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Great Caruso
Fourteen Hours
Go for Broke

Best Performances of the Month

Joan Crawford in “Goodbye, My Fancy”
Paul Douglas in “Fourteen Hours”
Mario Lanza in “The Great Caruso”
Glenn Ford in “Follow the Sun”

If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 97) what you look like, know what assets you should play up and what defects you'll have to play down. And then, kids, skip the envy. Just get busy making the most of you.

Brush Off Boredom

We all know girls who should by all rights be attractive and charming, who "have everything" but still are dull and drab and uninteresting. Maybe you're one of these yourself. You're young, slim, pretty, well groomed and well dressed, but nobody notices, nobody cares. What you're up against is the No. 1 enemy of charm—boredom.

I have never been bored in my life. I love my work, and I've never quite gotten over being surprised that people actually pay me for doing something I enjoy.

"Who wouldn't like acting in pictures?" you will say. But would you love your work if you were secretary to a contractor?

I'll concede that one job can be more interesting than another. But I think it's much more important that one person can be more interested than another.

If your job is a dreary, routine grind I say it's your fault. Your boss, the contractor, isn't bored, I'll bet. Because he knows a lot of fascinating things about the contracting business that you haven't bothered to find out.

Ask him if there aren't books you can read, night classes you can go to. He'll be charmed with the idea—and you're on your way to a more interesting job.

I have a young friend who wants to be a writer. But she knows that wanting to be a writer doesn't make her one. She went to night school and learned stenography—now she is a secretary to a writer, and making a good living while learning the techniques of the Big Job she really wants.

I can remember when it was a novel idea for a popular, attractive girl to take one night a week out of her social whirl for the shampoo, the manicure and pedicure and the good night's sleep she considered beauty insurance. I would like to suggest another "night off" for boredom insurance—to catch that lecture, or that night school class that will make your job make sense. How about tonight?

Take a Second Look

One of my younger readers—she says she is thirteen and in her second year of Junior High—is troubled about the problem of "going steady."

"Is there such a thing as love at first sight?" she writes. "An older boy invited me to a church party a few weeks ago and now he says he has fallen in love with me and he's asked me to 'go steady.' My parents think I'm too young and I really don't know what to do."

Dr. Oliver Butterfield, who has written several books on love and marriage, once answered that question about love at first sight with a mildly chiding, "I always think it is better to take a second look."

I am inclined to agree with Dr. Butterfield and this lines me up—in this particular case, at least—with my reader's parents. The Senior High years, it seems to me, are early enough for couples to start "pairing off."

The younger boys and girls, I think, would be happier having their parties in groups—getting to know lots of their classmates and contemporaries before they attempt to single out "the one and only." We don't "fall" in love anyway—that's a myth perpetrated by romantic novels and movies.

We grow into love—it's safer that way, and longer lasting.

THE END

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"I've really got to reduce!"—how many times have you promised yourself that and then kept putting it off. Delay no longer—let Sylvia of Hollywood tell you how to reduce *The Common Sense Way*. There is no magic at all about *The Common Sense Way* to a beautiful figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure. Perhaps your own figure problems are identical to those of your favorite screen star.

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Try, Try Again

(Continued from page 52) gone to her figger. She was almost fat. Me, I lose weight when I'm happy—gain it when I'm miserable.

Cary Grant just has to be in love with Betsy Drake, his third wife. Because he did for Betsy what he has never done for any other person—man, woman or child. He actually jeopardized his career for Betsy! I'm referring to his "Mr. and Mrs. Blandings" radio series, which he needed like a hole in the pocketbook and which he accepted ninety-nine per cent for Betsy's sake. And when I learned that Cary had allowed Betsy to write the first script, I said, "This is it. He loves the girl. She's the last of the lady Grants." I didn't hear that first radio show but I read the reviews. But what does one bad Mr. and Mrs. radio show matter when you are good and in the groove for life with your real life Mrs.?

Will Judy Garland try marriage again, and will the new groom be Sid Luft? That's the way it looks now. But until they say "I do," and even after, anything can happen. One big passion that Judy

★ "I don't think anyone ever wakes up and finds himself famous. That guy has never been asleep."

... ROD CAMERON

and Sid share are night clubs. When husband number two, Vincente Minnelli, escorted Judy to Mocambo and Ciro's, he didn't seem too happy. But Sid thrives on the smoke and the sophisticated conversation.

What happens when and if Judy emerges from the soupy atmosphere into the cold light of reason? Will she try it again with someone else? You bet she will. She's too young to give up. I tried to analyze Mr. Luft's appeal for Judy and came to this conclusion: He's earthy and matter of fact—a complete change from musician David Rose (number one on Judy's marriage list) and the sensitive, aesthetic Mr. Minnelli.

WHEN I first met Stewart Granger, I asked him the usual question, "Are you going to marry Joan Simmons?" Stewart, an appealing guy with a grade A sense of humor, said, "I don't want to rush her into a decision she might regret. I've been in love with her since she was seventeen. I'm thirty-seven. I've been married before (he has two children). I want her to take all the time she wants." And so they were married—a week later.

I bumped into the Grangers on their honeymoon, in a Beverly Hills drugstore. Jean looked depressed. Stew told me she had a headache. Jean explained they were moving into their new and beautiful home. "We have no sheets or towels," said Stew happily. "Or pots and pans," said Jean woefully. Mr. Granger put his arm around Jean and kind of babied her. What does that ad say—"You can't baby a baby too much?" Jean is twenty-two now. And very sweet. But pardon me for giving unasked-for advice—don't baby her too much, Stew, 'cause she's quite grown up.

No one, not even the columnists who were constantly linking Clark Gable with this girl and that grandmother, really expected him to try marriage again. I knew wife number one, Josephine Dillon, when

I first came to Hollywood. It was Jo who nurtured the acting ambitions of young Clark. When talking to me about him, she was kind of detached, like an aunt discussing a favorite but far-away nephew.

I was in New York when Clark's second wife Rhea announced the separation. So was Clark, who sprinted all over Manhattan, dodging reporters. The tragic death of wife number three, Carole Lombard, seemed to write "End" to Clark and his search for a happy marriage. For years he kept her room untouched at the small Encino ranch, although the often-printed story that her clothes were still hanging in the closet was absolutely untrue.

Funny thing, he met Sylvia—Mrs. Gable number four—ten years before he fell in love with her. She was then married to Douglas Fairbanks Senior. Clark was married to Carole. When they met again, a few months before they married, love struck like lightning, burned the no-longer-young couple to a neat frazzle. If anything ever happens to this marriage, there'll be no fifth try for either. They'd just give up.

SHIRLEY Temple is trying with all her might, which is considerable, to make her second marriage her last. Like most of the fans, I was startled when *Little Miss Marker* announced the divorce from Agar, even though circumstances made it inevitable. Shirley is taking no chances of a second flop. What causes most marriages to fail in Hollywood? Fifty times out of a hundred—career trouble. The wife is working, and when the husband wants to play of an evening, she wants to go to bed for that 5 a.m. studio call. So, Shirley simply retired. Another reason for marital smash-ups in movieland—the working wife is wealthier and the husband secretly resents being a guest in her home. So, Shirley has put the house she shared with John Agar on the market. "I'm happy just being a wife," she told me recently.

A gossip item in a trade paper last week stated that Lana Turner and Bob Topping staged a verbal fight "last night at Mocambo." I remember their caviar and champagne wedding. Even the glazed hams were decorated with "I Love You's."

I thought then that Bob had won Lana on the rebound from Tyrone Power. She adored Ty, helped decorate his house, was with him on his studio set constantly. But she was just as much in love with Turhan Bey, was eager to try marriage with him.

And I remember Lana was in love with first husband Artie Shaw—although the courtship was so quick—"just a dinner and will you marry me" kind of thing. She was supposed to be engaged to Greg Bautzer at that time too. Lana was also in love with husband number two—Stephen Crane. And I'm sure she's in love with Topping. But above all, I'm sure Lana is in love with love. And she'll be in there pitching until judgment day.

Three times is lucky for Greer Garson. Never thought I'd see the day when Greer would address a group of live-stock dealers and talk intelligently to them about bulls and bacon on the hoof. But that's what she does down in Texas and New Mexico. Greer kept her first marriage a big secret when she came to Hollywood. So did Janet Leigh, by the way. It was only recently that we learned of the sailor Janet married before Stanley Reams.

Esther Williams's first husband was a dentist. Jane Wyman said "I do" to a furrier before repeating the signals with Ronald Reagan—that one didn't take because Jane said Ronnie preferred politics to pow-wows in the parlor. Now I hear Jane is in the mood to try again. Esther seems to have found a snug marriage harbor with Ben Gage—after some slight



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AT ALL DRUG STORES

hurricanes at the beginning, and this is
one marriage dreamboat that I doubt will
be putting out to sea again.

Elizabeth Taylor isn't a bit like Joan
Crawford but she seems headed for the
same marital pattern. First marriage for
Joan was to the then social cub, Douglas
Fairbanks Junior. He was the crown
prince. Papa and step-mama Mary Pick-
ford were the undisputed king and queen
of Hollywood society. Miss Taylor's number
one mate, Nicky Hilton, with his million-
aire hotel tycoon father, was the non-act-
ing Fairbanks of 1950. Joan's second
marriage try was intellectual Franchot
Tone. Elizabeth is now spending much
time with intellectual Stanley Donen, who
is teaching her about politics, painting and
poetry. Next attempt for Joan was Philip
Terry, whom she bossed. The time will
come when Liz will want to boss her men.

Ava Gardner is Hollywood's biggest love
puzzle. From Rooney to Shaw to Sinatra.
With Howard Duff in between. How
diversified can you get? Sinatra would
give a lot of the money he doesn't have to
be able to marry Ava. He's proud of her.
Like that time recently when he flew back
to see Ava in Los Angeles. He wanted to
walk her past the assembled photographers
to show her off. The plan was aborted
by M-G-M who persuaded the couple to
creep out by the back airport exit. Ava
wants a home, a husband and children.
She'll keep trying till she gets 'em.

Paul Douglas has found "paradise enow"
with blonde Jan Sterling. It took five
marriage tries. "I'm afraid to tell people
how happy we are," Jan told me the other
evening at a party. "It might jinx us."

Bogart is a four-time winner with
Bacall. If Baby can take it—and she loves it
—Bogey has said his last "I do." And
three-times-wed Dick Powell has a life
option on one-time winner June Allyson.

But not all movie marriages fail the
first time out. We have quite a few
couples who are quite content with the
first girl or boy they promised to love,
honor and obey until death do them part.
Not only old-timers like the Jean Hersholts
and the George Murphys, but young hope-
fuls like Anne Baxter and John Hodiak—
and isn't it wonderful about their baby?
And Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley. And
how about the Robert Youngs? Bob and
Betty, married eighteen years, are the most
normally married pair in town.

Bob Hope and Dolores will never try the
marriage march again. And I doubt
whether Lohengrin will be repeated for
the Bing Crosbys, in spite of rocky weath-
er. The Robert Mitchums have apparently
settled down nicely after an almost divorce.
They're a pretty snug family with their
new home and swimming pool. Which Bob
says he'll be paying off for the next hun-
dreds of years. So he can't afford to want
another wife, even if he wanted to.

I'm worried about Dan Dailey. He
needs Liz and he wants her back. Losing
her put him in the Menninger Clinic. I
believe he went there in the hope of one
day winning her back. Good luck, Danny.

And good luck to all the searching souls
who try and try again to find and hold the
ideal other half.

THE END

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Brief Reviews

✓✓½ (F) *APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER*—Paramount: Alan Ladd, sent to solve the murder of a fellow post office detective, discovers plot for million-dollar robbery. An exciting crime story. With Phyllis Calvert, Jan Sterling, Paul Stewart. (May)

✓✓ (A) *ACE IN THE HOLE*—Paramount: A ruthless drama in which Kirk Douglas, an unprincipled reporter, holds up rescue of cave-in victim Richard Benedict, in order to get a better story. With Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur. (May)

✓½ (F) *AIR CADET*—U-I: Aerial sequences are the only high spots of this semi-documentary of how jet fighter pilots are trained. Involved in plot are Gail Russell, Stephen McNally, Richard Long. (May)

✓✓ (F) *BEDTIME FOR BONZO*—U-I: Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn have hilarious problems when they adopt a baby chimpanzee. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *BIRD OF PARADISE*—20th Century-Fox: Picturesque South Sea Island story centered about love affair between Frenchman Louis Jourdan and native girl Debra Paget. Gorgeous Technicolor and Jeff Chandler make this worth seeing. (May)

✓✓ (F) *BRIGHT VICTORY*—U-I: Arthur Kennedy gives a magnificent performance in this powerful story of a blind veteran who, with the help of friends John Hudson and James Edwards and USO worker Peggy Dow, is finally rehabilitated. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *CALL ME MISTER*—20th Century-Fox: An American entertainer in postwar Japan, Betty Grable runs into estranged husband Dan Dailey—with the obvious results. Danny Thomas contributes to this Technicolor fun-fest. (Apr.)

✓✓ (A) *CAUSE FOR ALARM*—M-G-M: Loretta Young frantically tries to retrieve a letter written by husband Barry Sullivan accusing her of an attempt on his life. A suspenseful melodrama. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *COMPANY SHE KEEPS, THE*—RKO: Parole officer Liz Scott tries to reform ex-convict Jane Greer. With Dennis O'Keefe. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (A) *ENFORCER, THE*—Warners: Plenty of action with Humphrey Bogart as a prosecutor out to smash Everett Sloane's murder syndicate. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *FAT MAN, THE*—U-I: Mild screen version of the radio whodunit with Jack Smart again solving murders. With Jayne Meadows, Rock Hudson, Julie London. (May)

✓✓ (F) *FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND*—M-G-M: A hilarious sequel to "Father of the Bride" concerning Spencer Tracy's trials when Liz Taylor announces a blessed event. With Don Taylor, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke. (May)

✓✓ (F) *FLYING MISSILE, THE*—Columbia: Fictional story based on the building and launching of guided missiles. Played against authentic Naval base background by Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors. (Mar.)

✓ (F) *GENE AUTRY AND THE MOUNTIES*—Columbia: There's lots of action when Gene switches his activities to Western Canada where he tracks down bank robber Carleton Young. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *GROOM WORE SPURS, THE*—U-I: Jack Carson, a movie cowboy, who can't ride or shoot, hires lawyer Ginger Rogers to keep him out of trouble in this light and uninspired farce. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE*—M-G-M: Zany comedy, with music, about Kathryn Grayson's efforts to win ex-husband Van Johnson away from Paula Raymond. With Barry Sullivan. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *HALLS OF MONTEZUMA*—20th Century-Fox: Factual adventure of the Marines' struggle to capture a Jap-infested island. With Richard Widmark, Dick Hylton, Walter Palance. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN*—20th Century-Fox: A tender Technicolor drama with Bill Lundigan as a circuit riding minister. Susan Hayward as his wife, Rory Calhoun, Barbara Bates. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (A) *LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE*—Warners: Ruth Roman becomes involved in intrigue and murder when she meets Dick Todd, Mercedes McCambridge in this modern Western mystery. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *LULLABY OF BROADWAY*—Warners: Delightfully entertaining Technicolor musical starring Doris Day and Gene Nelson as a couple of talented youngsters who get their break in a musical backed by S. Z. Sakall. With Billy De Wolfe. (May)

✓✓ (A) *ON THE RIVIERA*—20th Century-Fox: There are clichés and confusion in this lavish Technicolor musical which stars Danny Kaye in the dual roles of playboy Frenchman and American entertainer. With Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet. (May)

✓✓ (F) *MATING SEASON, THE*—Paramount: Thelma Ritter's the real star of this comedy about complications that develop with socialite in-laws Gene Tierney, Miriam Hopkins when Thelma takes a job as cook in son John Lund's household. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *MUDLARK, THE*—20th Century-Fox: The appealing legend of a British waif who goes to Windsor Castle to see the secluded Queen. Irene Dunne is *Victoria*, Alec Guinness, *Disraeli*. Anthony Rae steals the show as the little mudlark. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *ONLY THE VALIANT*—Warners: The Apaches and Union soldiers are at it again throughout this fast action epic in which Gregory Peck is accused of sending Gig Young to a bloody end because of jealousy over Barbara Payton. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (F) *OPERATION PACIFIC*—Warners: John Wayne and Pat Neal star in action-packed story of U.S. submarine operations during World War No. 2. With Scott Forbes, Ward Bond. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *PAGAN LOVE SONG*—M-G-M: There's very little plot in this romantic Technicolor idyl but there's Howard Keel's voice, Esther Williams's aquatics and gorgeous Hawaiian scenery. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (A) *PAYMENT ON DEMAND*—RKO: After twenty years, Bette Davis is asked for a divorce by Barry Sullivan in this adult case history of a marriage. With Betty Lynn. (May)

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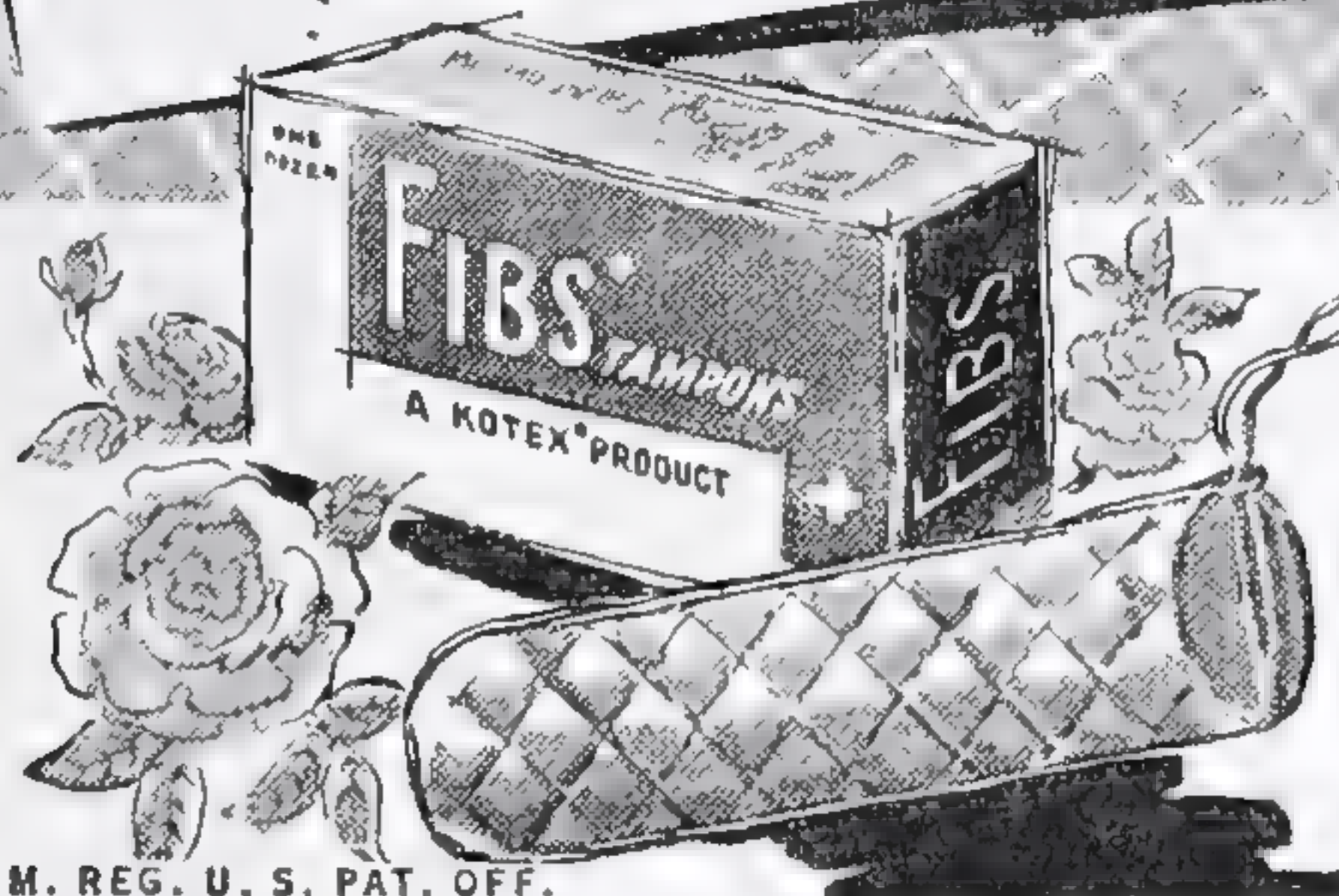
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✓ ½ (A) **QUEBEC**—LeMay-Templeton-Paramount: A rather dull and melodramatic episode in Canadian history with Corinne Calvet, John Barrymore Jr. (Apr.)

✓ ½ (F) **RAWHIDE**—20th Century-Fox: Tinging suspense story about the terror that results when four desperate jail breakers invade a desert stage coach station run by Tyrone Power. With Susan Hayward, Dean Jagger, Hugh Marlowe. (Apr.)

✓ (F) **ROYAL WEDDING**—M-G-M: Lavish Technicolor musical with Jane Powell and Fred Astaire as a brother-sister team who dance in London at the time of Princess Elizabeth's wedding. With Peter Lawford, Sarah Churchill, Keenan Wynn. (Apr.)

✓ (A) **STORM WARNING**—Warners: Ginger Rogers, paying an overnight visit to Doris Day and Steve Cochran, witnesses a murder by the Ku Klux Klan in this controversial drama. With Ronald Reagan. (Mar.)

✓ ½ (A) **TARGET UNKNOWN**—U-I: Interesting semi-documentary drama about methods used by German Intelligence to extract information from prisoners of war. With Mark Stevens, Don Taylor, Gig Young, Johnny Sands, Alex Nicol. (Apr.)

✓ ½ (F) **THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE**—M-G-M: Amusing adventures of an airline hostess with Mikes Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Barry Sullivan competing for the love of Jane Wyman. (Apr.)

✓ (A) **13TH LETTER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: The lives of Linda Darnell, Michael Rennie, Charles Boyer, Constance Smith are affected when poison pen notes start circulating in their village. (Apr.)

✓ ½ (A) **UNDER THE GUN**—U-I: Ordinary gangster melodrama with Richard Conte as a racketeer with a happy trigger finger and Audrey Totter as the gal who causes his downfall. (Mar.)

✓ (F) **UP FRONT**—U-I: An entertaining comedy based on misadventures in Italy of World War II's famous cartoon characters *Willie* and *Joe*. Tom Ewell and David Wayne bring the hilarious "dog-faces" to life. With Jeffrey Lynn. (May)

✓ (F) **VALENTINO**—Columbia: Intriguing, fictional treatment of life of Hollywood's "Great Lover" with Tony Dexter as *Valentino*. Eleanor Parker, Richard Carlson, Patricia Medina. (May)

✓ (F) **VENGEANCE VALLEY**—M-G-M: Unusual Technicolor Western in which Burt Lancaster, accused of fathering Sally Forrest's baby, is marked for death by her brothers John Ireland and Hugh O'Brian. Bob Walker's the real culprit, Joanne Dru his wife, Carleton Carpenter—a ranch hand. (Apr.)

✓ (F) **YOU'RE IN THE NAVY NOW** (U.S.S. *Teakettle*)—20th Century-Fox: When Gary Cooper enlists in the Navy, he doesn't reckon with being assigned to an experimental ship that won't behave. A funny comedy with Jane Greer, Eddie Albert. (May)

Casts of Current Pictures

ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE—Warners: Len Merrick, Kirk Douglas; Ann Keith, Virginia Mayo; Billy Shear, John Agar; Pop Keith, Walter Brennan; Lou Gray, Ray Teal; Frank Newcombe, Hugh Sanders; Ed Roden, Morris Ankrum; Dan Roden, James Anderson; *The Judge*, Charles Meredith.

APACHE DRUMS—U-I: Sam Leeds, Stephen McNally; Sally Barr, Coleen Gray; Joe Madden, Willard Parker; Reverend Griffin, Arthur Shields; Pedro-Peter, Armando Silvestre; Chacho, Chinto Gusman; Jehu, Clarence Muse; Lt. Glidden, James Griffith; Mr. Keon, Ray Bennett; Mrs. Keon, Georgia Backus; Bert Keon, James Best.

BRAVE BULLS, THE—Columbia: Luis Bello, Mel Ferrer; Linda de Calderon, Miroslava; Raul Fuentes, Anthony Quinn; Pepe Bello, Eugene Iglesias; Eladio Gomez, Jose Torvay; Raquelita, Charlita; Yank Delgado, Jose Luis Vasquez "Mexicano"; Loco Ruiz, Alfonso Alvarez; Pancho Perez, Alfredo Aguilar; Monkey Garcia, Francisco Balderas; Jackdaw, Felipe Mota; Enrique, Pepe Lopez; Little White, Jose Meza; Goyo Salinas, Vicente Cardenas "Maera"; Abundio de la O, Manuel Orozco; Tacho, Estevan Dominguez; Policarpo Cana, Silviano Sanchez; Lara, Francisco Reiguera; Don Alberto Iriarte, E. Arozamena.

FOLLOW THE SUN—20th Century-Fox: Ben Hogan, Glenn Ford; Valerie Hogan, Anne Baxter; Chuck Williams, Dennis O'Keefe; Norma, June Havoc; Jay Dexter, Larry Keating; Dr. Graham, Roland Winters; Sister Beatrice, Nana Bryant; Sam Snead, Himself; James Demaret, Himself; Dr. Cary Middlecoff, Himself; Ben Hogan (age 14), Harold Blake; Valerie (age 14), Ann Burr; Mr. Johnson, Harmon Stevens; Mrs. Clinton, Louise Lorimer; Dr. Everett, Harry Antrim; Photographer, Jeffrey Sayre; Announcer, Homer Welborne; Official, D. Scotty Chisholm; Major, William Janssen; General, William Forrest; Orderly, Eugene Gericke; Sportswriter, Gil Herman; Toastmaster, Grantland Rice.

FOURTEEN HOURS—20th Century-Fox: Dunnigan, Paul Douglas; Robert Cosick, Richard Basehart; Virginia, Barbara Bel Geddes; Ruth, Debra Paget; Mrs. Cosick, Agnes Moorehead; Mr. Cosick, Robert Keith; Lt. Maksar, Howard da Silva; Danny, Jeffrey Hunter; Dr. Strauss, Martin Gabel; Mrs. Fuller, Grace Kelly; Waiter, Frank Faylen; Sgt. Farley, Jeff Corey; Sgt. Boyle, James Millican; Dr. Benson, Donald Randolph; Mr. Harris, Willard Waterman; Police Operator, Kenneth Harvey; Evangelist, George MacQuarrie.

GO FOR BROKE—M-G-M: Lt. Michael Grayson, Van Johnson; Colonel Pence, Warner Anderson; Sgt. Culley, Don Haggerty; Rosina, Gianna Canale; Kaz,

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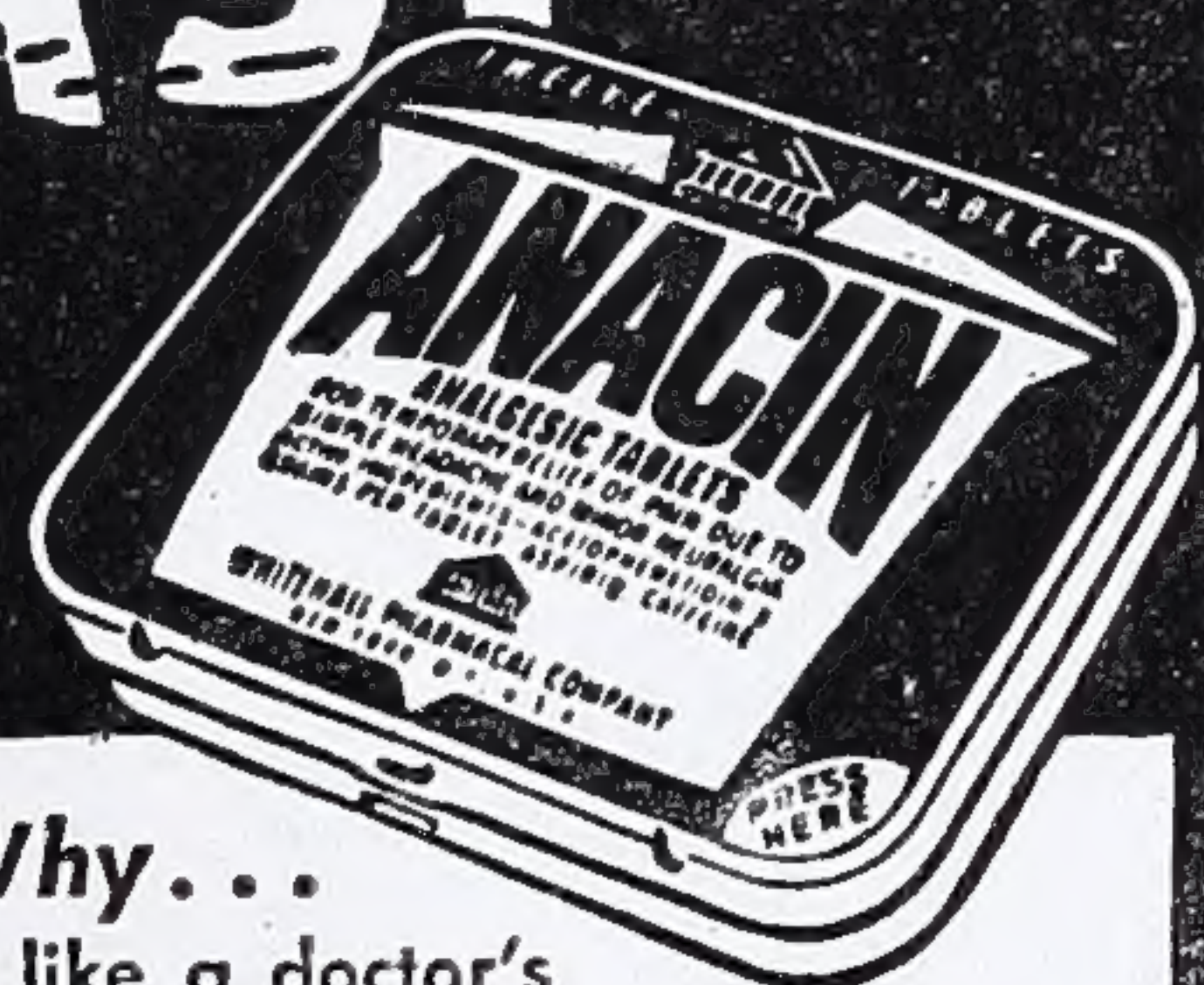
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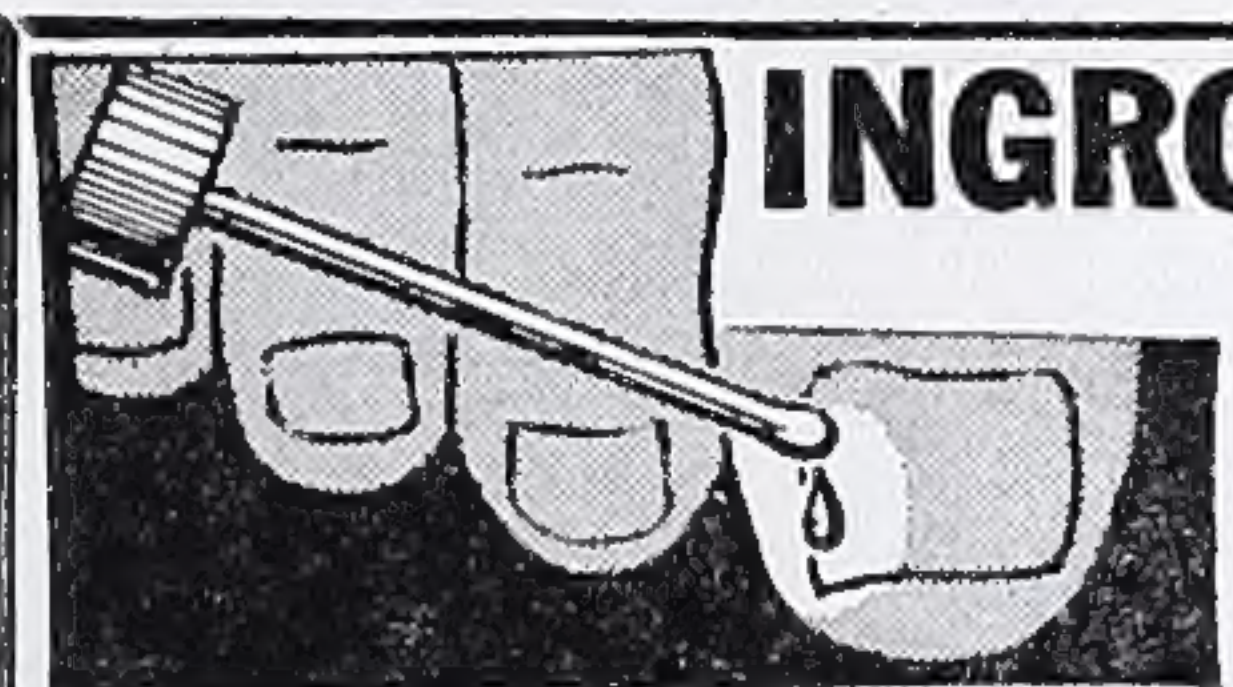
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Ken Okamoto; Chick, George Aliki; Frank, Akira Fukunaga; Ohhara, Henry Oyasato; Tommy, Henry Nakamura; Sam, Lane Nakano; Embarkation Officer, Richard Anderson; Captain Solari, Dan Riss; and Heroes of 442nd Regimental Combat Team.

GOODBYE, MY FANCY—Warners: Agatha Reed, Joan Crawford; Dr. J. Merrill, Robert Young; Matt Cole, Frank Lovejoy; Woody, Eve Arden; Virginia Merrill, Janice Rule; E. Griswold, Lurene Tuttle; C. Griswold, Howard St. John; Miss Shackelford, Viola Roache; Miss Birdeshaw, Ellen Corby; Dr. Pitt, Morgan Farley; Mary Nell Dodge, Virginia Gibson; Prof. Dingley, John Qualen.

GREAT CARUSO, THE—M-G-M: Enrico Caruso, Mario Lanza; Dorothy Benjamin, Ann Blyth; Louise Hagar, Dorothy Kirsten; Maria Selka, Jarmila Novotna; Carlo Santi, Richard Hageman; Park Benjamin, Carl Benton Reid. **Opera Montages**: Blanche Thebom, Teresa Celli, Nicola Moscona, Giuseppe Valdengo, Lucine Amara, Gilbert Russell, Olive May Beach, Marina Koshetz.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE—20th Century-Fox: Harriet, Susan Hayward; Teddy Sherman, Dan Dailey; Noble, George Sanders; Cooper, Sam Jaffe; Marge, Randy Stuart; Four Eyes, Marvin Kaplan; Savage, Harry Von Zell; Ellie, Barbara Whiting; Hermone Griggs, Vicki Cummings; Ray, Ross Elliott; Kelley, Richard Lane; Mrs. Boyd, Mary Philips; Fran, Benna Bard; Bettini, Steve Geray; Pulvermacher, Charles Lane; Ida, Jan Kayne; Terry, Marion Marshall; Models, Jayne Hazard, Aline Towne; Miss Marks, Eda Reis Merin; Louise, Marjorie Hoshelle; Nurse, Doris Kemper; Secretary, Elizabeth Flournoy; Bartender, Jack P. Carr; Mrs. Cooper, Tamara Shayne; Tiffany Joe, Ed Max; Speaker, David Wolfe; Elevator Man, Harry Hines; Blondes, Diana Mumby, Shirlee Allard, Beverly Thompson.

KATIE DID IT—U-I: Katie Standish, Ann Blyth; Peter Van Arden, Mark Stevens; Nathaniel B. Wakeley VI, Cecil Kellaway; Jim Dilloway, Jesse White; Stuart Grumby, Craig Stevens; Clarence Chivvins, William Lynn; Aunt Priscilla, Elizabeth Patterson; Merrill T. Grumby, Harold Vermilyea; Rev. Turner, Raymond Largay; "Odds" Burton, Peter Leeds; Steven, Jimmy Hunt; Conductor, Irving Bacon; Abigail, Ethyl May Halls.

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount: Lemon Drop Kid, Bob Hope; Brainey Baxter, Marilyn Maxwell; Oxford Charlie, Lloyd Nolan; Nellie Thursday, Jane Darwell; Stella, Andrea King; Moose Moran, Fred Clark; Straight Flush, Jay C. Flippen; Gloomy Willie, William Frawley; Sam the Surgeon, Harry Bellaver; Little Louie, Sid Melton; Singin' Solly, Ben Welden; Bird Lady, Ida Moore; Henry Regan, Francis Pierlot; Goomba, Charles Cooley; Society Kid, Society Kid Hogan; Policeman John, Harry Shannon; Honest Harry, Bernard Szold; Super Swedish Angel, Tor Johnson.

MA AND PA KETTLE BACK ON THE FARM—U-I: Ma Kettle, Marjorie Main; Pa Kettle, Percy Kilbride; Tom Kettle, Richard Long; Kim Kettle, Meg Randall; Jonathan Parker, Ray Collins; Elizabeth Parker, Barbara Brown; Geoduck, Oliver Blake; Crowbar, Ted Hart; Billy Reed, Emory Parnell; Emily, Ida Moore; Birdie Hicks, Esther Dale; Mr. Green, Eddie Waller; Sheriff, Rex Lease; Chuck Manson, Peter Leeds; Steve Burley, Jerry Hausner.

PAINTED HILLS, THE—M-G-M: "Shep," Lassie; Jonathan Harvey, Paul Kelly; Lin Taylor, Bruce Cowling; Tommy Blake, Gary Gray; Pilot Pete, Art Smith; Martha Blake, Ann Doran; Bald Eagle, Chief Yowlachi; Mita, Andrea Lester.

PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN—M-G-M: Hendrick van der Zee, James Mason; Pandora Reynolds, Ava Gardner; Stephen Cameron, Nigel Patrick; Janet, Sheila Sim; Geoffrey Fielding, Harold Warrender; Juan Montalvo, Mario Cabré; Reggie Demarest, Marius Goring; Angus, John Laurie; Jenny, Pamela Kellino; Peggy, Patricia Raine; Senora Montalvo, Margarita D'Alvarez; Spanish Dancer, La Pillina; Judge, Abraham Sofaer; Vincente, Francisco Igual; Barman, Guillermo Beltran; Geoffrey's Housekeeper, Lila Molnar; Dressmaker, Phoebe Hodgson; Members of Montalvo's Cudrilla, Gabriel Carmona and Antonio Martin.

QUEEN FOR A DAY—Stillman-U.A.: The Gosamer World: Marjorie, Phyllis Avery; Dan, Darren McGavin; Pete, Rudy Lee; Anna, Frances E. Williams; Laura, Joan Winfield; Charles, Lonny Burr; Doctor, Tristram Coffin; Mr. Beck, Jiggs Wood; Jim, Casey Folks; Mr. Garmes, George Sherwood.

High Diver: Chunk, Adam Williams; Mrs. Nalawak, Kasia Orzazewski; Mr. Nalawak, Albert Ben-Astar; Peggy, Tracey Roberts; Deacon McAllister, Larry Johns; Daredevil Rinaldi, Bernard Szold; Mrs. McAllister, Joan Sudlow; Mrs. Rinaldi, Grace Lenard; Chief, Leonard Momo; Satchelbutt, Danny Davenport; Mrs. Kimpel, Made Blake.

Horsie: Miss Wilmarth, Edith Meiser; Owen Cruger, Dan Tobin; Camilla Cruger, Jessie Cavitt; Freddy Forster, Douglas Evans; Jack Minot, Don Shelton; Secretary, Louise Curry; Mary, Sheila Watson; Cook, Minna Phillips; Chauffeur, Byron Keith.

SOLDIERS THREE—M-G-M: Private Archibald Ackroyd, Stewart Granger; Colonel Brunswick, Walter Pidgeon; Captain Pindenny, David Niven; Private Jock Sykes, Robert Newton; Private Dennis Malloy, Cyril Cusack; Crenshaw, Greta Gunt; Colonel Groat, Frank Allenby; Major Mercer, Robert Coote; Sergeant Murphy, Dan O'Herlihy.



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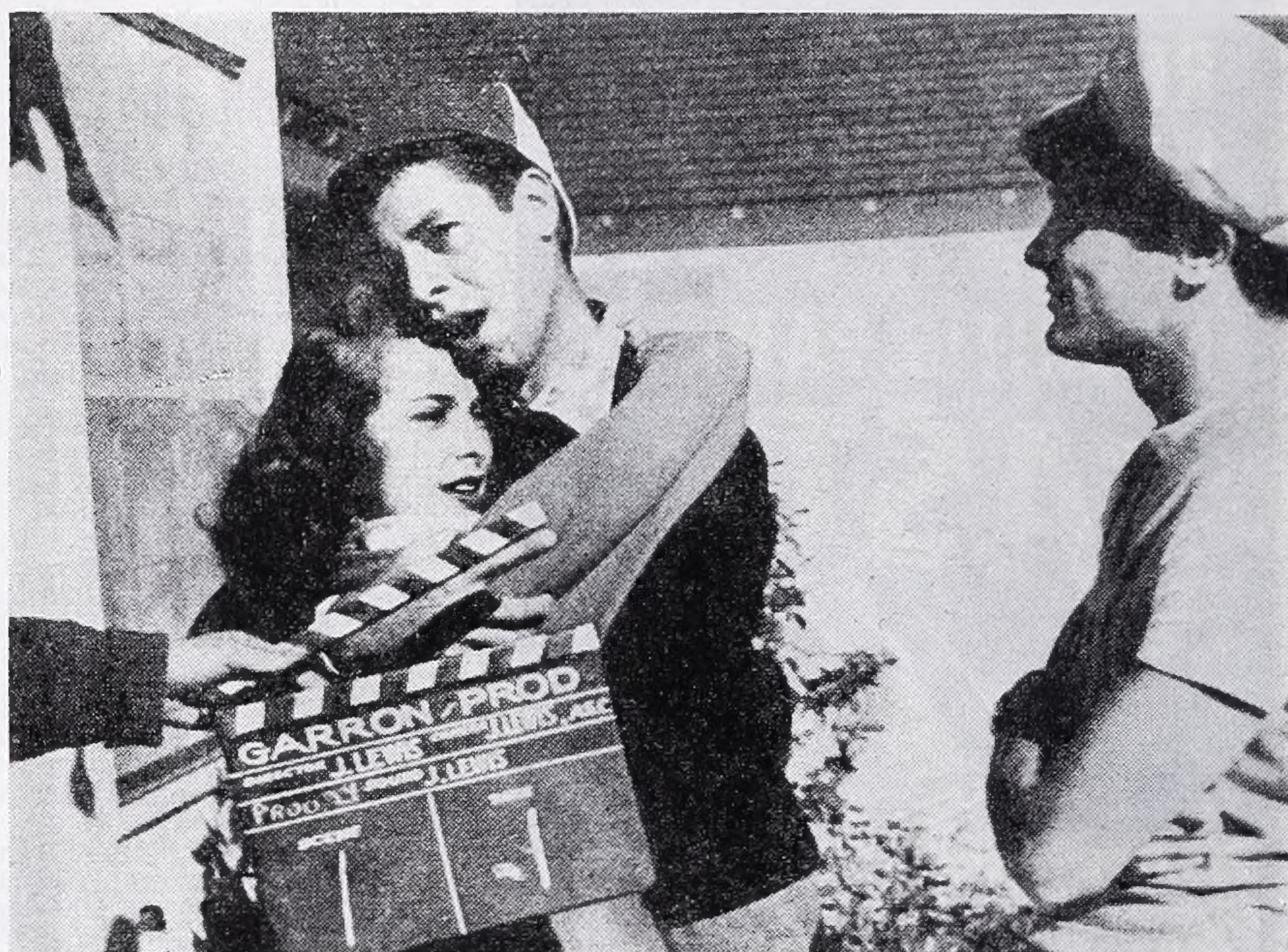
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Scenes from a home movie production
"Fairfax Avenue." If the plot and charac-
ters bear any resemblance to "Sunset
Boulevard," it's purely—intentional

(See page 22 for the story about this movie)



Jerry Lewis, producer, director and everything else on the set, demonstrates Lewis love technique to Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis



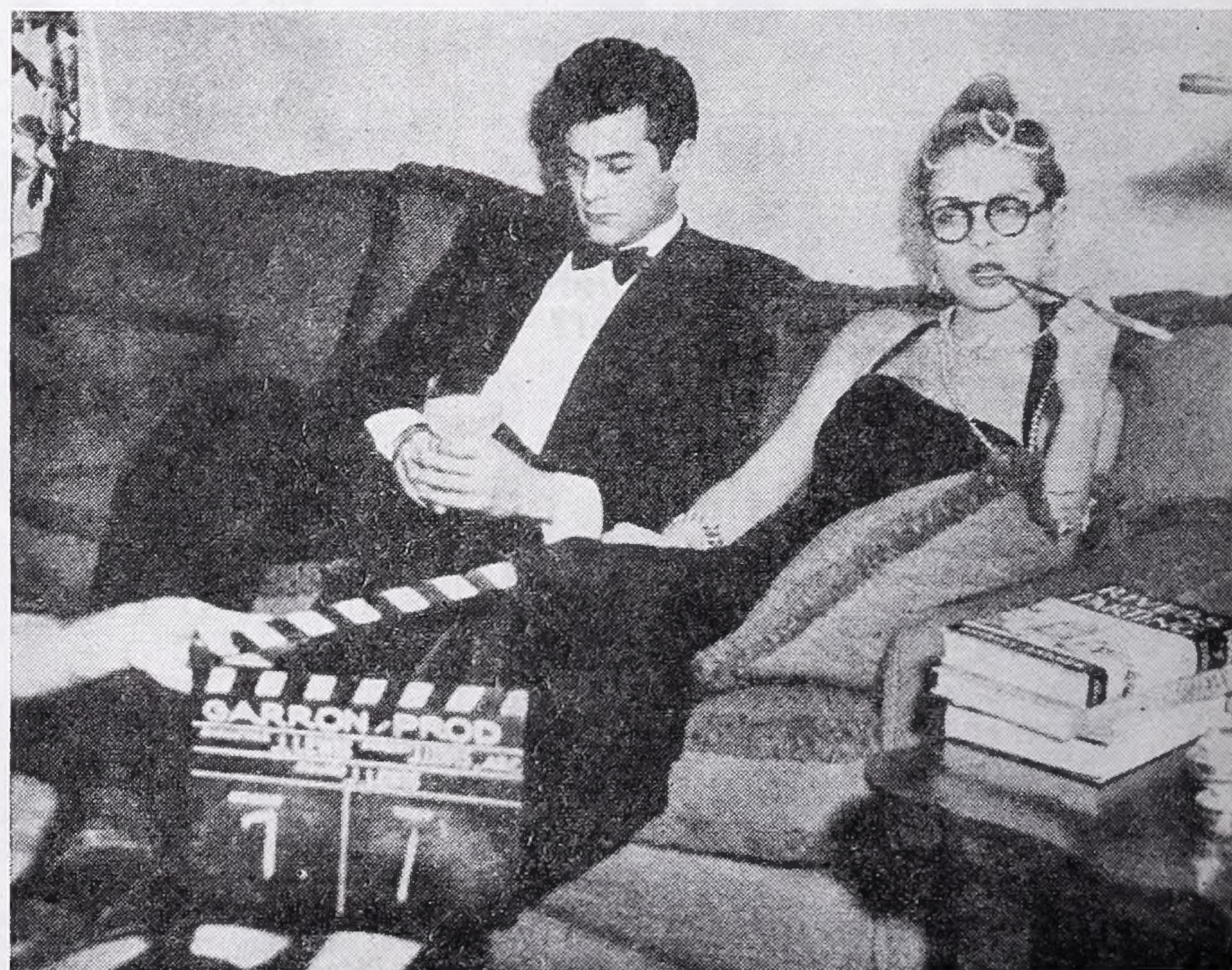
While John Barrymore Jr. checks the sound effects, Jerry, Janet and Frankie Branda go over script. Film is for their personal fun only.



All he wants is meat order; instead butcher boy Tony gets Janet—and cash. She puts him to work . . .



. . . writing her life story. Irving Kaye in take-off of von Stroheim butler role, registers disapproval.



One night, Tony, depressed with it all, blurts out, "You owe \$1.55 for meat—pay me so I can leave." Janet speeds him off—with bullets.



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